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A SAILOR'S LIFE

"There was life in the 'small thing.'"

A SAILOR'S LIFE

UNDER

FOUR SOVEREIGNS

1786

BY

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET

THE HON. SIR HENRY KEPPEL

G.C.B., D.C.L.

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ac

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A Sailor's Life under Four Sovereigns

CHAPTER I

1809–1822

THE baptismal certificate announces my birth at Earl's Court, Kensington, on June 14, 1809. 1809. June 14.

It was only in 1820 I learnt from my sister, Mary, that three weeks after birth I was deposited in my father's footpan to be interred in a garden at the back of the house, not being entitled to a berth in consecrated ground.

That mattered little, as before the final screwing down the old nurse discovered there was life in the "small thing."

I was christened at Kensington. Henry, Lord Holland, became responsible for my sins, a similar kind act having been conferred by Charles James Fox upon my elder brother; after which I was removed to join the others at Quidenham.

Later on I recollect the nurse trying to frighten us by saying "Boney was coming," and how glad we children were when we heard of the defeat of that hero at Waterloo; accomplished, as I then believed, by my brother George, an Ensign in the 14th Foot! 1815.

My dear mother died at Holkham in 1817. 1817.

At the beginning of 1818 my younger brother

1818. Tom and I were sent to a school at Needham Market, kept by the Rev. James Wood, a short, muscular man, wearing knee-breeches and powdered hair. A nice wife and children; the latter played with us smaller boys. His brother, a merchant at Lisbon, used to send cases of oranges, which were stowed in the upper shelf of a large cupboard. When in the humour, the master chucked them to us from a ladder singly, giving lessons in catching.

From Portugal we had two schoolfellows, Francisco Nunes Sweezer Vizeu and Alvaro Lopes Pereira. They were kind to me, the smallest boy, and I have never forgotten them.

While there, a young man named Long, who was training for Holy Orders, came occasionally to read with Mr. Wood. He gave me a brass gun mounted on wheels, and a promise of sixpence if I would fire it off during school-time.

At my end of the table I arranged, with books, a screened battery, with the rear open; and then, under pretence of drying my slate at the fire, heated a wire, which was applied according to instructions. The explosion was loud; books flew in all directions; the gun bounded over my head and lost itself behind a row of books, where it remained until next half.

The master tore open his waistcoat to ascertain where he was shot, and then seized his cane; for some minutes I

A Successful Operation.

1818. dodged under the table and over the stools, but caught it at last. I was unable to sit, and so went to bed.

My father had in his possession a letter from the Rev. James Wood, stating that I had fired a gun at him, and that "Mr. Thomas" had thrown a slate at his head divested of its frame!

The following half, as the warm weather approached, I succeeded in finding where the master kept his hair-powder, and with it mixed some finely pounded sugar. On coming into school, the flies soon found him, and as he got warm his head became black instead of white. This little game exceeded my expectations, as, irritated beyond endurance, he dismissed us from school. Among our playfellows was a Norfolk neighbour, Edward Gurdon, who sang well and tried to teach me!

1819. Our sister Sophia, who married Sir James Macdonald, lived not far from Needham. They drove over to take us to the launch of a ship at Aldborough. On the return journey, I in the gig, driven by the coachman following the phaeton, ran foul of a fish-cart, and broke the shaft. I was pitched on to the back of the horse, slipped down the trace, and found my way to the phaeton. The coachman had been taking his tea too strong.

At the back of the schoolhouse was a gable-end, up which a pear-tree had long before been trained. The trunk stood some six feet from the wall; a pathway which led to the stables ran parallel, on the outer side of which were pointed rails. On top of these, thin planks placed edgeways, up which jasmine was trained.

One afternoon a ball with which we had been playing lodged in the upper part of the gable-end.

I succeeded in reaching the ball, when the branch gave way, and I descended with it in one hand and the ball in the other; the only things that partially checked my fall were the planks. I came down impaled on the spiked rails! A messenger was despatched to Quidenham; but there were plenty of us: nobody came. 1819.

We looked forward to our Christmas holidays. My father kept a pack of beagles, much to our delight as well as that of our neighbours, the Surtees and Partridges, both large families and sporting, who, with many others, made our meets very cheery.

Hares there were in plenty. We boys had clever ponies. Mine, Pio Mingo, was peculiar-looking—white, with black spots, bushy mane and tail; showed a good deal of the white of her eye. The like of her might have been found at Astley's. Both ponies were undeniably clever at finding their way across ditches and through fences, and generally much nearer the hounds than pleased old Capes, the huntsman. Most of the hounds, while running, preferred the furrows to the open plough, as did Mingo, much to the grief of poor little Dancer, Rattler, and others.

But Mingo's great dislike was a hat, which my elder brothers knew only too well. One Friday morning, after a continued frost, horses and hounds were brought out for an airing, and paraded in front of the house. Fancying that I knew the whereabouts of my brothers, I mounted Mingo in the stable, and was sneaking along so as to get near the protection of led horses.

At that moment, through a villa garden gate, appeared my Waterloo brother. He took off his hat as if to give Mingo a feed of corn. I gripped

1819. both mane and crupper, but the rattle of the whip inside the hat was too much. Instead of a somersault in the air, my left foot caught in the stirrup.

Away dashed Mingo, in among the horses, with me in tow. Inside the house old Henley pulled down the window-blinds, that my sisters might not see the expected end. The confusion was great ; led

Pio Mingo.

horses got loose. I was eventually picked up senseless on a heap of straw and pheasant food under a tree. There was the deep cut of a horse's tooth across the seat of the saddle—a saddle which had been given my brother George by the Princess Charlotte, and on which we boys had learned to ride.

On the Monday following I was again in the saddle, with a stiffish leg and a few bruises, but none the worse.

Most Norfolk butlers took pride in their breed of game-fowl, and old Henley considered his second to none. The best cocks went periodically to New-

market, their performances watched with interest only inferior to that of the race-horses. Carrier-pigeons, too, he bred. On one occasion the birds, hatched from eggs brought from Newmarket, found their way back as soon as able to fly—not more curious than a dog carried in a hamper from Sussex to Scotland finding its way back to Goodwood in a couple of days! 1819.

Kenninghall Fair was an event for us children. Admiral Lukin, from Felbrig Hall, visited Quidenham at that time. He played the flute. The march across the park with drums and fifes was imposing. Not far from Felbrig we had another home at Lexham Hall, belonging to the Walpole-Keppels. The whole county appeared to work together except at election time, when Wodehouse opposed Coke.

About this time my brother Tom and I were summoned to our father's dressing-room, when he informed us that it was time we selected a profession. We both decided for the Navy. Father thought we should have separate professions. As we disagreed, I hit Tom in the eye, which he, being biggest, returned with interest. When we had had enough, father decided we should both be sailors. 1820.

Similar politics, somewhat Radical, had years ago brought the families of Coke and Keppel together, and we looked forward with pleasure to our periodical visits to Holkham. Mr. Coke had four daughters. The eldest died before my time ; three had married peers—Andover, Rosebery, and Anson. Lady Andover, who was early a widow, married secondly, the good-looking and distinguished Captain Digby, who commanded the *Africa* at Trafalgar. Lady Anson had two handsome sons ; one we called Tom, who afterwards became Lord Lichfield. He was descended from Lord Anson who commanded the *Centurion* and

1820. sailed round the world. On board was Augustus Keppel, a midshipman, afterwards Lord Keppel.

George IV. There was a younger son, William, in the Navy, whom I met later. Eliza Anson became Lady Waterpark, and her sister Frederica married the Earl of Wemyss and March. Mr. Coke had a younger daughter, Elizabeth; she likewise was charming, and managed the domestic part of the house. In 1822 she married Mr. Spencer Stanhope.

Sir Francis Burdett.

1821. July 13. Among Mr. Coke's intimate friends was Sir Francis Burdett; in fact, Holkham was the centre of the leading Whigs of the day. Sir Francis had been liberated from prison, where he had been confined for exciting a mob, as well as for writing a pamphlet on the trial of Queen Caroline, on the strength of which a party assembled to meet him at Holkham.

After a sojourn there it was arranged that the party should adjourn to Quidenham. There was great excitement throughout the country about the trial.

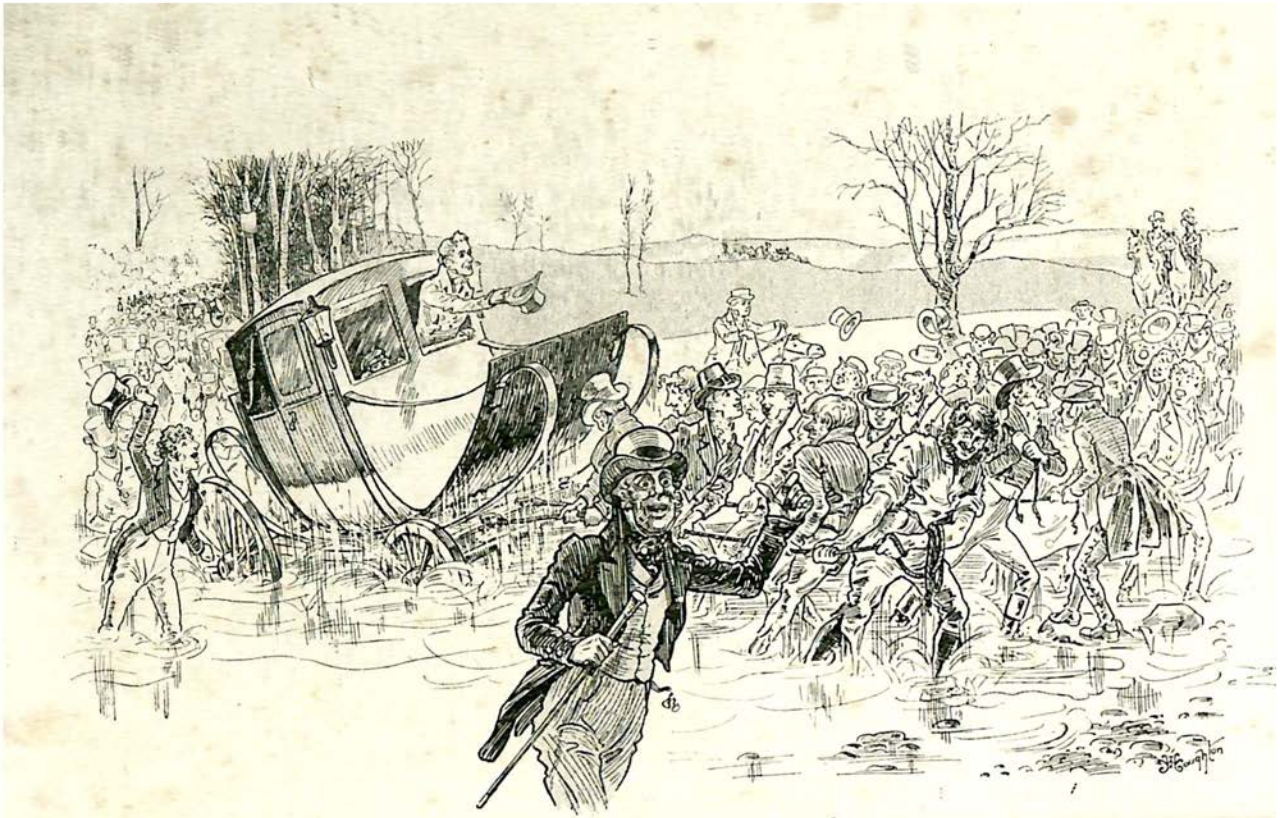
Being short I was told off to go with Sir Francis, so as not to obstruct the view of the hero. The travelling carriages of those days were light; no box or driving-seat, splashboard only, the body hung on C-springs; four horses and postboys. 1821.

At Fakenham the populace were prepared; horses were taken off, and Sir Francis was, much to my delight, drawn through the river. The same fun was

Sir Francis Burdett's Carriage.

repeated at Dereham, where we met the Duke of Sussex, changing four posters at the King's Arms, His Royal Highness likewise on his way to Quidenham. We also stopped for refreshments. Outside the inn was great cheering, and cries for "the Queen and her rights."

After a short stay at Quidenham the party broke up, and I saw Sir Francis start on a ride to London, calling at Euston, a journey of nearly a hundred miles.



A Compliment to Sir Francis.

I was much with H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, 1821.
going from one country-house to another in his travelling coach, which held an enormous amount of luggage. Both footmen were armed; it was no uncommon thing for luggage to be cut from the back of a travelling carriage in the vicinity of London. Royalty paying no 'pikes, with four post-horses, and boys in condition, we got rapidly along.

Newstead Abbey was the object of our journey. It belonged to His Royal Highness's equerry, Colonel Wildman, a dapper little Hussar, who had served through the Peninsular War, and had recently bought the place of Lord Byron. The workmen were still engaged in restoring the beautiful Gothic building, on which the Colonel was expending £200,000. The work was being done with taste and care; none of the traits of its former owner had been obliterated. Side by side with the arms of Lord Byron were carved the heraldic device of the Wildman family. Indeed, it was a source of consolation to Lord Byron that the one spot in England dear to him had fallen into the hands of his old friend and schoolfellow.

The famous drinking-cup, which Byron made out of a skull found in the Abbey cloister, was mounted on a gold stand, with the famous lines engraved; and, in accordance with the tradition of the house, when a visitor arrived, a bottle of wine was poured into the skull, which the guest was expected to empty.

While we were there, Mr. (afterwards Lord) Brougham arrived from an election tour. I saw him empty his share of the claret at one draught, and he was unusually pleasant afterwards. His younger brother, father of the present Lord, was staying in the house at the time.

On returning to Holkham, I found the school-

1821. room was nearly full. Not that we boys were always admitted. There were Miss Digby — so beautiful!—and two Ansons—such dear and pretty children! Admiral Digby had two sons; Edward was of the same age as myself, and we established a friendship which lasted his life. He had a younger brother, Kenelm, likewise a good fellow, thinking of the Church.

It is not my intention to attempt the biographies of many of the fine fellows whose path I crossed, but since I commenced these souvenirs I have had the opportunity of inspecting letters that might never have seen daylight had I not inquired of Lord Digby, son of my lamented friend, the number of guns his grandfather's ship carried at Trafalgar. The search produced the original letter, written by the Captain Digby to his uncle, Admiral Hon. R. Digby, of Minterne, Dorset:

[Copy]

"'Africa,' at Sea, Off the Straits,
November 1, 1805.

My dear Uncle,

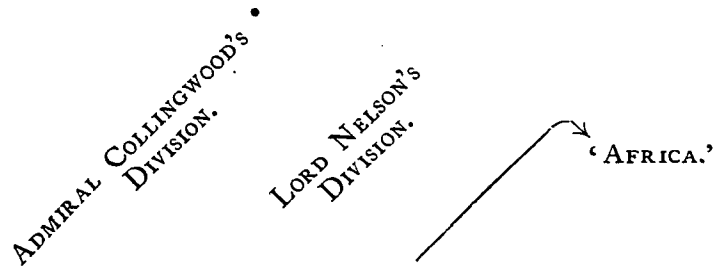
I write merely to say I am well, after having been closely engaged for six hours on the 21st of October. For details, being busy to the greatest degree, I have lost all my masts in consequence of the action, and my ship is otherwise cut to pieces, but sound in bottom. My killed and wounded 63, and many of the latter I shall lose if I do not get into port. Out of so many great prizes, it has pleased God that the elements should destroy most, perhaps to lessen the vanity of man after so great a victory.

I will give you a rough sketch of the lines going into action ; more minute it shall be hereafter. 1821.

I beg my love to Mrs. Digby, and remain,

Your affectionate nephew,

(Signed) H. Digby.



French Line on Larboard Tack.

(To which was added the following postscript) :

I really have no time to say more, surrounded as I am by the wounded men in my cabin, and in all sorts of employ, completing jury masts, etc., etc., and I will thank you to say so to Dr. Shiff and my brothers and sisters.

The *Africa* was, with many others, dispersed by variable winds, and perceiving the French signals during the night, I took a station at discretion, and was the means of being early in action the next day, engaging the van as I ran along to join the English Lines.

After passing through the line, in which position I brought down the foremast of the *Santissima Trinidada*, mounting 140 guns; after which I engaged, within pistol-shot, *L'Intrépide*, 74, which afterwards struck and was burnt, *Orion* and *Conqueror* coming up.

A little boy that stayed with me is safe. Twice

1821. on the poop was I left alone, all being killed or wounded. I am very deaf, with a sad pressure over my breast."

I have not space to describe half the services of the gallant Digby. In 1796 he was posted into the *Aurora* frigate, and in less than two years had captured six French privateers, one lettre de marque, and one corvette, *L'Égalité*, making a total of 124 guns and 744 men, besides forty-eight merchant ships taken or sunk. In command of the *Leviathan*, with Commodore Duckworth, he assisted in the capture of the island of Minorca. In command of the *Alcmene*, he captured two French men-of-war, *Le Dépit*, 3 guns, and *La Courageuse*, 30 guns and 270 men; also on October 17, 1799, two Spanish frigates, *Thetis* and *Brigide*, each of 32 guns and 300 men. They contained 3,000,000 dollars, and it took fifty military waggons to convey the specie from Plymouth Dock to the citadel. His prize-money, as stated by himself, amounted to £57,300 before he was thirty years of age, with £6300 more before he was thirty-six.

I read that in the beginning of 1818 the following Whigs dined together in compliment to Mr. Coke, at Wyndham, near Quidenham: The Rev. R. Coleman, in the chair; Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich, Lord Albemarle, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. R. Hammond, Lord Cochrane, Sir Thomas Beevor, Mr. Gurney, Sir Jacob Astley, Mr. Lerwlie, and Admiral Lukin, at that date rather Liberal.

A tutor from Wells was found to coach me for the Royal Naval College. One morning, after breakfast, Mr. Coke told me to join him in his study, directing me to sit on a certain chair, he at

his desk. After a while he called me, and said : 1821.
"Now I will tell you why I put you in that chair. Young Nelson sat there on an occasion when he came to make his declaration for half-pay as Commander." Nelson's home was with his father, the clergyman at Burnham Thorpe, about three miles

Nelson's Chair.

from Holkham. Mr. Coke likewise introduced young Hoste (a neighbour) to Nelson.[1] At Holkham now there is a bedroom called "Nelson's."

Early in 1822 I was sent to my relative, William 1822.
Garnier, Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral, whose home was in the Close ; but it was his brother, the Dean, better known to us as "Uncle Tom," to

[1] Afterwards Admiral Sir William Hoste.

1822. whom I was consigned. He had a son, George, who was already at the Royal Naval College.

Feb. 8. It was on February 8 that I started with Uncle Tom in the Prebendary's family coach, drawn by four fat greys, coachman on box, boy on near leader, pace about five miles per hour, for Gosport. On arrival I saw, for the first time, among other vessels, three full-rigged ships of the line, whose trucks reached at least 220 feet above the water-line. As yet I had seen nothing larger than a collier brig alongside Wells Pier.

Uncle Tom took me in a wherry across the harbour to the dockyard, and so to the Royal Naval College, where I soon found myself in the presence of the Governor, Captain Loring, a warrior in uniform; as imposing to me as the leviathans I had just seen. Professor Inman was there—a tall man in black, with an austere countenance; but there was that in him that I liked. How I got through the examination I forget, but that day found me an officer in the service of King George IV.

Captain John Wentworth Loring was the son of Joshua Loring, who held a staff appointment at Boston. At the end of the war he settled in Berkshire. His son, born in 1785, entered the navy as midshipman on board the *Salisbury* in 1819. While Loring was serving in the West Indies in command of the *Lark* sloop, she capsized in a hurricane. They cleverly saved themselves by cutting away masts and rigging, and, being well battened down, the vessel righted. She was towed into port at San Domingo to refit. Loring gained so much credit for the expeditious manner in which he performed this duty that the Admiral, Lord Hugh Seymour, appointed him Acting Captain of

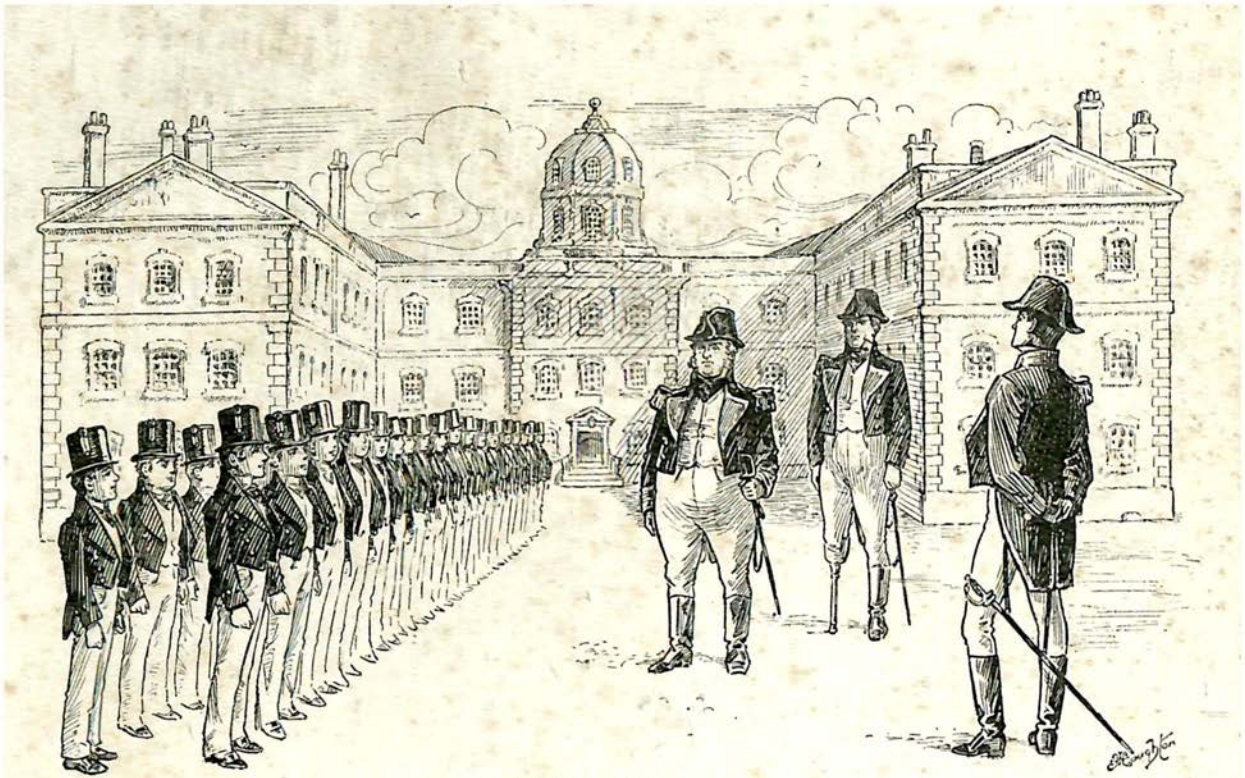
the *Syren*, 32-gun frigate, which had lately come out from Bantry Bay in a thoroughly demoralised and mutinous state! 1822.

While cruising off Cape François the crew refused to work, and a plan got wind of their intention to secure their new Captain and officers, and join the pirates, who were then to be found in most parts of the West Indies. Loring, with his officers, took possession of the after part of the ship; the wind being in the right direction, they steered for port. They were three days without change of raiment. On joining the Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Duckworth, who had succeeded Lord Hugh Seymour, the mutineers were tried by court-martial, and six of them hanged at the foreyard arm. Through the intercession of Loring, one of them escaped capital punishment.

On November 4, 1819, Captain Loring was appointed Governor of the Royal Naval College. He was for forty-four years on the active list, and of that time only four unemployed. In July he was made K.C.B., having previously been knighted by King William IV. His uniform was: blue coat, open in front, gold epaulettes, white kerseymere waistcoat, pantaloons to match, with Hessian boots, straight, thin sword, and cocked hat.

Rouse was the Senior Lieutenant. This gallant old officer lost his leg in the attack upon Prota in February, 1807, when serving under Sir John Thomas Duckworth, and in consequence of his wound was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. When the wooden leg broke, he was allowed to draw another from the dockyard joiner's shop.

Malone, the Second Lieutenant, was a good-natured Irishman, and kind to me because his wife



Royal Naval College.

was a Norfolk woman. There were two artillery drill-sergeants and three first-rate warrant officers, a gunner, boatswain, and carpenter, who took us round the yard in batches out of school hours, and of whom some of us learned more than we did inside. They illustrated in the dockyard what we had found difficult, with no object to refer to. 1822.

There were two fine twelve-oared cutters, which the lieutenants managed. We learned to pull as well as to steer under sail. We had, in addition to school, French, drawing, and dancing masters, also fencing. The French master was, I believe, an *émigré*, a Marquis de la Fort; but of all, I think we liked Schetkey, the drawing-master, best.

Two old women used to bring baskets of grub—tarts, fruit, etc. Towards the end of the half they gave "tick" to those whom they knew would return.

Under the care of my good-natured kinsman, George Garnier, I got on very well. He, however, left the end of the half, and joined the *Delight* brig, in which he afterwards sailed from the Cape of Good Hope, and was never again heard of.

Our uniform was a blue tail-coat, stand-up collar, plain raised gilt buttons, round hat, gold-lace loop with cockade, and shoes. We cadets had each a cabin about seven feet square, with a window, except the corner ones, which at the monthly changes were occupied by those who had been oftenest on the black-list, and did not require daylight. 1823.

There was an occasional launch from the dockyard; one of them was the *Tweed*, of 28 guns, a new form not much thought of, and called donkey-frigates. Subsequently she was christened by Miss Loring, and to this vessel I was appointed on leaving the College.

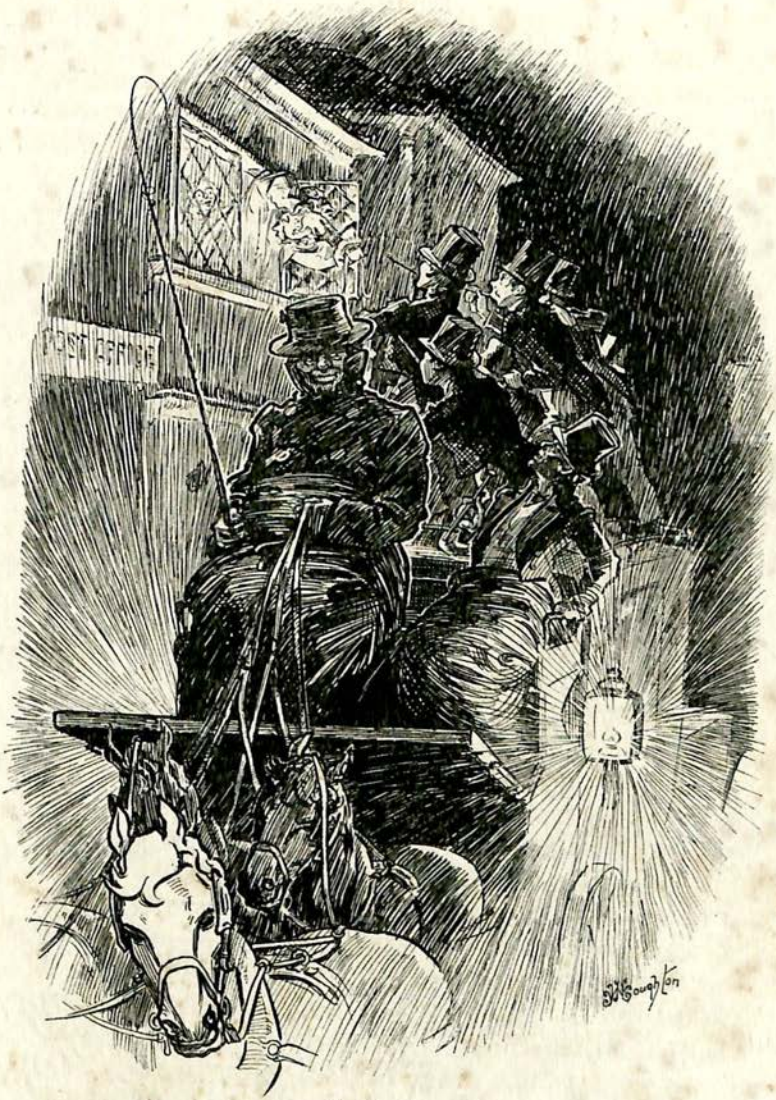
1823. We had a nice set of fellows. Some of them sons of distinguished officers, among them Suckling, Pasco, Hallowell, Blackwood. On muster or parade we were in subdivisions or companies; the best-behaved had charge each of one of these, and wore a midshipman's white patch instead of a bit of braid on the collar.

The boy I looked up to was William Edmonston; he was clever, and passed out with a first mathematical prize medal (before completing his two years) as a midshipman in the *Sybille*, 42, Captain S. Pechell. He was wounded in the face in a boat action against pirates near Candia. Edmonston had the best sort of courage—brave without being rash. He got into Parliament, but I, having been kept at sea, got ahead of him.

George King entered the College the same day as myself, and we kept working together, although in different ships, for many years.

We cadets were not allowed outside the dockyard; the stage-coaches that took us away were obliged to come inside the gates. We were but boys, and provided ourselves with such missiles for mischief as we could find in the yard—iron ringbolts, for example, which were dangerous if thrown with precision.

Before the half was up, we drew lots for the much-coveted box-seat; that on His Majesty's mail on one occasion fell to me. There were several night-coaches, but the "Nelson," the only "six inside heavy," was the favourite. It carried thirteen passengers, and stopped to refresh at Liphook. The food was bespoke a week before: in winter beefsteaks, onions, and plum-pudding, but in summer a goose, ducks and green peas, with onions to any



The Attack.

1823. extent. It often happened that the coach left a passenger or two asleep on the rug.

Outside the gates there was no difficulty in obtaining pea-shooters and other small means of annoyance. On the night when I had the box-seat, the Royal Mail picked up and dropped boys as we came, so that it was midnight before we reached Godalming. The postmaster having turned in, the Mail pulled up as usual under his bedroom windows. The moment they were opened, the postmaster and his wife were assailed with pea-shooters and other missiles. The guard was saying "All right," when the postmistress, calling "There is something else," emptied the slops on the boys as the Mail drove off; I, having the box-seat, escaped the odoriferous bath.

That gallant officer, Sir William Hoste, who commanded the *Albion*, one of the harbour guard-ships, used to visit us during play-hours and tip the Norfolk boys with a half-guinea each, although himself a poor man. We were proud at being noticed by the gallant Hoste, who commanded at the finest frigate action off Lissa, with such men as James Gordon Phipps Hornby, Whitby, and others with whom I subsequently became intimately acquainted. There was also a young fellow, Lieutenant the Hon. William Anson, belonging to the *Tribune*, 42-gun frigate, who used to come and see me and chat about Holkham. Adjoining the Naval College was the house of the President-Commissioner, Captain Hon. Sir George Grey, brother of the Premier.

His nephew George and I became great friends: he joined the service, but not through the College.

While at the College we had repeated visits from those who had previously left, and who put us up to the orgies that went on in the hulks alongside the

The Defence.

1823. ships to which they belonged. I did not fail to remember this when my turn came.

My brother Tom joined on December 5, so that when we returned in January, 1824, from the Christmas holidays, we had only been two months together.

Among the friends I made at College were

During the Examination.

Hallowell, Suckling, Francis Blackwood, all more or less connected with Nelson.

1824. I went up with others for examination, but failed to get full numbers on account of having in my possession a penny handkerchief, given me by one of my late playfellows, on which was printed an outline of a map of the coast of England. Now, the geographical master, who was short-sighted, always read with his nose close to the paper. Through a sheet of foolscap he had pierced a hole with a pin, and before I could blow my nose he was down on

me like a hawk. The consequence was that on February 7, 1824, I was appointed to His Majesty's ship *Tweed*, Captain F. Hunn, half-brother to Mr. Canning, with one year ten months two weeks and two days' time, instead of two complete years of service. 1824.

Uncle Tom Garnier kindly undertook to give directions for my outfit, and for a while my valuable services were dispensed with.

CHAPTER II

THE *TWEED*, 1824

1824. Feb. HAVING paid many parting visits, I returned to Portsmouth, and, dismounting from the "Regulator" coach, went straight to the outfitters' and was soon in uniform. What I thought most of was a small dirk suspended from my waist. Having viewed myself in various positions, I sallied forth.

From mids who revisited the College I learnt the sort of fun that went on in the refitting hulks. I was not so green as I looked. Instead of reporting myself on board the *Topaze*, I ascertained that Captain Hunn lived with wife and family at No. 15 Jubilee Terrace, Southsea. The time being that when he would be going to dinner, although dusk, I took up a position on the south side of the sallyport bridge.

Presently I saw a blue boat-cloak, surmounted by a gold-laced cocked hat, and a sword protruding. I stepped on one side and saluted.

"Who are you, youngster? and what's your name?"

I soon squeaked out that I belonged to His Majesty's ship *Tweed*, just returned from leave, and was going to report myself. Name Keppel.

"Come along with me."

I was shortly ushered out of the cold into the presence of Mrs. Hunn and two charming young ladies in a warm drawing-room, and dinner ready. Never was such good fortune! Never was I so hungry! 1824.

The coxswain was sent for my clothes, a bed made up on the sofa. The next day I was installed "gig's midshipman." Rather a good beginning, which I fully appreciated.

I did not trouble myself about the fitting out. Just before starting we were supplied with a proportion of smugglers, whose penalty for defrauding His Majesty was to serve before the mast on board a man-of-war. They were equal to our best seamen.

Meeting the Captain.

We sailed from Portsmouth on April 12, Mrs. Hunn and my playfellows with us. We saluted the flag of our Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir James Hawkins Whitshed, and anchored at Spithead, which we left on 18th, anchoring successively at Cowes, Yarmouth Roads, and Plymouth Sound, saluting the flag of the Hon. A. J. Cochrane.

1824. Among the frequent anchorings and departures I learnt some of the various duties expected of officers of my particular rank. One of these was to hold a dip in the tier while the great hempen cable attached to the anchor was being hove in, and stowed by quartermasters below the reach of daylight. It was a neat piece of seamanship, on which the best and the least experienced of petty officers were employed. The tier was a large oblong space. The end of the working cable was secured in the bottom of the ship, frequently round the heel of the mainmast. To heave in the cable with anchor attached required a "messenger" without an end. This was a small cable of proper proportions passed round the capstan and forebits, so that one side ran parallel to the cable, to which it was secured by nippers that held it until near the hatchway above the cable tier.

As the nippers were taken off, boys were stationed to carry them forward to be reapplied; the capstan bars were manned by marines and seamen not stationed aloft. We youngsters had to hold the dips to enable the petty officers to see that each bend was closely packed, the centre, where they worked, being clear. The coil in the tier not exceeding three or four feet, according to size and space, we had to jump smartly with our dips on the words, "Side out for a bend." The expression was used long after chain cables were introduced. "Purser's dip" was a strip of cotton soaked in tallow until it grew into a young candle.

Bumboats were the delight of us youngsters. If one wanted to enjoy a pot of clotted cream, the best way was to carry it aloft, taking a foot of pigtail to propitiate the captain of the top.

May 2. We left Plymouth on May 2, and following day came to in Carrick Roads at Falmouth. Mails to

most parts of the world were carried from here in men-of-war, chiefly brigs, commanded by senior lieutenants, and a few by distinguished old warrant officers. 1824.

There were thirty-six of these vessels, some with high-sounding names, such as *Prince Regent*, *Duke of Marlborough* as well as of *York*, two *Dukes of Kent*, *Ladies Wellington*, *Queensberry*, *Mary Pelham*, etc. They were all in first-rate order.

In the important town of Falmouth the Commanders had a society peculiarly their own, ladies taking precedence according to the seniority of their husbands on the Navy List—luckily, not that of the names of the ships their husbands commanded. *Of course, there was no quarrelling among the grass-widows.* We were here four days.

Arrived in the magnificent Cork Harbour, we saluted the flag of Rear-Admiral of the White, the Right Hon. Lord Colville, Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's ships in Ireland. There was a great deal of smuggling all round the coast, and some of our smartest cruisers employed. Among the most fortunate was the *Gannet*, 18; she went by the name of the "*Golden*" *Gannet.* May 10.

The Admiral was tall and imposing-looking; as gig's midshipman I had many opportunities of seeing him. He paid almost daily state visits from his residence in the Cove of Cork to the dockyard on Haulbowline Island, dressed in full uniform. He wore his cocked hat athwartships, gold epaulettes, white pantaloons and Hessian boots. On his stepping into the state barge, the coxswain, standing up behind him, piped the time for each solemn stroke of the oars; the yards of the flagship were manned, while the marines, ranged across the poop, presented arms.

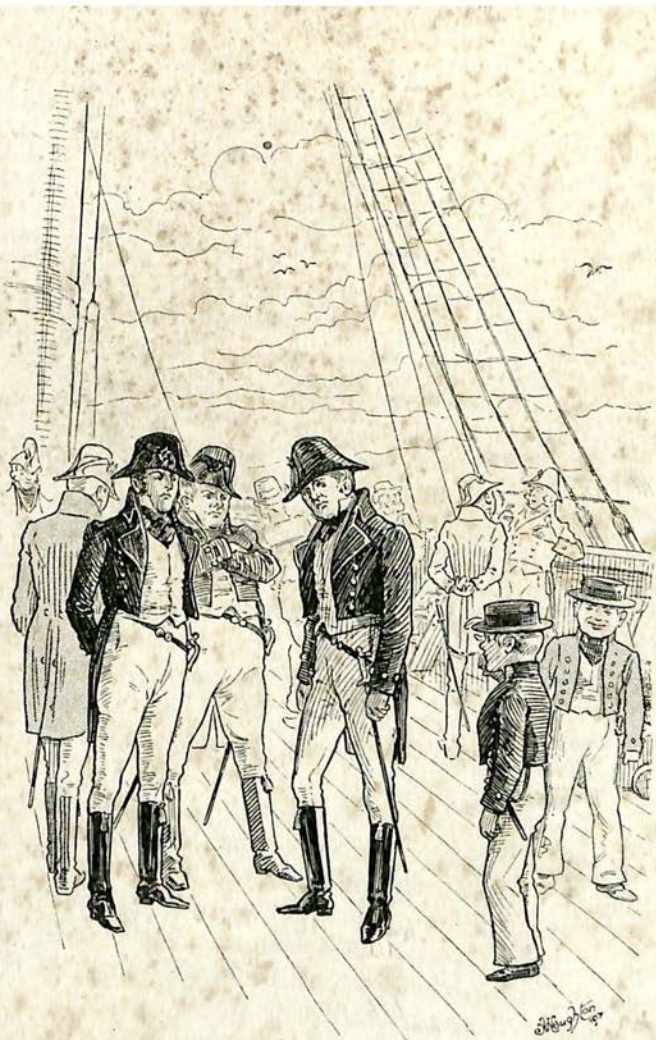
1824. The distance was short, but I thought the ceremony grand.

Semiramis was an old 42-gun frigate. Being light, and floating high out of the water, she was painted with two tiers of ports, and had the appearance of a ship of the line suitable to the flag she had to carry. No merchant ship trading between Cork or any port would attempt to pass without lowering her upper sails.

Before leaving, the *Pylades*, 18, Commander Fead, arrived with a smuggling lugger, a beautiful vessel with a crew of over fifty fine-looking men. The Commander-in-Chief while on the station made nearly £9000 prize-money, his share being one-eighth, after expenses paid. Mr. Dunsterville had charge of Haulbowline, with a charming wife and family. A nice boy joined us as mid, deliciously Irish. With them I made excursions to Cork, and I enjoyed a lunch at the same time at the mess of the 13th Hussars.

We sailed from Cork on the 25th, and got into the wide and open sea, when I saw, for the first time, the horizon of blue water all round. I now came in contact with those who were my messmates, among them a number of masters' mates, whom the Admiralty did not promote, but gave them the option of serving on.[1] The duties of these elderly gentlemen were mostly nominal; they were styled mates of the hold or of stores, etc. They seldom appeared on deck except on Sundays, when they took their week's exercise. Their uniform was a blue coat, in shape like our now plain evening-dress, anchor buttons and a small white cord edging, white pantaloons, Hessian boots, cocked hat, and sword.

[1] Navy List of date records 3786 lieutenants in service.



Ship Mates.

1824. It was considered a compliment to be spoken to by them. I was favoured by being asked if I had not come to sea to avenge the death of Nelson. Others were anxious to know if my mother cried when I left home. Down in the midshipmen's berth they reigned supreme; spoke very little before grog-time; then a fork was stuck in the beam, a signal for us youngsters to scuttle out as fast as we could.

A servant was told off to look after me. I forgot his name, and asked one of my aged shipmates; word was passed along the lower deck for "Cheeks," the marine.

There was no place for midshipmen's stores, except the lockers on which we sat. Each of us was supposed to bring two table-cloths; one lasted a week, when the steward—his name Edward Low, but called "Tommie Plenty"—took possession of it to wipe knives, forks, cups, and spoons. It smelt before the next was due. We had no candlesticks. Dips obtained from the purser were stuck in bottles supported by forks fixed where the planks of the table had shrunk. One morning, when "Tommie" was holystoning under the table, the point of a fork lifted his scalp. While he was on the sick-list we youngsters had to do cooking, etc.

I often confirmed Marryat's story of the mid running along the main-deck with a tureen of pea-soup, calling "Scaldings!" to clear the way.

One of our old mates had served in a fast-cruising frigate, when, owing to the number of prizes taken, officers being sent away in charge, the duties fell heavily on those remaining. Our messmate had to keep watch and watch. At last his turn came. On taking charge of the prize, the frigate having made sail, he sent for the petty officer, a gunner in charge

of the prize crew, and told him to steer north-east and call him in three weeks. 1824.

On June 5 we arrived at Madeira, at which enjoyable place we remained eight days. Here our Captain, his wife, children, and gig's midshipman were entertained by the kindest of merchants, Mr. and Mrs. Bean, as well as by Mr. Gordon, a partner. Markets were full of fruits of all sorts—oranges, mountain strawberries, grapes, and bananas; ponies, donkeys, picnics, etc.; who would not be a midshipman? We appeared to be welcome everywhere. The troops and music I enjoyed, but, what appeared curious—drill orders to the soldiers were given in English—remnants of Peninsular! June 5.

Our next stopping-place was St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verds. It was dull after bright Madeira. Markets were full of tropical fruits, monkeys, parrots, yams, and other vegetables, ground-nuts, etc. We remained one whole day. June 21.

Of my next visit I retain some painful remembrances, but enough for the day is the evil thereof.

We were now far within the tropics—flying-fish, porpoises, dolphin seldom out of sight; besides, I thought of that terrible "Line" of which I had heard so much.

At 8 P.M. a light ahead was reported. We hove to. The sea-god Neptune came over the bows and reported to our captain his intention of paying a visit of welcome to all those who had not previously come within the tropics. He brought with him his secretaries, who inscribed the names of all first visitors. One old marine got off by stating he had served in the Peninsula! July 4.

Soon after I observed a lighted tar-cask floating astern, and hoped that "His Majesty" was burning

1824. in it. The next morning he boarded and took possession, and found plenty of brutal followers to help him and all concerned in his disagreeable duties.

I was seized by one of his greasy constables and conducted I knew not where, and seated on something which felt like a capstan-bar. My face was plastered with a mixture of tar and dirt, and scraped off with a jagged piece of iron representing a razor; then, tipped backwards into what I thought was overboard, I felt myself in the grip of other brutes representing Neptune's bears, who held me till I had swallowed a sufficient portion of the filthy bath. I was then free for life to join any future orgie.

The ducking-pond was formed by a sail secured at the corners to the combings, the centre lowered on to the main-deck, and filled from the wash-deck pump. On the stern of one of the boom-boats, overlooking the proceedings, was Neptune with Amphitrite by his side, on whose knee sat a promising young cub, son of the sail-maker; allowed on board by special permission before leaving England, apparently looking forward to superintending similar operations. I found my way into the Captain's after-cabin, where my playfellows gave me a biscuit with jam and a little something to wash it down.

July 17. We made Cape Frio July 17: then, squalls for a couple of days. Two days after we made our number to the *Spartiate* bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir Gëorge Eyre. The atmosphere was so clear that we could distinctly make out the affirmative when the head of the topgallant sails only could be seen above the horizon—a distance of fifteen miles.

July 19. We brought the sea-breeze up with us, saluted, and followed the flag into the magnificent harbour of

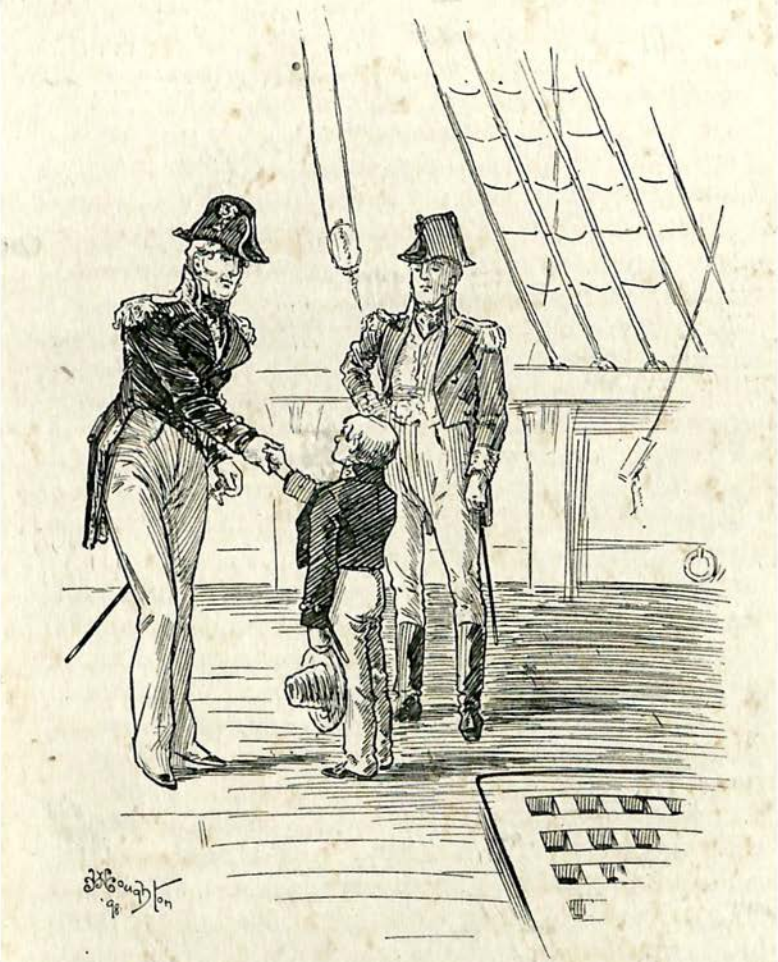
Consolation.

1824. Rio de Janeiro, and came to an anchor. There I saw for the first time the white flag of France flying on board the *Jean Bart*, 74, also the Stars and Stripes of the United States on board the *Franklin*, 74. After the Brazilian national flag we saluted that of Lord Cochrane, on board the *Don Pedro*, as High Admiral of the Brazilian Navy, with 19 guns.

July 24. I saw that gallant and extraordinary, but ill-used man, Lord Cochrane, who came on board to return Captain Hunn's visit. He was at this time, in the estimation of the Old World and the New, the greatest man afloat. He was tall and thin, of powerful build, with close-cut red hair.

I indeed felt proud when, on my Captain's presenting, he shook me by the hand. One of the last books I had read at the Naval College was his action in the *Speedy* sloop of 14 guns, with a crew of 54 men, when he captured the Spanish frigate *El Gamo*, Captain de Torres. It was on this occasion that Cochrane admitted he had nearly caught a Tartar. While cruising off the coast of Spain, he saw what he took to be a large merchant ship. On drawing near, she opened her hitherto disguised ports, and disclosed the broadside guns of a frigate. Without going into further details, she was carried by boarding. There were killed on board the *El Gamo* the Captain and 13 seamen, and 41 wounded, exceeding in number the whole of the officers and crew of the *Speedy*. The second in command of the *El Gamo* succeeded in obtaining from Cochrane a certificate stating that he had fought his ship like a true Spaniard.

Captain Hunn took a house at Boto Fogo, one of those beautiful inlets in the harbour facing the Sugar-loaf, about three miles from the town. I was again kindly included in the family party. The



Meet Lord Cochrane.

1824. principal Portuguese and most of the English merchants had residences there.

Aug. 2. At midnight a salute of 101 guns was fired from the batteries in honour of the birth of a Prince and future Emperor. The salute was repeated at daylight, noon (when we joined), sunset, and midnight.

Lord Cochrane had sailed with his fleet: an embargo was laid on all ships for three weeks. Picnics and every sort of amusement went on.

Aug. 8. The embargo being removed, we sailed with the early breeze in company with some 500 sail of all nations. The show of white canvas was a beautiful sight. When outside and in the open we spread out like a fan.

Aug. 17. Arrived off Bahia—Bahia de los Todos Santos (Bay of All Saints)—perfectly sheltered and capable of holding the fleets of all nations. Cochrane had been before us, and the Brazilian flag had replaced that of Portugal. We anchored on the west side of the bay, off the city of San Salvador.

It appears that in June, about three months back, Lord Cochrane, with the Brazilian squadron, consisting of the *Don Pedro*, 74, and three frigates, manned, with the exception of 170 English seamen he had in his flagship, by natives, appeared off this place, which was then in possession of the Portuguese Government.

He had no sooner made the entrance than he discovered the enemy's fleet of thirteen sail standing out to prevent the threatened blockade. Cochrane formed his line-of-battle, and immediately bore down and put his enemy to flight. Nothing occurred beyond the hammering some of them got, but it led to the establishment of the blockade of their port.

In the meantime Cochrane had prepared fireships.

One dark night he stood in in his flagship alone to reconnoitre. On being hailed, he replied that it was an English ship. However, the consternation was great when it was announced to the Portuguese Admiral and officers, who were then at a ball, that Lord Cochrane's fleet was in their midst. 1824.

A panic was established: the evacuation of San Salvador determined, and on July 1 a Junta was formed to carry on the Government in the name of the Brazilian Empire.

We found trade going on in the same way as I suppose it had been under the Portuguese flag. It made but little difference to the unfortunate slaves as to the colour of the bunting that flew over them; although most of the Portuguese merchants were in favour of the mother-country. Aug. 22.

The new Imperial troops were not much, although they exhibited on their shakos "Libertad o Muerte."

One afternoon the Captain ordered me to take a despatch on board the *Tweed* to the commanding officer. On going towards the landing-place I met Nightingale, the coxswain, who informed me that he was not allowed to pass the guard. On my remonstrating with the officer, who I noticed was not the same who was on guard when I landed, I showed him the back of the letter, which appeared to make matters worse. Now, I believed myself to be in charge of a despatch of importance.

Having, on landing, noticed that the muskets in the racks at the guard-house were beautifully polished; and thinking them more fit to look at than for use, I told old Nightingale to be ready for a rush. The crew were up to the occasion, and before a musket could be got at, the sentry was on his back, and we were all in the boat,

1824. with the exception of Harrison, a coloured bowman who had a slight bayonet scratch on the back of his neck, being slow in casting off the painter.

After a while a few musket-balls dropped in the water short of the gig. Of course there was a row, but I think it was our Consul who explained that the Brazilian officer was wrong in attempting to stop a British officer in uniform, however small. Nothing satisfactory to either party was arranged.

We left Bahia on the 17th, and arrived at the open and exposed anchorage of Pernambuco on August 23. We found Lord Cochrane had arrived with his squadron on the 18th.

The "Patriots," as they called themselves, had not been idle. Count Manuel Carvalho Pas de Andrade had been elected President: he had already denounced Don Pedro as a traitor, and was endeavouring to excite the neighbouring provinces to form themselves into a federation on the model of the United States, under the title of "Confederação del Ecuador."

A few days after our arrival Lord Cochrane came on board the *Tweed*, but I do not think there was much cordiality between him and our Captain. An attempt at arrangement by correspondence having failed, Lord Cochrane threatened to bombard the city.

The shoal-water and exposed anchorage would not admit of the fleet going in, but on the night of August 27 I witnessed the pretty effect of mortar shells flying between the small craft and the forts protecting the town. The damage done was not, however, much on either side.

The following day we were disappointed at seeing Lord Cochrane sail for Bahia, which he did to

get wood for rafts and to procure vessels of light draught, capable of carrying mortars. He left a portion of his fleet behind to continue the blockade. The Brazilian General, Lima, who had been landed with his troops about seventy miles distant at a place called Alagoas, hearing of the panic established, pushed on for Pernambuco, where he arrived on September 11, and, assisted by the blockading squadron, made an attack on the town. 1824.

President Carvalho retreated to the suburbs, which were protected by an inlet of the sea, and, having broken down the bridge, prepared to defend himself. However, his heart failed him, for during my middle watch the following night a catamaran came alongside with the would-be President fully accoutred, just as he had left the fight, having come to claim the protection of the British flag!

All the next and two following days the fight was kept up with much spirit, the place being gallantly defended while the "brave" Count Carvalho looked on from the deck of the *Tweed*. We were so near that on one occasion a shot fired at one of the blockading squadron passed over our mastheads.

On September 13 *Brazen*, 20, Captain W. Willes, arrived from the coast of Africa. In running for the anchorage whilst hostilities were going on, her English ensign was taken for a ruse on the part of Lord Cochrane's squadron, and she was fired into, two round shots taking effect. One cut away the hammock netting and tore up part of the quarter-deck. Luckily no one was hurt.

When Lord Cochrane returned to Pernambuco, he found Lima in possession. He then sent an officer on board the *Tweed* to request that the "rebel" and "traitor" Carvalho might be given up.

1824. Three days later the Brazilian fleet and forts fired a royal salute in honour of the victory, in which, in obedience to an order signalled by the Captain of the *Brazen*, we joined.

Sept. 21. Carvalho embarked on board the *Brazen*, and, much to our disgust, under a salute. I had to part with my two little playfellows, who, with Mrs. Hunn, also went home in her.

Directly the *Brazen* loosed sails, the Brazilian fleet did likewise, and, seeing this, our Captain interpreted it (or pretended to) as a device on the part of Lord Cochrane to take Carvalho out of the *Brazen* by force, and we also prepared to weigh and clear for action. However, it all ended without smoke.

Sept. 22. We sailed on September 22, not sorry to get away. We had been six weeks rolling—at times, our main-deck ports in the water; holding no communication with the shore, and, with the exception of the fighting in which, as we would take no part, there was little to excite interest.

We youngsters amused ourselves, meanwhile, fishing, which we could only venture to do at night, and then out of the mizen-chains, hid by quarter-boats.

One day, when I was sitting in the gig astern of the ship, a school of whales came into the bay, like so many frolicsome porpoises; and so near did they come that I found my way to the ship's deck up the Jacob's ladder.

Oct. 2. We left Pernambuco on our return to Rio, where we arrived October 2. This was a jolly place for us mids. There is no nicer harbour for boat excursions, rides, picnics, etc., fun, in which we joined those of other ships. One of our lieutenants, Pat Blake, was

a favourite with us. There were lively fellows in the squadron, one of whom, named Hathorn, was lent to us from the flagship. 1824.

Early in the morning, it being calm, we were towed out of the harbour by boats, on which events those of the foreign men-of-war always assisted. Oct. 14.

On the 24th we came to in Maldanado Roads, an interesting place. The only thing that struck me as odd was, if you made a purchase which cost less than a dollar, they chopped that coin in pieces to give you change. Oct. 24.

We sailed the following day, and arrived at Rio de la Plata, a large muddy river, unworthy of the name—porpoises and seal in plenty. I had many rifle shots at the round head of the latter, with their large bright black eyes; but they were too quick for me.

Horses were in plenty. If you hired one for a ride, the owner bargained that in case it died you must bring back the shoes—they only shod the fore-feet. It was a wild and open country; everyone appeared mounted as well as carrying a lasso, which would bring you to the ground with more certainty than a pistol-shot. We never ventured alone, but took long rides into the country.

We sailed from the River Plate, and got back to Rio October 29. Found *Aurora*, *Blonde*, and *Jaseur*. *Blonde* a beautiful 48-gun frigate, Captain Lord Byron, who had on board the bodies of the late King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands, who had fallen victims to the measles while on a visit to England. Oct. 29.

There was in the Rua de Rita, over a shop-door, a large gilded metal cock that had for years resisted the attempts of the midshipmen of the British fleet; it

1824. was not strong nor heavy, but placed out of reach. There were watchmen about, as it had been often in danger, and it was for the benefit of the bird that Jack Hathorn got lent to the *Tweed*, bound for the River Plate, that he might find a suitable lasso.

Days, or rather nights, passed without an opportunity: rain did not fall heavy enough; the moon would peep out. At length a storm, that had been threatening the early part of the night, broke with great violence. It was as dark as pitch. Cocoanut-oil lamps put themselves out; heavy stones that we carried through the dark were thrown down with a yell, unheeded by the guardians of the night; while Jack Hathorn and a chosen few, with his Monte Video lasso as well as a properly-prepared instrument, loosened the claws of the noble bird, which alighted in a downpour of rain on a pile of midshipmen's cloaks, and was borne off.

The sentry at the guard-house, under shelter of his box, did not trouble himself to ascertain how drunk was the comrade being conveyed to the boat which had been so long waiting. How sorry I was that my diminutive size prevented my having shared in this triumph! I hear the bird may now be seen in the hall of the Hathorn family at Castle-Wigg, in Wigtonshire, with a scroll in its beak describing the above.

Dec. 16. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families. More than two courts-martial took place during our stay at Rio; but my friend Lieutenant Blake was acquitted and discharged into the *Aurora*, which ship was towed out of harbour, and sailed for England, December 16.

As gig's midshipman, I was much on shore; and, waiting for the Captain, amused myself in the

extensive market, furnished as it was with every tropical fruit and flower. But my favourite amusement was to watch the monkeys, from the beautiful little marmoset to the more mischievous green species. One of these usually wiped his hands on my white trousers. Although not allowed, the evening before we sailed I smuggled my little friend on board in the Captain's cloak-bag, and stowed him in the scuttle of the midshipmen's berth. 1824.

On Christmas Day we got our usual tow out of the harbour, and made sail for England. Two days later we unbent cables and stowed anchors. Dec. 25.

After a while it came to my turn to dine with the Captain. One of my facetious messmates thought it good fun to give my little prisoner a run. By instinct he made his way to the Captain's cabin. Seated on the deck, surveying the apartment, the Captain spotted him, and ordered the sentry to throw the beast overboard. On the first move of the marine, the monkey with a bound was on my shoulder, his little hands clasped round my forehead, chattering and grinning; there being no mistake as to the owner. I suppose the Captain was moved by the affection of the little fellow. We were dismissed.

Nothing of importance occurred during our long voyage. On February 26 made the Lizard at daylight and bent cables. We had a chain-cable, which was only used once; but every month we had to rouse the thing on deck and knock the shackling-bolts out, in order to anoint them with some white mixture.

We ran through the Needles, saluted flag, and came to at Spithead. 1825. Feb. 27.

CHAPTER III

THE *TWEED*

1825. Feb. 28. THE *Tweed* at Spithead became one of the Channel Squadron, and commenced refit.

First visit was to my brother Tom at the College. Landing in the dockyard, our shortest route lay through the lower-mast and boat-houses. In the latter we found one of our masters' mates returning condemned, and drawing new stores. He, too, wanted to see my brother; so, leaving the stores to the care of the warrant officer, he joined us.

I must attempt to describe this good-tempered salt, Peter Dobree by name. He was from Guernsey. Although not too young, he was the junior of our masters' mates; and had a shock head of red hair which protruded from under his hat. I was told that, when on board the hulk during our outfit, if he saw a child about the deck unprotected, he would imitate its cry and a dog's snarl so closely that half the wives would rush to the rescue. It did not matter how often he repeated the joke, the effect was the same. When he got leave to go on shore late in the evening, he scorned the use of a boat; he would jump overboard and swim to the logs—this, too, in the winter months. He kept a change of raiment at the "Keppel's Head."

Dobree followed us to the College, where I found Tom. It was winter; we could only make a short tour. Dobree, passing the area near Dr. Inman's, espied a large round dish of setting cream. He was down the steps and his mouth in the cream, when the dairymaid pushed his head in, to which the cream adhered. It was just closing time as he escaped through the storehouse doors. 1825.

I started by mail with my monkey, and the following evening was at Quidenham. Jacko appeared to take possession. The excitement he caused was great. At first he would not trust himself out of my reach, but was only too much at home afterwards. The ship was again wanted for service. I had not time to visit my sister Anne, who had in February 1822 married Mr. Coke. Mar. 3.

I was much vexed, when I got back, to find that some good-natured messmate had on Sunday afternoon given my brother at the College a small bottle of first-rate Jamaica. Now Tom's position in the ranks at prayers was, unfortunately, just in front of the Governor. During the short service the poor boy lost his balance, and prostrated himself on the floor. The next morning in the cupola he ascertained what a birch administered by a Blue Marine sergeant was like. Mar. 8.

We sailed in company with a small experimental squadron. Got as far as Lymington and back, through Spithead to off Dover, Dungeness, and Downs. In the latter anchorage lay the *Ramillies*, 74. Mar. 21.

In addition to her Captain and officers, she had 103 lieutenants and 33 assistants borne for coast-guard service. She was a show ship, and for the convenience of ladies getting on board had a large

1825. cask fitted with a seat. On the bottom, outside, was painted a clown's grinning face, which made people laugh, while the occupant in mid-air believed her little ankles were being seen.

Mar. 27. We were ordered to Harwich, where we embarked Rear-Admiral Plampin, and saluted him with 13 guns. It was the end of the week before we had embarked suite and luggage and sailed.

April 1. Still no hurry, and, with occasional anchorings it was April 1 before we reached Cork to assume the command in place of Lord Colville, who had sailed in the *Semiramis*, which ship returned on May 7 without his lordship, when we transferred our flag.

We were glad to get back among our kind and hospitable friends.

We had, however, a visit from a pedlar, whose wares were various. He was rash enough to venture on the lower deck of a man-of-war, whose inhabitants were mixed. Now, Dobree, who, I suppose, had got tired of snuffing the purser's dips with his fingers, invested in a pair of plated snuffers.

Unluckily, before the pedlar had cleared out, and on the third time of asking, the plating came off the snuffers. The pedlar bolted, and his box followed, the contents dispersed in front of the marines' mess. Luckily they spread no further and were recovered.

I believe I was the only loser, inasmuch as the pedlar lodged a complaint with the kind and good Mrs. Dunsterville. The pedlar knew no names, he could only describe his enemy as the "foxy-headed gintleman." As I was the only "gintleman" with red hair Mrs. Dunsterville knew, my invitations to that cheery establishment ceased, and her son John, my messmate, never came on board if he knew of it.

We left Cork, and arrived at Portsmouth on the 12th. 1825. May 8.

Captain going away, and as there would be no particular service for gig's midshipman, I got him to endorse a cheque on Woodhead and Co. for £5, and obtained the usual leave from the First Lieutenant to go on shore. May 17.

With a small bag I took up my quarters at the "Keppel's Head," intending to enjoy myself.

On the afternoon of the *third* day, before returning on board, I was taking a parting cup of tea with Mrs. Harrison, the landlady, when the sergeant of marines from the *Tweed*, trailing a halbert, for which there was no room, put his head in, without taking his shako off, stated that I was his prisoner, and withdrew.

The back window of the parlour opened into Havant Street, by which I found my way with the small bag to the "Hard," where my faithful waterman, James Sly, instead of taking me on board the *Tweed*, conveyed me to Ryde Pier.

I knew some of the good fellows of the 60th Rifles, Colonel A. Ellis, quartered at Newport. After a few days' enjoyment, money expended, I returned to the *Tweed*, without the help of the sergeant. Of course I was put under arrest. May 24.

Sailed from Spithead on a cruise to the eastward, reaching Sheerness the following day, which we left and anchored off Boulogne. June 25.

The Duke of Northumberland and suite having been to attend the coronation of Charles Dix, on His Grace's re-embarking on board the *Lightning*, we fired a salute of 19 guns, which we, as well as the *Brazen*, 28, Captain Willes, repeated on His Excellency's landing at Dover. July 1.

Arrested.

We returned to the Nore and remained until 12th, when we started on a pleasant summer cruise along the east coast. 1825. July 12.

Exchanged numbers with the *Glasgow*, Captain Hon. J. A. Maude, a 50-gun frigate under sail. No prettier sight! She had fitted out at Deptford. We anchored in Yarmouth Roads. The east coast was seldom frequented by anything larger than a revenue cruiser. July 15.

We were crowded with visitors. I had some kind Wilson cousins. One day, when they were not on board, I selected two pretty young women to show round. My dignity was hurt; when I helped them into their boat they offered me sixpence, my uniform having been taken for livery, but not liking to hurt their feelings I pocketed the coin. Yarmouth, July 19.

Fired royal salute, His Majesty's birthday. We sailed from Yarmouth; 22nd, anchored off Grimsby; next day joined party to Hull; the pilot of the packet we were in sounded his way with a pole.

Visited Scarborough, a very different place, but did not stay long, Captain thinking anchorage exposed. July 31.

Off the Dogger Bank we caught a lot of cod-fish. On August 4 we came into Peggy's Hole, North Shields. Aug. 4.

Sent an officer and party to Sunderland to quell small disturbance. In four days they returned, and we sailed for Leith Roads. We really enjoyed Edinburgh. Aug. 8.

The *Parthian*, 10, Commander Hon. George Barrington, arrived. Next day we sailed, getting back to Spithead on 28th. Aug. 18.

The worst of belonging to the Channel Fleet, you were never safe to go any distance; but we had many kind friends in the neighbourhood. One of

1825. my brother mids was Charles Patterson, the son of an Admiral, who lived at Cosham. He was a friend of my Captain, and I often stayed with him. The old gentleman was kindness itself, with no end of good stories. He swore a good deal, but only at himself: his heart, or liver, etc.

The latter part of his service as Captain was as Governor of Porchester Castle, which was, and will always be, a most interesting ruin. Built by the Romans in the fourteenth century, it was used by King John as a State prison.

At the period of the Revolutionary wars it held French prisoners, and Dutch sailors taken at the battle of Camperdown.

The Admiral had a pretty daughter, with whom we midshipmen were in love. Mrs. Patterson was so kind to us. She was a wonderful horsewoman. I never saw the Admiral in any other costume by day than yellow leathers and mahogany tops. Miss Patterson had a collection of animals carved by the prisoners out of their meat-bones. I have some of them now.

Ports-mouth, Sept. 14. We got notice to receive on board Bishop Inglis and family for Nova Scotia.

While at the Naval College I had watched with interest the building of the *Princess Charlotte*, not only on account of her grand proportions, but there were associations connecting the name of that fair Princess with our family, my grandmother, Lady de Clifford, having been governess to Her Royal Highness.

In those days a ship of the line frequently remained ten or twelve years on the stocks. To stand on the keel near the sternpost and look forward, at a time before beams or planking of any sort had been placed, and to reflect that 800 full-grown oak-trees

had been expended in her construction, made you lost in wonder. The *Princess Charlotte* was laid down in 1812, and was to carry 120 guns and have a round stern: an innovation in those days on the present square old *Victory*. 1825.

Thursday, September 13, was the day fixed for the launch, ushered in by a royal salute, announcing the arrival of Leopold, Crown Prince of Belgium, who was to christen her.

Being anxious for a good place, I landed early from the *Tweed*. Climbing to the top of a building-shed I commanded a fine view. Spectators assembled in thousands.

As large ships were only launched on the top of spring tides, a larger quantity of water than usual had been admitted into the floating-basin.

When the moment arrived the great ship started, and the lock of the dry-dock burst. On the one hand I saw the huge ship majestically sliding into the harbour; while on the other, hundreds of human beings were being precipitated into the dry-dock by the bursting of the lock and breaking of the bridge, which was crowded.

Some of those who were in the centre were carried the whole length of the dock and managed to escape.

Full particulars may be found in the *Hampshire Telegraph*, September 13, 1825.

Having embarked the Very Rev. J. Inglis, Bishop of Nova Scotia, Mrs. Inglis, and two tall, handsome daughters, we sailed for Halifax. The summer was over, and we had no time to lose, as we hoped to escape being frozen in for the winter in Canada. Sept. 28.

Things generally go on smoothly while ladies are on board. However, we were detained two days at Cowes and ten at Falmouth.

1825. Oct. 21. We anchored in Fayal Roads on 21st until 23rd, when we again sailed into more bad weather.

Halifax, N. S. Nov. 7. It was the 7th before we reached Halifax. How thankful our poor passengers must have been! We saluted the flag of Rear-Admiral W. T. Lake; afterwards landed our good Bishop under salute of 13 guns.

The Bishop and family did all they could to make our short stay pleasant, particularly to us youngsters. A ball was given, at which I was too shy to dance with one of the tall and handsome Miss Inglises. General Sir James Kempt was the Governor, one of the most popular as well as the smartest officers I had seen. Years afterwards he seconded Lord Lyndoch's proposal for me as a member of the United Service Club.

Sunday, Nov. 20. We received on board Commander Canning and officers of the *Sappho* for passage home, she having been wrecked on the coast. The flagship *Jupiter*, 60, shifted nearer entrance preparatory to going into milder winter quarters.

Monday, Nov. 21. In proof that we had remained long enough, our sails were frozen to the yards. It took marlingspikes to hammer the gaskets before the sails could be loosed.

We sailed after breakfast, with the *Pelter*, 10, brig in company. I fancy junior commanders don't care about being in co., and after Wednesday evening we saw no more of her.

Dec. 1. December 1 found us in 43° north latitude; unpleasant mornings for washing decks. I saw but little of our passenger, the Prime Minister's son, nor did he much of his half-uncle.

Sunday, Dec. 11. Just at dark came to in Plymouth Sound. Sailed 13th, arriving at Spithead 14th.

CHAPTER IV

THE *TWEED*

HAD to attend my Captain at a court-martial which caused an unusual sensation. It took place on board the *Victory* in Portsmouth Harbour, with all established pomp and ceremony. The president was Rear-Admiral of the White, Sir William Hall Gage. On opening the Court, the ten senior Captains of those assembled were sworn; the remainder were informed their services were not required. The Provost-Marshal, with drawn sword and cocked hat, in charge of the prisoner, took position at the lower end near the right side of the table, on which lay the prisoner's sword with handle towards him. 1826. Jan. 19.

The following Captains formed the Court, taking their seats on alternate sides of the table, according to seniority, the senior on the right of the president:

Patrick Campbell, C.B., *Ocean*, 80.
Sir Michael Seymour, Bart., K.C.B., Royal Yacht.
Henry Hill, *Melville*, 74.
Fred. Warren, *Spartiate*, 76.
Charles Inglis, *Victory*, 104.
William Fairbrother Carrol, *Warspite*, 76.
Nicholas Lockyer, C.B., *Romney*.
Fred. Hunn, *Tweed*, 28.
Richard Deans Dundas, *Volage*, 26.

1826. The prisoner was Captain of the *Ariadne*. He was tried for having purchased a slave negress at Zanzibar, and taken her to sea. She mysteriously disappeared off the coast of Africa.

Jan. 24. The trial lasted three days. When the Court reopened for the last time, the members had resumed their cocked hats, the prisoner's sword lay on the table with the point towards him. He was dismissed the service of His Majesty King George IV., and Captain Adolphus Fitz-Clarence appointed to the *Ariadne*.

Jan. 20. Received Colonel Dashwood, appointed Consul at Mexico, a guardsman, and of course a good fellow: it was not until the 25th that we got his luggage and fixings on board. In the afternoon we sailed, but not in a hurry; Captains with Government passengers seldom are. We anchored at Cowes and Yarmouth; next move we ran through the Needles.

Feb. 15. We were glad to find ourselves out of the cold, and came to in Funchall Roads. We saluted the Portuguese flag: the pinnace, instead of being astern, was fast to the guess-warp boom; her planking so shook that she had to be hoisted in. Next day the First Lieutenant was invalided, and went home in the *Eden*, 28. On shore we enjoyed the usual kind hospitality. I had lost my female playfellows, and, although I did not grow, I joined my seniors in the rides and picnics; that at the Corral, for enjoyment and scenery, is not to be beaten.

Feb. 27. On sailing, we got unusually quick into the north-east trade; sails trimmed accordingly, ropes coiled up, and ship prepared for painting.

Mar. 20. We came to in Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes. Sent boats and party on shore for water, which I was allowed to join.

We sailed. No scenery in the Mediterranean can be more beautiful than that we experienced running past the beautiful Islands of Porto Rico, St. Domingo, and distant view of Cuba; sea clear and smooth; flying-fish, dolphin, and sea-birds. 1826. Mar. 25.

Running into Port Royal, we saluted the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Lawrence Halstead. April 5.

The next morning I saw the Governor, the Duke of Manchester, who had driven down from his hill residence to meet our Captain—his conveyance, a random tandem: two leaders abreast and a horse between the shafts.

We left Port Royal, running down the trade, and reached Vera Cruz on the 19th, saluting the Mexican flag with 19 guns. April 8.

Royal salute, it being His Majesty George IV.'s birthday. Same day Governor-General of Vera Cruz came on board, and was saluted with 19 guns. It took a few days before the Consul's house at Xalapa was fit to receive him; he left us under a salute of 7 guns, but what he seemed to prefer were three hearty British cheers. April 23.

The Gulf of Mexico is for dollars what the bank of Newfoundland is for fish; owing to the number of slavers, who, when their trade is slack, are not above doing a bit of piracy, the merchants care not to trust their money to traders, while Captains of the Royal Navy were keen freight collectors.

I copy the following from my Navy List:—

"Proclamation by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Regent of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in the name and on behalf of His Majesty.

"The freight paid for the conveyance of treasure on board a man-of-war in the West Indies 2

1826. per cent. On the other side of the Capes Horn and Good Hope, a half more. Of this freight, one-fourth to Greenwich Hospital, one-fourth to the Admiral, or Admirals, on the station, and the remaining two-fourths to the Captain."

I observed that half the pier at Vera Cruz was built of lumps of iron, such as have since been called "Seeley's pigs." They had been landed at different times to make room for specie. The Admiral took care to keep a cruiser not far off, so that the arrival of a convoy of specie from Mexico was quickly communicated. Now and then a wicked little mail brig from Falmouth would drop in, and walk off with what she could carry. Cochineal paid freight, but it was too bulky, and required time. Our turn had not arrived, so we kept between Tampico and Vera Cruz, learning something.

May 9. We came to off Tampico. A more uninviting open roadstead could not be: in-shore the mouth of a large river, a bar and heavy surf breaking across and beyond. We lay at single anchor ready to face foul weather.

Fresh water was only to be had by sending our boom-boats, with casks, up the river, beyond high-water mark, and remaining the night. When you got back, it was doubtful whether the state of the bar would allow deep-laden boats to cross. To us mids, who had no responsibility, it was great fun. Alligators, turtle, and sharks were numerous; these were seen to advantage from the shore, when waves came rolling in, lifting the monsters into the light. The beach was covered with large mahogany-trees and broken branches, washed down by the rain floods.

May 12. It was my turn to go with the water boats—to me

a picnic. Over the bar, we pulled up the river, tide with us, intending to anchor off-shore for the night; but first we had to cook a substantial meal under the trees. I was about to jump from the bow of the pinnace on to a dead tree covered with mud, when the bowman put his hand on my shoulder, and pointed out that my "dead tree" was a live alligator. I ran aft and seized a marine's musket, already loaded. The reptile at that moment lifted his upper jaw, and I sent a ball into his stomach. He was assailed with stretchers and cutlasses, and soon became harmless. 1826.

At daylight we filled our casks from alongside, and pulled easily down with the tide, alligator in tow, and so alongside. As I could not pickle the brute, I was anxious to obtain the bullet, it being my first shot at big game, and got the good-natured Assistant-Surgeon Taylor to dissect him. While performing, the doctor complained of the strong smell of musk, which I attributed to the ball he was in search of. The alligator measured eleven feet from tip of nose to end of tail.

We sailed for the Havana. On June 6, as we passed in, close under the famous Moro, we were hailed through a huge brass trumpet, in some unintelligible jargon, which was replied to in much the same coin. May 18.

I was now in the famous Havana, of which I had heard (and seen, as far as pictures go) so much at Quidenham. My grandfather, assisted by his brothers, General William and Commodore Augustus Keppel, had captured it in 1762. Havana, June 6.

Galatea, 42. Sir Charles Sullivan, Bart., arrived from Carthagena; secured along the spritsail yard was the skin of a huge alligator. The Spanish Main was unhealthy, yet famous for the collection of June 13.

1826. dollars; but this gallant officer, the moment he had two of his crew down with fever, left the dollars for the next cruiser to collect.

Sailed from the Havana on June 13 to rejoin the flag, arriving off the port on the evening of July 5: we had to wait for the next day's sea-breeze to take us in.

July 6. On running for Port Royal we stuck on the middle bank, the sea-breeze, with its accompanying swell, having set in. We did not shorten sail, as we drew only about three inches less than the water over the brittle coral reef. My station was in the main top; the sea and down to the bottom as clear as crystal: it was a pretty sight, when the swell lifted the ship and eased her down. As we proceeded, the variety of beautiful fish and animals dashed from under, on both sides. Got into Port Royal with our bottom a little cleaner than it was. I believe the mishap occurred by the Quartermaster not rightly distinguishing the black pilot's pronunciation of "starboard" and "larboard." Found here the magnificent hospital and store-ship *Isis*, 50, with flag, *Rattlesnake*, 28, and *Harlequin*, 18.

Sent pinnace with specie to Kingston. We were not wanted long; I had only time to make the acquaintance of one Johnnie Ferron, a jolly Frenchman, who kept a store, in which was to be found everything, even to a pair of skates, and three pretty daughters. We were ordered on a cruise: there were few dollars, but we *might* tumble across a slaver.

July 11, 16. Sailed for the eastward, and as trade wind and current were the same way, we had to work to windward, unless, as frequently happened near land, we got becalmed with islands of Cuba and St. Domingo in sight.

At daylight we saw a rakish-looking black schooner, running before the wind under studding sails. She no sooner made us out than she hauled to the wind, and was soon out of sight. 1826.

Four days after we ran into Port-au-Prince, and saluted the Black Republican flag with seventeen guns. July 20.

Mr. Mackenzie was our Consul, and through him we saw quite enough. There were negroes parading about in the cast-off uniforms of our infantry and cavalry, helmets and jack-boots, but nothing to ride.

The most beautiful island in the Far West was the first landed on by Christopher Columbus. Some of his followers fancied they smelt gold ; he left a party behind, from the effects of which Hayti never recovered.

For the short time that they claimed the British protection our hands were full, and we only undertook half-and-half measures. During the earthquake of 1842, 3000 people were burnt. The history of St. Domingo and Hayti fills a book of horrors.

Sailed from Port-au-Prince on August 6 ; during our cruise visited the Gonaives and St. Jago de Cuba. August 23, 29.

Left in the early morning, just in time to share prize-money with the *Aurora* and *Harlequin*.

Observed the frigate fire a shot across the bows of a schooner under Dutch colours ; between us she had no chance of escape. She proved to be Spanish, from Africa, with 267 slaves on board, which, as their heads were shaved and greased, they looked, before we got close, like so many 32 lb. round shot.

On September 2 arrived at Port Royal, and commenced final refit before going to Spanish Main, dollar-hunting. Sept. 2.

1826. Sept. 6. The *Lord Sidmouth* mail-packet sailed for England, and *Ferret*, with convoy flag, for Chagres.

Sept. 21. Arrived *Countess of Chichester* packet, with mail from Falmouth.

Sept. 23. We sailed.

Oct. 5. Came to in Vera Cruz, moored with B. B., down stream to the Castle.

Oct. 18. While dollars were being piled sailed on a cruise.

Oct. 27. On the 27th becalmed about 150 miles south-west of the Mississippi in 40 fathoms water, and had some excellent sport; cod-fish at the bottom seized both

Vera Cruz.

baits as they reached them. About 12 fathoms below the surface sharks abounded; the sea was as clear as glass: the fun was to steer your hooked fish through them. But a shark is a lazy brute, likes to know something about what he is going to eat; the deep-sea shark is always attended by a pilot-fish, who makes his report.

Nov. 17. Arrived at Port Royal; not much to do.

Nov. 26. Towed out of harbour into sea-breeze.

Mexico, Vera Cruz, Dec. 6. Made the beautiful snow-capped mountain of Orizaba. Moored between roadstead and St. Juan d'Ulloa. Our Captain having decided that he would carry cochineal as well as dollars, the main-deck guns were run in and the carriages secured fore and aft. The half-ports caulked in, leaving the lower deck

cleared for cargo, crew consoling themselves by the absence of gun-drill and the comfort of an airy deck. In fact, on arriving on the station, hammocks by general consent were dispensed with. I, as well as the rest, had for two years no other bed than the deck, with jackets rolled up for a pillow. 1826.

Lieutenant Christopher Smith and self availed ourselves of the repeated kind invitations of Colonel Dashwood to visit him at Xalapa, to us a strange country not without its excitements. We were glad of the chance to get above the sickly Tierra Caliente. Xalapa stands on table-land some 4300 feet above the level of the sea, distant twenty-two leagues. 1827. Jan. 1.

Our conveyances were a sort of flat palanquins, supported between long shafts with a mule at each end : mounted armed guides and mules with luggage completed our caravan. On account of the heat, we did not start until sunset. The first half of our journey was along a sandy desert infested by brigands, to protect us from which we paid our guides extra ; of course, at one part of the night we were told to keep our pistols ready. Convoys are necessary for the frequent conveyance of dollars from Mexico, and of which business men take advantage, coming and returning.

After passing a refreshment-house at Santa Fé, we crossed the grand Puente del Rey, and began to ascend. It was curious how quickly we felt the agreeable change of climate, and enjoyed the fresh smell of trees and flowers, the sight of birds of various plumage, and small hares crossing the road.

At San Rafael refreshed animals and selves at a decent *posada*. Smell of garlic we did not mind. At 3 P.M. we were welcomed at the hospitable establishment of Colonel Dashwood. Only a land-

1827. surveyor could describe the beauty of the scene—the great table-land in front, with its tropical vegetation, and the background of Perote and the snow-clad Orizaba, in the centre of the torrid zone, flanked by volcanic mountains. One understood how the gallant guardsman could have left his snug quarters in St. James's.

Xalapa was formerly the mart of New Spain; merchandise brought on mules to the annual fair. The apparently magnificent cathedral at the city of Mexico, a grand pile to look at, was, on account of the frequent earthquakes, built of bamboo and cane, and so plastered over.

Visited some of the country villages, and was astonished to see the plaster figure of Our Saviour crucified as a black man!

I will not attempt to describe the hospitality of our kind host. Mutton was the prevailing dish; the atmosphere suited sheep better than bullocks, but game and water-fowl were in plenty. I had an early taste for ornithology, and enjoyed many days with my gun in the adjacent forests. Oak-trees flourished on the tableland, and vegetables in its temperate climate. The tree which produces the drug jalap thrives here: about 200,000 lb. are exported annually. But I am getting out of my depth as a sailor, and our visit with the kind, hospitable Dashwood too soon came to an end.

Feb. 3. Took leave of our kind host, arriving on board the following day.

February 5, 26; March 18, 23. Sailed, cruising off and on Tampico, collecting dollars and cochineal, until 26th, when we sailed, and arrived at the Havana on March 18. Sailed again on the 23rd.

April 21. Sighted the Lizard.

EXTRACT FROM "HAMPSHIRE TELEGRAPH," APRIL 28, 1827. 1827.

"On Tuesday the *Tweed*, Captain Frederick Hunn, arrived from Vera Cruz, Tampico, and the Havana, bringing half a million dollars on account of the Mexican Government, to pay interest on the Mexican Loan. Also one and a half million hard dollars, and 336 serons of cochineal, worth at present market value £40,000, on merchants' account."

Paid out of commission. May 17.

CHAPTER V

1827

1827. May 18. *TWEED* was re-commissioned by Captain Lord John Churchill, of whom I had heard nothing but good. Was glad to find myself reappointed. Having returned from foreign service, I was entitled to leave, and was kindly received in my old quarters at Kensington Palace by H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex.

May-June. The season had commenced, London was filling, and His Royal Highness entertaining with his usual hospitality. I had not got over my shyness, but preferred the smaller parties. One evening I was rather late; the dinner-party were actually waiting for me. As I entered the room, a voice close by called out, "Waiter, are my steaks ready?" which was immediately replied to, "No, sir; but your chops are." I found that I owed *one* to Mr. Yates, the then famous ventriloquist.

I found an opportunity to join my sisters, who had assembled at Holkham. Mary had married Mr. Stephenson, and Georgina, Colonel Hill; and with the Coke children it was very cheery.

There was a distinguished American, Mr. Paterson, who had a charming wife and two tall, handsome daughters. It was the custom in those days to have

after-dinner prayers. On my sister inviting Mr. Paterson to attend, he replied, "I thank you Lady Anne; but I pray devoutly and sincerely, *once* a week!" 1827.

My father had married and was abroad, but I could not leave Norfolk without looking up my favourite elder brother Edward, the clergyman at Quidenham. During my short stay he proposed a June-July.

Holkham.

visit to the mere, where we had so often fished, rowed, and skated together. On our way we had to pass a hollow oak. Edward told me that if I rapped the tree with my stick an owl would fly out. I did rap, and the horrid bird in its fright upset a bucket of whitewash over the parson's black coat; thought I should never have stopped laughing.

My brother Tom was at sea in the *Undaunted*, 46, commanded by Sir Augustus Clifford.

These were stirring times. When back at Portsmouth I found a fleet of Russian ships of the line extending from St. Helens to the Mother Bank.

The *Tweed* had been fitted for the Mediterranean August.

1827. station. A Caffre war had for some time been going on at the Cape. The *Espoir*, 16, commanded by F. Greville, was ordered to convey money for payment of the troops. At the eleventh hour, having shipped the gold and silver, her Captain found he could not carry the copper change, without which the silver was almost useless; so the next ship had to take it, and we missed Navarino.

Half the Russian fleet were ordered back to Cronstadt, and the remaining sailed for Milo, the Lord High Admiral sending orders to Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean. It was whispered afterwards that Sir Edward found a pencil scratch in the corner of his orders, "Go it, Ned!"

The Captain and officers took the greatest interest in the interior fitting as well as that of the outside. Belonging to a ship "going foreign," I was allowed to have my examination in navigation a year earlier. Out of the dozen who went up, I passed second, George Goldsmith, afterwards my much-esteemed First Lieutenant in the *Childers*, having passed first.

Aug. 31. We had two midshipmen's berths and places allotted for stores; even for a midshipman's pig, which is supposed never to die. The lower-masts and bowsprit had been replaced, and the ship re-coppered. The Captain wore a moustache. Having commanded a ship in the Mediterranean on the Greek station, he fancied petticoat trousers for the crew. The ship was soon out of dock, and secured alongside the hulk.

The *Royal Sovereign* arrived bearing the flag of Lord High Admiral the Duke of Clarence, Royal standard flying. His Royal Highness had visited the Russian fleet. We manned the side of the hulk, with the crew in their petticoat trousers, while the Royal

Marines, on a raised platform, presented arms. The Lord High Admiral came on board later, and mustered the crew. He did not notice me, although I had red hair like his Flag-Lieutenant, Hon. J. F. De Roos. 1827.

Espoir, Commander F. Greville, sailed with £70,000, newly-coined money, for the Cape.

We had a Naval Instructor and a nice set of officers, particularly among our midshipmen. Among our messmates was a most agreeable and amusing old salt, one Jonas Coaker, second master. We were not to have his company, as he had to take charge of a water-tank for Simon's Bay. Coaker and I were shipmates later on.

I could scarcely recognise the interior of my old ship. Our mess sported plate and table-cloths. I had a Marine servant to myself, who no longer answered to the name of "*Cheeks*."

We sailed out of harbour, saluting the flag of Sir Thomas Hardy. Having taken on board the copper coin for *Espoir's* freight, we sailed on 9th, and came to off Cowes. Sept. 8.

We hove to in Plymouth Sound; saluted the flag of Sir James Saumarez. After communicating, proceeded. Sept. 16.

Kind readers will have had enough of sea-voyages. Sept. 27.

We arrived at the always agreeable and hospitable Funchall Roads. Usual salutes. Visits from Russian and Danish Consuls.

At sea. A man fell overboard from the fore top-sail yard; picked him up unhurt. Oct. 9.

Came to in Porto Praya Roads, St. Jago, saluting the Portuguese flag. While watering, a few of us, including surgeon, schoolmaster, and six of my messmates, also taking with us James Winser, mids' servant, landed with our fowling-pieces for a picnic. Oct. 10, 11.

1827. We had a long and enjoyable day. When we returned at sunset, we found that, on account of slaves, no boats were allowed to quit the shore. First Lieutenant, being aware of the rule, no boat was sent. We took up our quarters in a deserted hotel, slept on the bare mud floor, unpleasantly near swampy ground.

Watering here was disagreeable, having to raft our casks off with a swell rolling into the roads. It took us three days.

Oct. 14. Sailed on 14th. The usual course was to have crossed the southerly trade wind on the port tack, but our good Captain, to please Sir George Cockburn, Second Sea Lord of the Admiralty, attempted the nearer-looking line off the coast of Africa. Shortly after sailing, all our picnic-party, with exception of Granville and myself, were down with fever. Winser, a good lad, our servant, was the first to die. He was followed by S. H. Crawford, Col. Vol. Our good Captain felt these deaths. His airy cabin was converted into a hospital. My turn came later. All officers who owned cabins kindly gave them up. I was put into Lieutenant Charles Nash's, who took all the care he could of me. As was then the practice, they bled me in both arms and shaved my head. Cockroaches were numerous. There was a sad stillness about the ship, and I could hear the firing as the last sad ceremony on committing the bodies of departed messmates to the deep.

The two seniors of our picnic-party, the surgeon and the schoolmaster, were the third and fourth to die. After I was down, I sent a message to my chum, Bridgman Simpson, but it never reached him.

We lost the following officers: James Napper, surgeon, aged 40 years; James Hislop,[1] schoolmaster, 28 years; Green West, midshipman, 15 years 7 months; Henry Stuart Crawford, 15 years; Arthur Bridgman Simpson, 15 years 7 months; Charles William Thornton, 14 years 3 months; John Augustus Aldham, 15 years 3 months. They all died between October 14 and November 15, 1827. A tablet to their memory may be seen in the garrison chapel, Portsmouth. 1827.

As might have been expected, water and provisions grew short. Those who dined with the Captain had to send their allowance of water to his steward. Dec. 17.

We arrived in Table Bay, *sixty days* from the Cape de Verds. The account of our African fever soon spread. Fortunately, my old shipmate, Lieutenant Christopher Smith, had informed his sister, married to Puisne Judge Burton, that I was in the *Tweed;* they at once kindly received me. Oh, the luxury and comfort! I soon forgot that it had been my turn next to die. The *Tweed* had to go round to Simon's Bay. The kind Captain was glad to leave me in such good quarters.

As I gained strength I preferred crawling about by myself. There was a large garrison at the Cape, and officers spoke kindly to the sickly mid. Living in the country at Wynberg were the Deputy-Adjutant-General, Colonel and Lady Mary Fitzroy.

One afternoon when home for tea I found that Lady Mary had visited Mrs. Burton and claimed me as a relation, and dwelt on the healthiness of Wynberg in the summer. I did not fancy leaving such kind friends as the Burtons had been to me in

[1] A distinguished Scotch poet.

1827. my time of need, but all was arranged without my being consulted, and that evening a carriage conveyed me away.

Lady Mary was kindness itself. There were four children—the only daughter, a darling child with black eyes, now a happy grandmother, and long may she remain so! Of the three boys more hereafter.

Both Colonel and Lady Mary had been at the Duchess of Richmond's ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. Fitzroy was in the Blues, and they accompanied the Duke of Richmond when he went to Canada as Governor, where I believe His Grace died from the bite of a fox. The then Dowager Duchess accepted a small collection of birds which I shot, skinned, and had stuffed while staying with her children at Wynberg.

Dec. 25. Christmas Day arrived. Oh, how different from what I expected a month ago! How bright and cheery was this day's gathering!

1828. January. My host was a thorough sportsman and a first-rate whip, and a month after arrival I found myself in the saddle; but being subject to attacks of intermittent fever, which caused a dismount, some one was always with me. As I grew stronger, I could sit on a side-saddle with a rug, and exercise Lady Mary's own riding-horses. Often when riding over the usual hunting-ground in the open space at Stillenbach division, snakes were disturbed.

Lord Charles Fitzroy Somerset had for many years been Governor of the Cape, and, as the name naturally implies, there was a vast improvement in the breed of horses. His name was a household word.

Just before the arrival of the *Tweed* two Oxford-

shire emigrants, Henry and George Peck, had been wrecked in False Bay. Savings from the wreck enabled them to erect a shelter at Musemberg, a lucky spot, where the road between Cape Town and Simon's Bay turns off at right angles fifteen miles from one place and seven from the other. 1828. Cape.

There was an amusing simplicity about the brothers, and Lord John Churchill, claiming them as Oxford yeomen, gave a kind help. They commenced by selling ginger-beer to midshipmen. Lord John had a board painted, "The Farmers Peck," which was raised on a post in front.

After the *Tweed* left, the officers of the next Commodore's ship added an inscription, styling the brothers as "The Gentle Shepherds of Salisbury Plain."

"LIFE'S BUT A JOURNEY. LET US LIVE ON THE ROAD." SAYS THE GENTLE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

Multum in parvo, pro bono publico,
Entertainment for men and beasts all of a row,
Lekker kost as much as you please;
Excellent beds without any fleas.
Nos patriam fugimus, Now we are here,
Vivamus; let us live by selling beer,
On donne à boire et à manger ici;
Come in and try it, whoever you be?

It is now seventy years since our Captain started these honest farmers. *They* have departed long since, but the original boards remain. A wing has been added, stables improved, and he must be a good rider that can get a Cape hack past without washing his mouth out.

As I improved in health and strength, my kind

1828. hosts would have me name any messmates I would like to see. Glanville was a sportsman, the only one of our Cape de Verd picnic that had escaped the African fever; he was a good boxer as well, and went by the name of "Gully." Glanville brought an amusing account of our newly-appointed Irish mid, Coppinger.

Simon's Bay, subject to squalls from the adjacent mountains, made it necessary to keep sheets clear. Sailing off in a cutter, Coppinger was capsized; seen from the ship, boats were sent, crew saved; but the difficulty was to catch Coppinger, who, being an expert swimmer and conspicuous from his cocked hat, which stuck to his head, refused for some time to be caught.

Jan. 29. Ships in Simon's Bay fired a royal salute in commemoration of the accession of His Majesty King George IV.

In the 98th Regiment was Captain Eyre, a sportsman and lion-killer. Being a brother of the clergyman at Larling, near Quidenham, we became friends. He got me made a honorary member of their mess; it is only the last two years that age has obliged me to give up attending their annual dinner, where I had always received a kind and hearty welcome. Le Marchant was the best-dressed man in the regiment, and did duty as Town Major; he was not much of a sportsman, but Eyre persuaded him to join a lion-shooting party.

One afternoon, before sundown, they came on a large reed covert which held lions. Le Marchant, well mounted, kept in the rear, Eyre and party closing on the lions; one of them broke covert some way off, and, making a semi-circuit, selected Le Marchant, and had pulled his horse to the ground.

Eyre was just in time at close quarters to send a bullet into the brain of the lion. Le Marchant was happier afterwards as Governor of Malta. 1828.

My host used to take me when he visited my Captain for a couple of days at Simon's Bay, but kindly bargained for my returning with him.

Colonel Blake was the Commandant at Simon's Bay; most kind and hospitable. He had belonged to a cavalry regiment. When the country was finally taken over from the Dutch in 1806 he married a Cape lady, and had a son and a pretty daughter. Mat Blake became a breeder of horses, and I hope and believe that he is still alive.

While riding in the open country, it was not unusual to meet the Dutch waggons drawn by eighteen or twenty bullocks; also sixteen-horse waggons. I have seen a wild zebra so harnessed, unable to escape, but made to work, a second driver carrying a lengthy whip. These facts, though curious to me then, are as well known as the riders in Hyde Park.

As my acquaintance with the soldiers increased, I became more sporting; they found I could ride at a lighter weight than any of them—8 stone 6—on Colonel Fane's horse. I took to tandem-driving; such conveyances were to be found in Cape Town, and finding Assistant-Surgeon William Martin, promoted from the *Sparrowhawk* to the *Tweed* (in place of my deceased shipmate Napper), wanting a lift, I undertook the job. March.

The road as far as Musemberg was long, but not so bad. At Farmers Peck's the horses stopped without consulting me, and Peck junior suggested they should each have a bottle of ale, which was administered by removing the bridles and inserting the neck of the bottle in the horse's mouth, holding the head,

1828. nostrils up. The ale disappeared. It was evident that it was not their first performance.

From Peck's our road lay to the right; it was rough ground, bounded on the off side by rocks and steep banks; on near side by broken stone wall with bushes growing between; the sea beyond, which was nearer at high-water.

Both horses inclined to run away, which I did not so much mind if I could keep in the road. It appears that my leader had been accustomed to work on the near side in a team, and bore in that direction. However there was but little traffic.

Martin held the whip while I twisted the leader's rein round my forearm, and pulled all I could. Martin, instead of sitting quiet, began to "touch the leader up." I told him that my neck was as strong as his, and chucked the reins on to the shaft horse's back. The leader threw up his head, turned sharp to the left, jumped fence and broken wall. I had an idea, as I lay in the road, of some huge bird passing in the air. Both horses were on their backs, when I heard a voice from the bush calling my attention to the upper wheel, the only thing that could move, spinning round as if it must catch fire. We had to ride into Simon's Town—luckily, when it was dark—on the bare backs of the horses.

April 23. Dressed ship in honour of the King's coronation. Salute annulled in consequence of the illness of Captain of the *Helicon*.

April 27. Commodore Skipsey arrived on board *Maidstone*, 46, to relieve Commodore Christian.

April 28. Funeral of Commander Acland; colours lowered half-mast; a name much respected in the service.

May 10. *Tweed* inspected by Commodore Skipsey.

We sailed from Simon's Bay on May 11, and anchored off the Bell Buoy on 31st. The Buoy was a square air-tight tank; the bell, on a staff in the centre, kept ringing by the motion of the sea. 1828.

Our anchorage was so near the burial-ground that we could witness the daily ceremony. The coffin was placed over the prepared grave, and when that part of the beautiful service, "Earth to earth," was said, a bolt was drawn; the body fell into its last resting-place, and the coffin went back for its next passenger.

Port Louis had a snug inner harbour close to the town. The channel from the Bell Buoy was over thirty cables long; we had to warp up. June 1.

A light coir rope stopped to bent flukes of small anchors; about three ships' lengths apart. Negro divers released the stops as the warping ship approached. In a man-of-war it was a run from end to end.

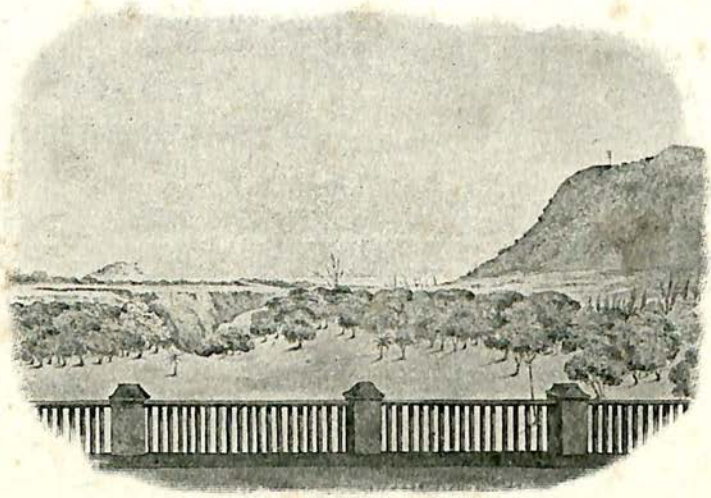
Espoir, 10, Commander Henry F. Greville, arrived.

The *Castle Huntley*, a fine East Indiaman, arrived with the newly-appointed Governor-General, Hon. Sir Charles Colville, on board, which the worthy Captain, Thomas Dunkin, thought entitled him to display at his main topgallant masthead the Union Jack—a flag, afloat, representing an Admiral of the Fleet. The Captain did not approve of being obliged to haul it down, and commenced a long correspondence with "powers that be" at home. This, however, never interfered with the cordial good-feeling which existed between our Chief and the two gallant Governors. June 17.

It was arranged with Lord John Churchill that *Tweed* should take Sir Lowry Cole to the Cape of

1828. Good Hope, to which he had been appointed as Governor: the staff was large, and required a certain time for us to prepare.

June 25. General Sir Lowry Cole paid his farewell visit as Governor, and was received with all due honours. In Sir Lowry we had another of Wellington's Peninsular heroes, with a far longer record than a midship-



View from Réduit.

man's log has room for. His Excellency was not at the battle of Waterloo, because on that day he married Lady Frances, daughter of Lord Malmesbury, the lady who was so kind to us youngsters. The honeymoon must have been of short duration, as Sir Lowry rejoined his old chief at the occupation of Paris.

The children were charming. Had we belonged to the family, we could not have been treated with greater kindness. Horses and ponies at Government

House, Port Louis, as well as at a charming house, Le Réduit, which my friend Larking describes as a fine old French château, built by Labourdoniere when Governor of the island. It stands in lovely wooded grounds, several hundred acres in extent, triangular-shaped. Two rivers run through deep ravines and form the sides of a triangle. They meet at the apex, which is called Bout au Monde—the haunt of hundreds of monkeys. 1828.

Arrived *Sparrowhawk*, 18, Commander James Polkinghorne. July 22.

The necessary number of captains being present, I was examined as to my qualifications in seamanship, having already passed for navigation before leaving England. The captains were not hard on me; the passing certificates were made out in triplicate to be sent to the Admiralty. The captains kindly signed an extra one, which I sent to my father. From this day I ceased to be a midshipman, and became a mate in His Majesty's Navy. July 23.

There was a huge tortoise in the grounds of Government House at Port Louis. It could move with six men on its back, three a side, standing on edge of its shell, holding hands across. On inquiry from Mr. Robinson, a late resident and relative of mine, I found there had been two of these animals introduced into the island by the French, and they were on the list of Ordnance stores taken over by the British on the evacuation. The entry was certified by Commissary-General Jago in 1810. They were allowed to stroll about, but were seldom met or even seen together. This big one was generally to be found in the R.A. mess compound. I understand that in 1861 a young officer fired a revolver at it. The bullet made a dent on the

A Colossal Tortoise.

shell, but did not penetrate. The mark was still visible in 1884. The tortoise often disappeared, at one time for a whole month, but returned of its own accord. It was easily driven by tapping on the back and hind-legs with a small rattan. 1828.

In the garrison were the 29th Regiment, commanded by a Waterloo hero, Lieutenant-Colonel Simpson; the 99th, known amongst the French population as the "Neuf Neuf," Lieutenant-Colonel Hardinge; and 82nd, Lieutenant-Colonel Balfour, besides Engineers and Artillery.

Society was charming. In addition to our garrison ladies, the French, then as now, joined in all festivities. I had a chum, Phillpotts, in the 29th, the same height as myself, and the same lady kindly patronised us both; but hoping to cut my friend out, I thought to improve myself by taking lessons in dancing. The next day, when I arrived at Monsieur Longville's, the French artist, I found Phillpotts already there!

Champion, 18, arrived from India in command of my much-esteemed kinsman, George Delmé. On board, too, was my brother Tom, who had left the Naval College early in 1827, and went to India in the *Success*, where Admiral Sir William Hall Gage transferred him to the *Champion*. July 28.

We embarked Sir Lowry Cole and family, as well as a large staff, with all due honours, and sailed immediately, ships and forts cheering as we passed. Colonel Wade, Military Secretary, was a great favourite. His son in the 98th, a linguist who afterwards made himself master of the Chinese language, with its 500 letters, was afterwards Sir Thomas Wade, our Minister at Peking. Captain During, A.D.C., Dr. Dyce, Rev. A. M. Canton, Aug. 18.

1828. and although last not least, Kerr Baillie Hamilton. In addition to these was Lady Frances Cole and the charming children.

Our Captain himself was a *bon-vivant*. It delighted him to entertain so good a judge as Sir Lowry. He had also heard of the remark made by Wellington, while in winter-quarters after Salamanca, to a new-comer in camp: "Cole gives the best dinners; Hill the next; mine are no great things; but Beresford's and Picton's are very bad indeed."

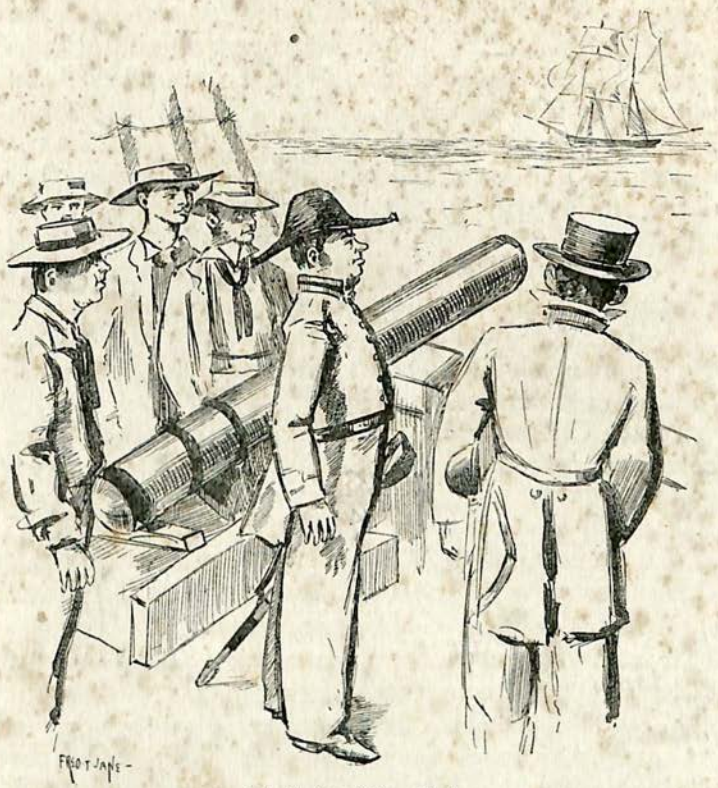
Sir Lowry Cole.

The party was large, and food drawing to an end. The evening before arrival at Simon's Bay there had been a dish of roast guinea-fowls; one of which was set aside for the Governor's breakfast and placed in a safe that hung over the hatchway, abreast of the mids' berth, under the charge of the cabin-door sentry. Now, when the sentry went forward to strike eight bells, the safe door being partially open, a hungry mid conveyed the tempting bird to his mess-table, where it disappeared without "fork and knife or noise or strife."

After the landing of the Governor came the painful inquiry, "Who stole the guinea-fowl?" Of course, nobody did, and our leave was confined to Simon's Bay.

We arrived in Simon's Bay, and following day landed the Governor, Sir Lowry Cole, with all due honours. 1828. Sept. 7.

At Simon's Bay we found that Jonas Coaker had



The Device of Jonas Coaker.

arrived with his schooner-rigged tank. After crossing the "Line" on his way out, he had been becalmed for some hours, when a rakish-looking schooner, that might have been slaver or pirate—most likely both—hove in sight, bringing a light breeze up. Now,

1828. Jonas, being unarmed, had no wish to communicate. He assembled his crew, dressed in white frocks and trousers, and having unshipped the cook's funnel, which was of polished brass, mounted it on an impromptu carriage, and got the muzzle pointed towards the stranger, with the crew ranged on each side, while he paraded the deck in cocked hat and sidearms. He had also a mid and second master. The stranger got near enough to make out that the schooner's sails were not of cotton; she in studding sails, and, much to Jonas's relief, hauled to the wind.

Jonas was full of information. On arriving in Simon's Bay, he, in answer to inquiries of his young officers, how the Cape sheep came to have such broad, flat tails, explained that it arose from their invariably feeding uphill!

Sept. 24. Jonas Coaker commenced building a stone pier and breakwater from the bottom of the Commodore's garden. With a small rock in position and material at hand, it is a wonder it was not thought of before.

Oct. 20. The *Undaunted*, 46, Captain Augustus Clifford, C.B., arrived with Lord William Cavendish-Bentinck, appointed Governor-General of India.

Nov. 5. Fired a royal salute in commemoration of the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot.

Dec. Leave of so many being stopped, there were an unusual number of mids in Simon's Bay, which of course made the place unusually lively. Colonel Blake, the kind Commandant, entertained most hospitably, as did Mr. Osmond, better known as "King John." Colonel Blake had for years been annoyed by baboons which came down from the mountain and stole his figs. After a while he caught one, flogged, and let it go. He lost no more figs.

Time slipped away. Christmas was drawing near, and kind invitations came from numerous friends—the Stolls, Cloetes, Lorentz, Ebdens, and others. A kind letter from Lady Mary Fitzroy to our Captain caused leave to be given to any but the actual perpetrator. Now, as I had the morning watch, and had not, at the time of the guinea-fowl's escape, been relieved, Christmas Day found myself with that bright and happy family, the Fitzroys. 1828.

After a while I had a latch-key, and a room adjoining the entrance; became an honorary member of the 98th mess. I invested in a couple of horses that I could not afford, and deluded a messmate, young Armytage, into doing the same. He was a lighter weight than myself, and could ride well. Glanville kept a fast horse with a bangtail. He was older and a more experienced rider, and had also learnt the noble art of self-defence. 1829. January.

One day, at Morrison's Hotel, I heard a man requesting to be taken to Major Keppel. This proved to be the famous blind traveller, Joseph Holman. He had heard my voice, and took it for that of his friend, my brother, who was then in England.

Commodore Schomberg hoisted his broad pendant, which was saluted by us. Jan. 15.

In the midst of our little gaieties *Tweed* was ordered to the Mauritius. Our kind Captain allowed Glanville and self each to take a horse, as we could there get rid of them to advantage.

We sailed. Showed colours to vessels in St. Paul's Roads, Bourbon. Feb. 7.

Arrived Port Louis, Mauritius. The Governor, Hon. Sir Charles Colville, and family, continued the same kind hospitality as their predecessors. I have Mar. 10-Mar. 29.

1829. often regretted our inability to return in any way their kindness.

A mid's was thought a hard life, but on active service what had not these gallant soldiers gone through? I had a brother, a youngster, at Waterloo, who, for many years in the latter part of his life, tried to recount various incidents of that day. Sir Charles Colville's division appears to have been placed at Hal, on the extreme right of the British army, Wellington believing that was the point on which Napoleon was advancing. The General made up for it by the gallant manner in which he stormed and captured Cambrai, the last French fort to surrender.

April. Races took place, which we enjoyed. Our sailor horses were entered for anything that could afford sport. Glanville's bangtail was a clever horse: won everything he ran for. Armytage rode a light weight for the garrison with success. I rode a couple, but my horse had not time to be properly trained; afterwards he bolted, rolled over the rails, nearly killed an Irish jockey; but I got double what he cost me. Glanville did better still.

April 20. Mail arriving, was disappointed to find that my passing certificates had been returned by some smart Admiralty clerk for "Mr. Keppel's signature."

May 3. Sailed for the Cape; *Espoir* in co.

May 21. Arrived in Simon's Bay. Many kind friends came on board; Johnnie Stoll, of the *Maidstone*, was the first to inform me that I was promoted. I could scarcely believe it, as my passing certificates had been returned to me, at the Mauritius, for signature. However, my Lieutenant's commission was in the Commodore's office.

This was indeed an unexpected pleasure, enough to turn the brain of an older head. Sapient resolves

no longer to play the fool! I now held the rank equivalent to that of a Captain in the army. I was almost ashamed of the congratulations of so many of my seniors. 1829.

The Commodore, Schomburg, was also kind. I found him just as he had finished a long correspondence with the Admiralty about the *Castle Huntley*, Indiaman, while she was at the Mauritius, with these words:

"I cannot conclude without regretting that His Majesty's Orders in Council seem still but imperfectly understood by many branches of the civil, military, and merchant services"—words as applicable near seventy years after.

With my dear Captain I was indeed sorry to part: it seemed as if I had been with him years. His kindness and anxiety when so many of us were down with fever endeared him to all, especially myself, the only survivor of the picnic party.

I went off to receive further congratulations from my kind friends the Fitzroys, who had done so much to restore me to health and strength.

The *Rainbow*, 28, Captain Hon. Henry Rous, arrived from the East Indian Station, so full of invalids and other passengers there was no room for me, but the Captain had the will and soon found the way. A cot was hung on the starboard side of the aft-deck. In itself a luxury: and being in sight of the cabin-door sentry, no chance of my lanyard being cut by a horrid midshipman; for the rest, I was the Captain's guest. June 10.

After taking leave of many kind friends, I thought it right to show my new shipmates how the ropes lead about Cape Town. There were races going on, at one of which my chum Whaley Armytage

1829. got his arm broken. There was also a dignity ball to come off, more refined, but not better fun, than those in the West Indies. Leave-taking over and Armytage convalescent, with his arm in a sling, I conveyed him to Simon's Bay in a tandem. We had the usual rest and refreshment at Farmers Peck's.

The tide happening to be out when we reached Fishhook Bay, I turned my leader's head into the cutting that had been made in the rock, for the accommodation of led horses. On one side was the perpendicular cliff, on the other a drop of between thirty and forty feet on to rocks and sea. There was nothing left for my leader but to go on, with shafts and wheeler close upon him. We arrived safe at the bottom. Further on met the Resident, Colonel Blake, riding with his daughter. He would not credit my account, and, as the tide was out, rode on to find the impression of wheels, I having booked his four to one.

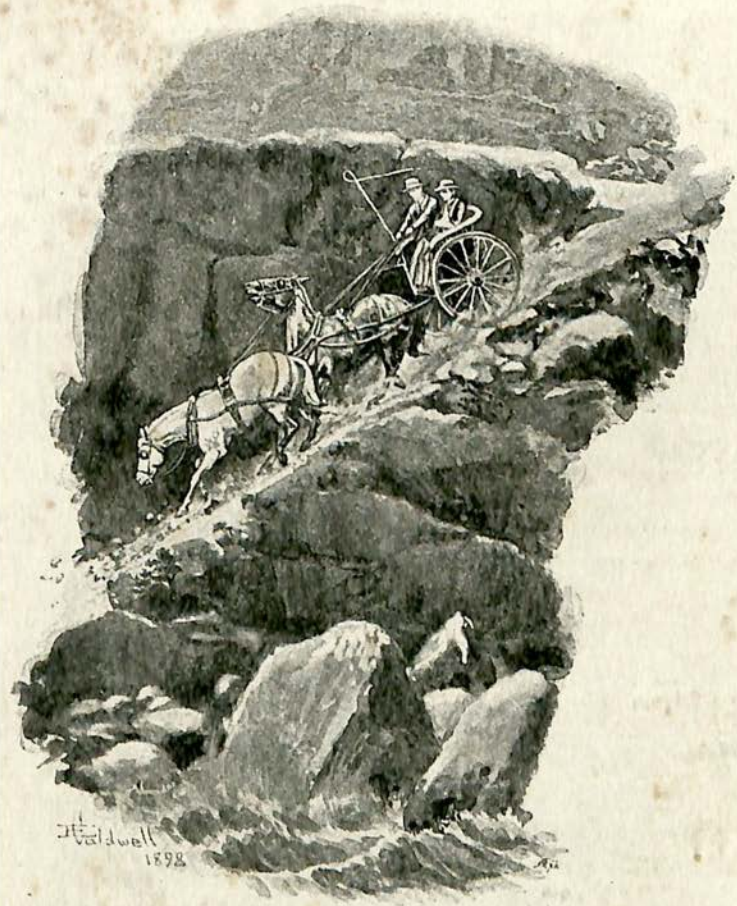
Forty years after, and maybe does now, the spot bore the name of "Keppel's Folly."

June 15. We sailed for England. The *Rainbow* had been on the Australian and New Zealand stations, which accounted for my seeing, when dining with my kind host, on removal of the dish-cover, the tattooed head of a Maori Chief.

The ship was full of curios: game-cocks secured by the leg to alternate gun-carriages on main-deck. There were two Bengal tiger whelps, a ferocious-looking bull-dog as gentle as a lamb, and a monkey free to go where he chose.

After evening quarters, a sail was spread on the forecastle, where some interesting sparring took place. In the cabin, I had each forenoon a lesson in backgammon, with the Captain, at the cost of a

shilling per day. Among invalids was a Lieutenant, 1829.
Jack Crosbie, who quarrelled with me because I



Keppel's Folly.

made a remark about his sister in reply to one he made about me. I did not know then that he *had*

1829. a sister, although he had five, all uncommonly good-
June 25. looking—I married one!

Arrived off St. Helena. Our Captain had served in one of the ships that had guarded the island during the residence of the great Napoleon. His Imperial Majesty had died May 5, 1821, and his remains rested in a spot chosen by himself—a garden at

Napoleon's Grave.

the foot of a deep ravine; the grave, between two willow-trees, close to a fountain, from which he had during life been specially supplied. To visit the spot with the Captain was a pleasant and interesting walk.

July 2. Called at Ascension, then little better than a huge cinder; there was a small spring some seven miles distant. Its redeeming point was the kind manner in which the finest turtle landed to deposit their eggs on the numerous sanded inlets; this they preferred doing on bright moonshiny nights, never dreaming that they were being watched. And having covered with sand as many or more than a hundred luscious

eggs, the size and shape of a large orange, left them for the sun to hatch. Their own tracks carefully sprinkled with sand, on returning to the briny deep, they little thought they were to be turned on their backs, above high-water mark, by huge Royal Marines, there to await passage to the table of the First Lord of the Admiralty or his friends! Of course, the male turtle is never foolish enough to land if he knows of it. 1829.

On our reaching soundings in the chops of the Channel, Captain Rous bought a bag of potatoes from a pilot boat; and having a live pig still left, he determined on a feast, and so make up my quarrel with Crosbie. Aug. 8.

We arrived at Spithead, after the pleasantest voyage I ever made. Aug. 10.

CHAPTER VI

ENGLAND

1829. GOODWOOD Races being due, I brought up at the
Aug. 12. "Keppel's Head," and let my kinsman, Henry Delmé, at Cams (a mansion at the head of Portsmouth Harbour), know that I was ready for a seat on his drag.

Aug. 13. On the 13th I intercepted the yellow coach at Cosham, and had my portmanteau placed in the boot. Mrs. Delmé was on the box, sitting behind the same four greys I recollected so well. Fanny Delmé and Mrs. Delmé Radcliffe inside, George Delmé and other friends outside.

Such a day! Everything lovely. On the course I was soon spotted by Captain Rous. Not the enclosure or any part of the course that I had not access to. Jack Crosbie took me to his father, a smart old soldier in a neat phaeton, with a pretty daughter by his side. I was invited to Watergate, and forgot all previous engagements. Portmanteau shifted from the drag; friends going back had to order my six newly-made shirts, with cambric front and frills, to be sent after me!

There was another open Crosbie carriage, from which four posters were being removed. Two handsome girls got out, attended by same number of

brothers, who saw them into the grand stand, but no further. 1829.

I recognised many of the Goodwood party, whom I came to know better later on. There was room for me in the phaeton, with a pleasant drive of twelve miles across the Sussex Downs to Watergate.

The last day of the races appeared much too soon. Aug. 15.

I was conveyed to Petersfield, where I caught the Portsmouth "Regulator," and so to London. A night with my brother-in-law, Stephenson, and sister Mary, in Arlington Street. In the morning on by Norwich "Telegraph" to Larlingford and Quidenham. Aug. 18.

My dear father's large family told heavily; the Hall was closed, and he was living in the Parsonage. Aug. 29.

At end of the month the kind Duke of Sussex took me with him to Kinmel, followed by Charlie Gore, his aunt Lady Cæcilia Underwood, and her brother, Captain Gore, R.N., and others.

After dinner His Royal Highness smoked the best tobacco, through a convenient boxwood mouthpiece, which I had charge of. Sept.

We, the staff, in the evening wore green coats, with his Royal Highness's buttons, buff cloth waistcoats, and trousers.

One afternoon, luckily an hour before dinner-time, I sat on the tail of my dress-coat; in the pocket was the cigar-holder, shortened by a quarter of an inch. Colonel Hughes was a clever turner. I ran to him in my trouble, and he turned what was left so cleverly that no one could detect it was not new. I watched His Royal Highness changing the holder in his mouth; he never found out the difference, and I took care that his black page did not either.

Sir Richard Bulkeley, who married the eldest

1829. daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Hughes in May 1828, lost her within a year; so we were very quiet. I drove with him in his mail phaeton several trips to Baron Hill at Beaumaris.

I was much amused by Welsh ways. Farming couples came to market on the same horse. Women wore tall, pointed hats.

Another old-fashioned house, Fryars, belonged to Bulkeley's parents, Sir Robert and Lady Williams. The younger ladies, and their governess, occupied an adjoining building, St. Margaret's, into which I was introduced walking on my hands!

It was a cheery, happy family. We met in different parts later on. Baron Hill was burnt down May 1836.

The Menai Suspension Bridge was still a curiosity —the foundation laid in 1819, first chain, 1825; when a sailor walked across, and on which a shoemaker, sitting across, completed a pair of boots. The general opening took place early in 1826.

My friend Charles Paget, in command of the *Procris*, 16, was the first man-of-war, and, I believe, the last, that sailed through.

There was a family of Williams, near neighbours, at Craig-y-Don. Tom Williams had two yachts, the *Hussar* and *Gazelle*. The *Hussar* was a rakish-looking schooner, but he spoilt her in trying to make her a man-of-war brig like Paget's *Procris*. He had capital shooting—hanging woods on bank of the Menai Straits. I returned there in later years.

There was also a near neighbour to Kinmel, Sir John Williams, at Boddlewyddlam. He, too, had a pretty daughter, but the Welsh women were all charming.

From Kinmel I went with His Royal Highness

At St. Margaret's

1829. a short visit to Lord Ferrars at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. I never saw any one take so much snuff.

October. It was end of October when I got back to London, but the big town was always gay. "Black-eyed Susan," at the Surrey, was drawing crowds of both sexes to cry. But there was an entertainment for a select few, which I fancied my brother-in-law Stephenson was the life of—"The Sublime Society of Beefsteaks"; the time, too, of meeting suited me. I venture to state a few particulars, although far from the wide and open sea.

There have been, and still are, many Beefsteak Clubs, but the "Sublime Society" was founded in 1735 by Henry Rich, the famous harlequin. It consisted of twenty-four members. Among the rules were:

"Beefsteaks shall be the only meat.

"Broiling begins at two of the clock; table-cloth removed at three of the clock.

"Any wagers lost to be paid to the treasurer.

"Any member absenting himself three successive days of meeting, unless excused by a majority, shall be expelled.

"A member allowed one guest, had, if he brought a second, to borrow a name.

"The society consists of a president, a vice-president, a bishop, a recorder, a boots."

The meetings generally broke up in time for the theatres.

In addition to the president's chair, which was carved in oak, with a gridiron and motto, "Beef and Liberty" (this chair was bought at Christie's in 1867 for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales), each member had a carved chair with crest and motto.

Among members I see names of Hogarth and

Sandwich. Later the number of members was increased. 1829.

Following address presented with a silver cigar-case, which bore the inscription :—

"That he may keep us in his mind who lives in our hearts, this case is presented to our brother Henry Frederick Stephenson, by the hand of his Royal brother, the Duke of Sussex, in his and our names, in grateful remembrance of his services. December 4, 1824.

Charles Morris.
John Richards.
Richard Wilson.
His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.
Samuel James Arnold.
William Linley.
W. J. Denison, M.P.
Henry Brougham (Lord High Chancellor).
Arthur Morris.
Thomas Lewin.
Sir Matthew Wood, M.P.
General Sir Ronald Fergusson, M.P.
William Henry Whitbread, M.P.
James Lonsdale.
Earl of Suffolk.
Honble. Admiral G. Dundas.
W. P. Honeywood.
Colonel Thomas Wildman.
Robert Chaloner.
The Duke of Leinster.
Sir John Cam Hobhouse, M.P. (Lord Broughton)."

During visits to the Beefsteak Club I made acquaintances which lasted many years.

I naturally clung to T. P. Cooke; after a while I drew from him more about himself. He was the son of a doctor, born in 1786; ten years after he was in the *Brazen*, 26, at the siege of Toulon, and at thirteen years of age was at the battle of St. Vincent. October, November.

In 1804 he played "Nelson" at Astley's. I wonder if Nelson ever saw him. After playing in "Black-eyed Susan" a hundred times at the Surrey, he went to Covent Garden, where I found him when

1829. I returned from sea. I was present at his last performance on the stage as "William."

Vauxhall was another agreeable meet; we generally went there by boat. The Surrey Theatre was same side of the water, where "Black-eyed Susan" was playing.

November. Sir Richard Bulkeley had kindly offered me the use of his stud at Melton.

Wishing to see Edward Digby, now quartered with the 9th Lancers, I booked for Nottingham instead of Leicester. Digby found me quarters in barracks. The 9th was then, and always has been, a smart regiment, and my friend, just of age, was, in his stable costume, as fine a specimen of a man as could well be seen.

Among the good fellows there were Captain Porter, Lieutenant Hope Grant, and Cornet Jack Spalding, the greatest dandy I ever saw, and when William IV. shaved the cavalry he left his pet regiment, rather than part with his moustache.

November, December. During my stay in Nottingham a ball took place, which, owing to the uniform of the Lancers and the pink coats of hunting men, was a much more brilliant affair than I had been accustomed to. I was astonished at the arrival in the middle of the dancing of my friend Wildman, his wife and sister, from Newstead. They at once decided, as there was no hunting, I must return with them. Snow falling, they took an early departure, before midnight.

At 2 A.M. I followed in what was called a "yellow bounder"—a light carriage on four wheels, without a coach-box, C-springs, and post-boy riding. I came up with the Wildman coach half-way, snowed up. It was agreed that I should go with them, and my pair as leaders to their four.

Nearly frozen.

1829. It took us eight hours to reach Newstead Abbey. We were snowed up for some weeks, but I did not care. With Mrs. Wildman's sister, Miss Preisig, I valsed the evenings away.

1830. January. However, letters reached at last, bringing my appointment to the *Galatea*.

I managed to catch the mail at Leicester. It was freezing sharp, and only one outside place. Luckily, I found a friend, Dr. Pettigrew, who was attached to the household of the Duke of Sussex. But for him I think I should have died. Myself fortified with cloaks and rugs, and the doctor with lozenges, we arrived the following morning at the Bull Inn, Aldgate. I subsequently found there was more pain in thawing than being frozen.

My kind friend thrust me into a hackney coach, with all the straw he could collect from the inn. I started, jolting over the rough pavement, for my grandmother's residence, 10 Berkeley Square. Restoring animation was greater pain than that of freezing, but, being close to Gunter's, restoratives were easily had.

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CHAPTER VII

THE *GALATEA*

JOINED *Galatea*, one of the Channel Squadron, Captain Charles Napier, C.B. 1830. Portsmouth.

Joined Lieutenant Alexander Cotton, in place of Lieutenant F. V. Cotton. Feb. 11, March 6.

We left Spithead to go to assistance of the *Wolf*, on shore at back of Isle of Wight: with our boats, and assistance of dockyard lighters, she was got off during afternoon of following day. Mar. 11.

We returned through the Needles: in running for Spithead with signal flying, "*Wolf* saved," we grounded on the Middle Bank. Still floated however with rising tide. Mar. 12.

Weighed and ran through Needles Passage; next day becalmed; shipped paddles, and worked them into Torbay. Sailed following day. April 5.

Plymouth Sound. Saluted the flag of Earl of Northesk. April 9.

On a fine day in June we performed one of those feats that astonished our shore-going friends. On the 3rd at 3 A.M. the *Galatea* was lying at Spithead with royal yards across, and ready for sea. By noon she was stripped to her gantlings, and the service on the collars of her lower rigging was repaired. By June 3,

1830. 7 P.M. she was re-rigged and decks cleared, supposed to be ready for sea.

June 27. Hoisted colours half-mast on the death of His Majesty George IV.

June 28. Yards manned, and a double royal salute fired on the accession of King William IV.

July 15. Fired thirty minute-guns on the interment of His late Majesty George IV.

July 25. While off Brighton people visited the ship; mine was by way of being the show cabin. I was struck by the appearance of a remarkably handsome couple —alas! now no more. It was some time after that I found out they were the parents of the present Admiral Heneage and his sister the Countess of Essex.

Aug. 16. On my father acquainting the king that he had three good horses for the Goodwood Cup, asked by which horse His Majesty wished to win. "Win by all three," said the king. The horses came in in following manner: Fleur de Lis, 1; Zingaree, 2, and Colonel, 3.

Our Captain had a hobby, which was that he could propel a ship with paddles which could be easily fixed or withdrawn from a ship's side. They were to be propelled by iron winch-handles attached to stanchions on either side of the main-deck. They did not succeed against the slightest head-wind. He was much chaffed by the way he spelt the word "winches" in his semi-official despatch to the Admiralty, which, he said, "only required stout hands to lay into them."

In those days any peer visiting a man-of-war was entitled to a salute. It was my afternoon watch, when a boat from Ryde came alongside with a party, which turned out to be Earl Spencer; no name

better known or more respected. On finding that 1830.
the Captain was on shore, he inquired if there was not a Lieutenant Keppel in the ship. Nothing could have been kinder; he wanted to take me on shore with him to dine, but I happened to be the senior officer in charge. I had the honour of manning yards, and firing the last salute of many his lordship had had.

I need not say that I was relieved in ample time to enjoy an excellent dinner. Lady Spencer, who was equally fond of the Navy, would have taken care of me, but I had an appointment that night on the top of Portsdown, where the famous fair was going on, having secured a four-oared boat to cross the water, and a horse to take me to the hill.

Having two days' leave, I drove a Gosport gig to Bishopstoke to visit my worthy kinsman, Tom Garnier, Dean of Winchester. When I got back, *Galatea* had sailed for Lisbon. I was sorry; I wanted to see the place I had heard so much of from my Portuguese schoolfellows, Alvaro Lopes Pereira and Francisco Nunes Vizieu. The only thing they had to give me an idea of the magnificence of Lisbon was an old print of the great earthquake, which looked to me as if the churches and other buildings were on a cruise in the Bay of Biscay.

Glanville was promoted from *Tweed* and appointed to *Pallas* (Captain Lord Adolphus Fitz-Clarence), likewise of the Channel Squadron. A party of us, Frank Scott, George Wodehouse, and self, got the then famous Ned Neal from London to teach us the noble art of self-defence. We three had lodgings in St. Thomas's Street; Glanville was an experienced hand, but took an interest in our training: there were many to instruct, and Neal had his hands full.

1830. Hands from the dockyard, after work, were rude, pushing us off the pavement. However, science began to tell, but with me the wrong way. Broken nose, upper lip twice cut then, and sewn up. After dark, parties sallied forth from the "Keppel's Head." Both sides met at the Mill Dam, a sort of neutral ground where constables could not interfere without writs from both sides.

Tandems, too, were equal to the demand; one of us would drive Mr. Neal, others acting as convoy as far as Chichester, and there entertain him. On the whole, our pugilistic meets were conducted quietly; the dockyard maties treated us more respectfully. In addition to self-defence we had lessons in driving.

I used to pay half a guinea to Scarlett for being allowed the box-seat, and to hold the heavy heads of seven or eight teams between Portsmouth and London. The whip I learned to handle, but after a couple of stages my arm ached and straightened. As for driving, the horses guided themselves, and stopped of their own accord within an inch of where they had to change.

Before the winter set in, Glanville and I determined to entertain Mr. Ned Neal to a dinner at a respectable house called the Castle Tavern, Holborn, kept by Mr. Thomas Winter, better known in the pugilistic world as "Tom Spring." I think we sat down twenty-two: nothing could be more decorous. The "whips" exceeded the pugilists in number, but harmony prevailed. Glanville had Faulkner, of the Rocket, and Tom Spring, on his right and left, while I had Ned Neal, and the more magnificent Mr. Scarlett, who was dressed in his usual drab breeches and white stockings, neat shoes—I suppose

he thought tops looked too shoppy—buff vest, a voluminous white choker over a large plaited frill. In addition, a flower-garden in the capacious breast of a blue frock—all for the honour of the Portsmouth "Regulator." There was nothing to come near him. Mr. Neal was similar in the lower dress, but wore a blue tie with small white spots—his own colours. I brought a great favourite in T. P. Cooke. 1830.

The company for some time was very decorous. Ale enough to float a jolly-boat, topped up with port wine for loyal toasts. Comic songs finished the evening. Later, the idea of a naval entertainment drew a cheery crowd outside the Castle Tavern.

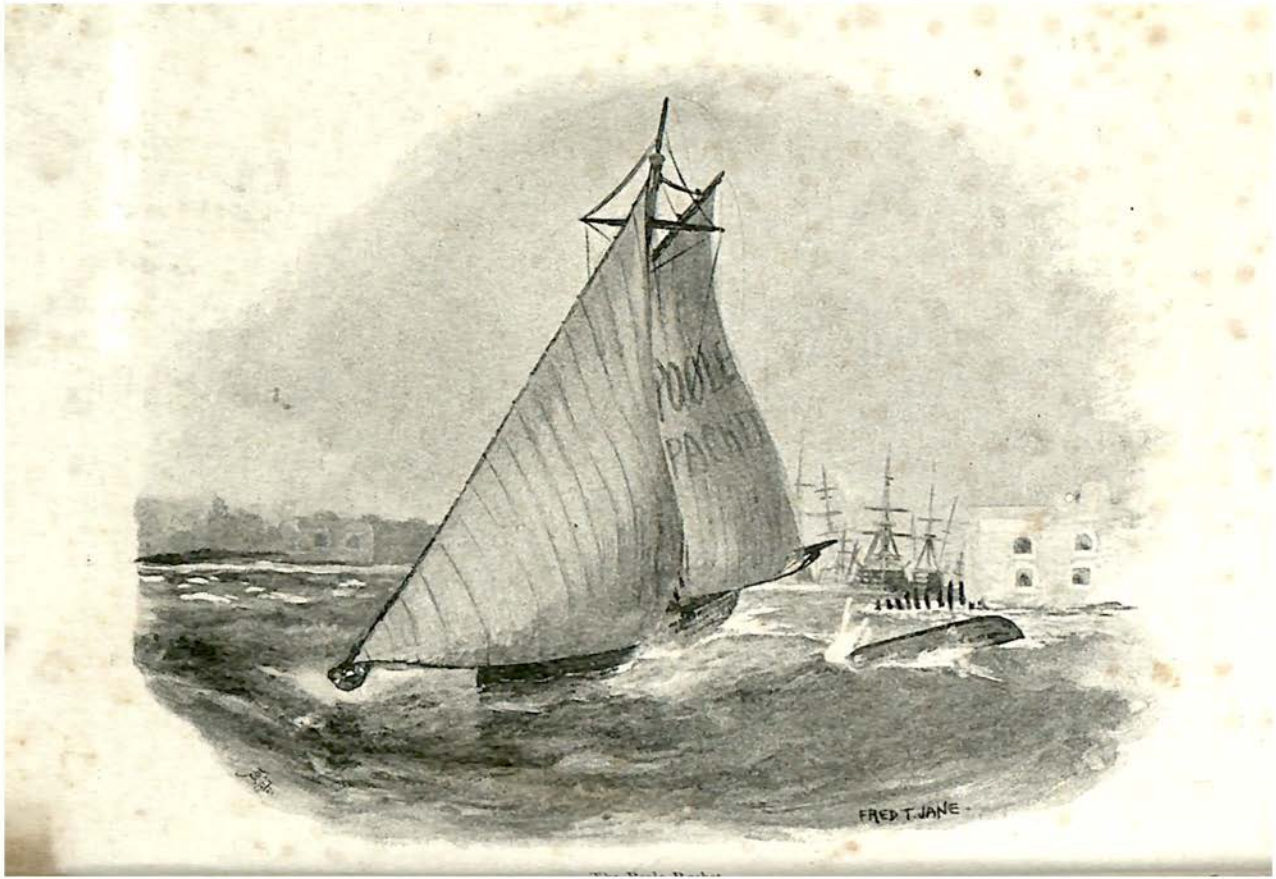
Galatea returned from Lisbon. Sept. 10.

The Right Hon. John Wilson Croker visited the ship and inspected paddles. Sept. 14.

A garbled account of an accident which befell Lieutenant A. Cotton and myself, prior to our departure for the West Indies, was published on October 4 in the local paper. Oct. 4.

What really happened was this: Cotton and self, leave up, had to return on board. He had just taken leave of his parents at the George Hotel. It was blowing fresh from the south; ebb-tide. We had hired one of the Isle of Wight wherries. The Poole Packet, a large sailing cutter bound same way, caught us at entrance of the harbour. There being no room to spare, our helms were put down at the same time. The end of the packet's bowsprit, catching our wherry's stern, lifted her end over end.

Being the lightest, I was sent farthest, which enabled me to clasp the end of the cutter's bowsprit as she dipped. I held on like grim death, the wind preventing my voice being heard. Every plunge in the necessarily short tacks ducked me under water.


FRED T. JANE

It was only when outside, and clear of the strength of the tide, that one of the crew discovered and hauled me in. Well outside, we hailed a man-of-war cutter; I got landed at the Point to look after my friend. Boats having been at hand, no lives were lost. I found Billy spread out on a table in a public-house, but, having imbibed something more to his taste than salt water, he did not recognise me. I hurried off to let his parents know he was safe. They had, however, left for Cambridge, comfortably seated behind two pairs of posters. 1830.

We sailed that afternoon for Dover, returning to Spithead on the 10th.

We embarked Governor Sir John Hill and suite for passage to St. Vincent. Received also smugglers for West Indian station. Nov. 14.

A brother officer of mine once told a high personage that if the service had its due the name of Keppel would not now be on the Navy List. I perfectly agree with my friend, and should he take the trouble to finish this chapter, he will be convinced how right he was. He has a charming wife, and gives very good dinners. I have now, as I write, an invitation to one.

On nearing the Tropic we were visited by Neptune, when much the same eccentricities were performed as described in my account of the *Tweed* when crossing the "Line." Dec. 17.

A spare topsail was lowered on to the main-deck, the leach-ropes secured to coamings on upper deck, which when filled with water made a respectable pond. It was my morning watch. I was contemplating this bath, when one of the youngsters informed me that the Captain, who had just come on deck, intended to push me in. Leaning over with hands

1830. on my knees, I felt the sudden pressure on my right shoulder, which gave way, and the Captain losing his balance, went in instead of me, his shoes the last of him to disappear.

1831. Arrived at Barbadoes.

Jan. 7. In those days there were no facilities for watering ; we had to hoist our boom-boats, place in them water-casks which were filled at the most convenient place to be found ; generally near some stream running to the sea.

This was the case at Barbadoes. The Second Master was sent with the party. Late in the morning, the officer of the watch, thinking it time a turn of water should be on its way, observed that not only were the boats empty, but the crew were rolling about the beach. An officer and party of marines were sent to bring them off. It was past the dinner-hour, and Collier, the First Lieutenant, naturally much put out.

Two o'clock was our gunroom hour. Just as I had sat down, a mid informed me that I was required to go for a turn of water. I was at once, in cocked hat and side-arms, on deck.

I told Collier that, if he had consulted me, I could have informed him that the tempting-looking green cocoanuts always tasted strong of new rum. As it was, I had to go without my dinner. Not another word passed between us.

Everything went smoothly. In an unusually short time I got back. The Captain was on deck ; I saw him coming, and thought he was going to compliment me on the smart manner in which my turn of water had been brought off. He always addressed me in broad Scotch, and began with :

" Meester Karpel, I understand that ye refused to

gang for water when ordered by the *Firrst* Leaf- 1831.
tenant."

I was riled and hungry, and replied that if the First Lieutenant had told him that, he had told an untruth.

Old Charlie was furious (I think he had had luncheon), ordered me to my cabin, and to consider myself under close arrest, to be tried by court-martial.

I was grieved and hurt, and brooded over my trouble as I took my solitary meal. I felt, too, for Collier, who was a zealous and good officer. I had many friends to condole with me—among others, a man named Lane, whom I had known at Portsmouth; but I think he took his tea a little too strong, and left our service. He was now mate of a fine West Indiaman lying in the roads.

After a chat about old times, he supposed he could do nothing for me. In reply, I thought he was the only person who *could* do anything.

There were four men-of-war in the roads—*Mersey*, 26; *Ranger*, 28; *Shannon*, 46—which ensured a dignity ball I meant to attend.

I proposed that at 10 P.M. my friend should have a small boat under the starboard bow of the *Galatea*, with one hand only to land me, as well as to take me off when I wanted.

Lane knew remonstrance was useless. After the Master-at-Arms had looked into my cabin at 10 P.M., and reported "Prisoner safe" to the officer of the watch, I changed into white frock and trousers, put clothes bag between the sheets, my shoes outside to be cleaned, passed the gunroom door sentry as an officer's servant, bumped under the hammocks on starboard side of the lower deck, up the fore ladder,

1831. through the bow-port, dropped into my boat, was up the wooden steps of the landing-place; then there was "such a getting upstairs and a playing of the fiddle." I was in the giddy throng doing the double shuffle opposite a dark beauty, when the name of Old Charlie was called out.

He was not difficult to spot. He threw his coat and epaulettes into a corner, and was at once performing the Scotch shuffle in my set; in crossing over for the change, I was collared by my shipmates and pushed out.

I thought to retrace my steps, when on the landing, which was well lighted, who should I run against but Captain George Courtney, of the *Mersey*, with whom Napier had dined! He recognised me in spite of my disguise. I had known him as the friend of my late kind Captain, Lord John Churchill. He accosted me with:

"Your name's Keppel. You are under arrest."

I touched my hat and said, "Yes; but you won't say anything."

He answered, "Get on board as soon as you can, or you will lose your commission."

I followed his advice and retraced my steps.

Jan. 8. The next morning I ascertained the prisoner had been reported "Safe" throughout the night.

Jan. 9. We sailed for St. Vincent the following day. Before landing our Governor, Sir John Hill, under a salute, with yards manned, he visited my cabin in full dress.

Jan. 11. We had been on very friendly terms. I see his cocked hat now, with its fringe of white feathers. He said how sorry he had been on hearing from the Captain that he had been obliged to place me under arrest, and had interceded for me.

The Dignity Ball.

1831. Captain Napier had given him permission to say that if I would make a proper apology to the First Lieutenant I should be allowed to return to my duty.

Jan. 12. Next morning I was sent for to the Captain's cabin, where I found Collier. My previous good conduct enabled the Captain to state that, if I would only express my regret, I might return to my duty. I thanked the Captain, said I had already written a letter applying for a court-martial, and that the apology must be made to me.

Jamaica. Next day, before arrival at Port Royal, I was ordered to return to duty. Three years later, at the Old Navy Club in Bond Street, when I was a Commander, we dined together, and I told him the whole story. Of course, he was going to try me by court-martial then and there!

While on this station I had the opportunity of making acquaintance with an interesting people—the Creoles of our West Indies.

These kind people seemed to live by and for the Navy. The wars of the eighteenth century threw money into their hands, and during Rodney's time the ladies gradually lost their dark polish. Commencing as washerwomen, and supplying officers' messes, they accumulated money. Some of them became the owners of slaves. In Jamaica, years after they had grown into colonists, many emigrated to other islands under our flag rather than mix with the sugar-planting negroes. But it was by their cleanliness, kindness, and attention to sick or wounded that they became so necessary and were the means of saving many lives. It was not only at Barbadoes, but at Port Royal, Jamaica, St. Vincent, and St. Lucia that these ladies used to hold their levees and talk freely of their absent aristocratic relations.

Miss Betsy Austin and Miss Nancy Pugett were celebrated during my time. They had much dignity, and kept a large number of servants. 1831.

On one occasion, when I could not answer for the whereabouts of her aristocratic son-in-law, Miss Nancy Pugett hazarded the opinion that "He had gone Norf shoot 'em grouse!"

Refitted in a few days. Received invalids and officers for passage to England. Port Royal, Jamaica, Jan. 21.

Weighed with convoy, who parted company as convenient to themselves. Jan. 24.

Anchored off Tampico Bar. Surf too high to admit of landing. Northerly gale. Ship rolling heavily. Topmasts struck. Feb. 5.

Sailed. Feb. 14.

Unbent sails. Our boats refitted; lower rigging requiring to be turned in afresh after the stretching off Tampico. Found United States corvette *Natchetts* here. Off Sacrificios, Feb. 16.

During my afternoon watch a young officer from the American ship came on board. He was anxious to speak to our senior midshipman. I sent to my old friend, Arthur Noad, and introduced them. The officer stated, "We have received orders from our Congress to amalgamate with you Britishers, and shall be glad to see you all at dinner on board our ship." The following day those who could be spared attended the invitation. Their midshipmen's berth, like our own, was on the lower deck, thrown open for air by the upper part of the bulkhead being on hinges. Feb. 19.

The dinner was good, and a nice feeling and understanding existed. After dinner the Chairman filled his glass, and proposed "King and President," which was drunk with enthusiasm by all, save one ultra-sensitive American, who, holding up his glass,

1831. said, "Here's to the President. The King I shall place in the steerage," chucking at the same moment the remainder of his wine. The rest of the party broke up in mutual good humour.

Two days afterwards our mids gave a return dinner, and invited the gentlemen of the corvette; begging, however, to except the one who had flung the King in the steerage.

I happened, as before, to be officer of the watch when the excluded mid came on board and requested an interview with our senior midshipman. I sent for Noad. The American informed him that he considered he had been grossly insulted, and demanded satisfaction from one and all the British midshipmen. I informed the Captain what had happened, who ordered his gig to be manned, and, directing me to detain the officer, went on board the *Natchetts*. He returned shortly followed by her Captain, who asked permission to bring an armed boat alongside, in which had been placed the chest and other effects of the contumacious officer.

We found afterwards that the poor fellow had been landed on the mainland, south of Sacrificios. Considering the character of the Spanish-Mexican on that coast, it would have been kinder to have kept his chest and saved his head. Had our Captain been aware of the poor fellow's possible fate, intercession would have been made.

Feb. 26. Came to off Tampico Bar. As we were to be here for some time, I obtained leave for Tennant, one of our mates, to accompany me on an excursion up the river.

We hired a roomy canoe. Our crew consisted of one young and active Mexican, his arms, a couple of paddles and a long pole. Our kitchen, a large iron

kettle which stood on a flat stone. We had our mattresses and mosquito-curtains. 1831.

For young sportsmen nothing could be more interesting. The variety of birds in a tropical climate is extraordinary — curlew and cranes, herons and storks, parrots and pigeons, ducks with canvas-backs, sea-gulls, with hawks and eagles to watch over them ; porpoises and alligators. The scenery changed with nearly every bend of the river—patches of jungle and inland swamp : at all eligible spots, haciendas.

A trifle of money supplied us with eggs and milk, ham and garlic. At night our canoe was secured to its pole a few yards from the bank, which saved us visits from an occasional alligator. From the haciendas we got a variety of deer's horns merely for taking them away ; and though neither of us spoke Spanish, it was wonderful how soon our "crew" understood what we wanted. By the time we got back to the ship we had exceeded our leave by two days.

We found in our absence the Prince of Würtemburg had visited the ship, and been received with royal honours. Mar 4.

A bar at the mouth of a large river is more than a seaman can manage ; the fresh water, trying to force its way into the sea, meets resistance at points which vary and cause change and position of shoals. River and sea meeting cause a rise which the occupants of boats cannot see over. Mar. 26.

I was sent with the next water-party, consisting of launch, pinnace, and cutter, myself in a gig. We were clear of the ship just before daybreak. A nice sea-breeze had set in ; not fresh enough to carry a heavy boat through surf under sail, but sufficient to render pulling easy. Before nearing the breakers we assembled within hail, that I might let the officers in

1831. charge know what I had noticed during the weeks we were here in the *Tweed*, as I wished each to use his own discretion before entering a surf through which no one could see.

"When a wave is rolling in, do not follow close. Directly the crest of a high wave breaks, its strength diminishes. On entering breakers keep well clear of one another. The most treacherous of all is a dark wall of water, which forms at some distance to seaward—say a cable's length. It increases in speed and height without apparent cause. Get to sea beyond the low ends without delay."

After this sermon I saw the boats separate to select their points of entrance, and observed young Carrington, in the cutter, select a place I should have chosen myself, then lost sight of him. On casting a look to seaward, I found myself caught in the same sort of trap of which I had given them warning. There was the dark ridge of unbroken water approaching, and increasing in speed. No time to be lost; head, luckily, in-shore, mast stept, sail hoisted, halyards and sheet led aft, which passed under the thwart I held with one hand, tiller ropes in the other: crew on either side dropped in the water, holding on with one hand.

Directly I found the wave was carrying us as fast as the wind, I let go the halyards.

The next moment we were over the bar. A heavier boat must have been lost.

Our danger was past, but the cutter had been upset. Three of her crew on shore, were holding the legs of young Carrington up to let the water run out,—and I too late to save the brightest youngster we had in the ship.

I detained the assistant-surgeon and sent the

Crossing Tampico Bar.

1831. heavy boats up for water. Five of the cutter's crew were missing, and as the current naturally set to the southward, the doctor accompanied me along the beach in search of the missing bodies.

March 26, 27. By noon I had received a sunstroke, and was down in an empty hut near the beach. The raised surf prevented our being visible from the ship, but fruit and fresh water were obtained; and by sunset I recovered. In the morning I was able to join boats as they returned on board.

Mar. 28. Sailed.

April 9. Arrived at Havana. I found the miscalculation of leave at Tampico prevented my being able to select cigars, but kind shipmates got me the best for friends at home.

April 11. Sailed for England.

May 6. Arrived at Spithead. Found some amusement in smuggling my good tobacco on shore, and still more in delivering it to old friends, some of which contraband found its way to Kensington Palace!

May 16. Once at home, I did not find much difficulty in being placed on half-pay.

However I soon heard of a ship fitting out at Woolwich that I much fancied: a razéed frigate, the *Magicienne*.

CHAPTER VIII

THE *MAGICIENNE*

THE Channel Squadron was not a station for a poor man. Stephenson managed my removal through his friend Rear-Admiral the Hon. George Dundas, still at the Admiralty. I had frequently noticed this gallant Admiral on horseback, dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons, yellow leather breeches and mahogany top-boots, wending his way to office. 1831. July.

Sir James Graham had the Admiralty and Sir Thomas Hardy was First Sea Lord. These distinguished men I came to know better afterwards.

I had no misunderstanding with Captain Napier, and was sorry to part with his daughter Fanny, as well as a charming family Mrs. Napier had by a former marriage, who likewise took the name of Napier.

Magicienne, 24, was commissioned by Captain J. H. Plumridge, who had the credit of being a taut hand. She had been a frigate of 42 guns, was razéed without reduction of spars, thereby adding ten feet more drop to her courses and a longer run to her fore and main clew garnets.

We were three Lieutenants — Thomas Owen Knox, Fred Hutton, and self. First Lieutenant keeping no night-watch, Tyndal, a mate, was my relief.

1831. August. Being near the headquarters of our East India Company's marine, we had difficulty in getting seamen. Two petty officers and a supply of Union Jacks were sent with me on a sort of roving commission. With expenses paid, I rather liked this service, and started for Portsmouth, where I exhibited one of the flags at the Bedford in Chase, on the Hard, Portsea. Later another was planted at Plymouth.

It was work not to be done in a day, as when a batch exceeded twenty it was necessary to take them to the ship at Woolwich. However, I was tolerably successful, and in the end got a letter of approval from my Captain.

Tom Knox had a brother in the Scots Fusilier Guards. Each battalion had its six or eight oared row-gigs, in which it was great fun for the ladies to go down with the ebb-tide, dine off whitebait at Greenwich, and return to town in cabriolets. The excitement in going was shooting London Bridge. When the tide was out there might be a drop of four or five feet, which required good way on the boat. Many ladies preferred landing and re-embarking below.

It was now that my turn came. The little innocents were under a delusion that if a sailor steered there could be no danger; and I, equally ignorant, and seated between them, with pleasure undertook the job. However, no accident happened during my time.

Sept. 8. We celebrated the coronation of William IV. Although we had no guns, there were plenty in Woolwich to salute, and all hands got extra grog and, in the dockyard, a holiday.

Among the Captain's numerous visitors whose

society I enjoyed, was Theodore Hook, in whose company no one could have been without finding he was a remarkable man. His wit was ready and acute. 1831.

His Majesty, accompanied by Queen Adelaide, came to see the launch of the *Thunderer*, 84. We were in a more fit state to be seen; although in dock, we had royal yards across, and the band of the Fusilier Guards on board. Sept. 22.

Our Sailor King was in a playful humour, and observing from the dockyard that the officers had a ladies' party in the gunroom to lunch, and the skylight off, made a sign not to be noticed. He dropped the point of his sword on to the mess-table, holding the knot, to the astonishment of the ladies and amusement of all. His Majesty wore the uniform of Lord High Admiral, and was the last holder of that office.

We sailed from the Basin, came to off Purfleet, and took in powder. Nov. 2.

Sailed next day, and came to at the Little Nore, saluting the flag of Admiral Sir John de la Poer Beresford.

Came to in the downs; saluted the flag of Rear-Admiral Warren. Nov. 6.

Sailed. Anchored at Spithead, saluting flag of Admiral Sir Thomas Foley. Nov. 10.

Sailed by St. Helens; anchored in Torbay, where we remained three more days for the last farewell letters, Captain being engaged to be married. Nov. 17.

We had the usual sea-voyage, with its porpoises, dolphins, and flying-fish leaving their train of phosphoric light through the water at night, especially when the wind had any southing in it. Otherwise I thought myself too old a mariner to feel any interest.

The Captain detained the *Neptune*, an American Dec. 2.

1831. brig, to put more letters on board, an opportunity we availed ourselves of.

Dec. 14. On board a man-of-war every officer, to the youngest mid, has to send a copy of his reckoning to the cabin—a good plan, as it enables the Captain to compare and detect errors. These small reckonings were called "day's works," due at 1 P.M. Shortly after 2 P.M. officers were ordered to assemble in the Captain's cabin. We stood before the table, small fry in front.

Our chief, with his left hand full of day's works, addressed himself to me, the most nervous and frightened of the assembled lot:

"Mr. Keppel, how is it that your day's work, unlike the others, always agrees to a second with that of the masters?"

I, being unprepared, suggested that perhaps I was the only one who took a *correct* copy.

There was a small titter, which was growing into a laugh, when we were ordered to quit the cabin.

Dec. 18. Sunday, 1 A.M.—It was my middle watch, when smoke was reported as issuing from under the hatch of the gunner's storeroom. As the keys of that and other storerooms had been returned at sunset to the First Lieutenant's cabin, and the fore magazine passage opened into said storeroom, while rushing down, I called out to beat to quarters, put ship before the wind, and reported to the Captain.

Ship's company was in order, men promptly in their station, lower sails clewed up, and water-cocks turned on. On removing the fore hatch, flames rushed up, met by a deluge of water. The fore sail-room was on fire: spare topsail however was ablaze, but extinguished before it reached the quarter-deck.

The fire, by great exertions, was got under; 1831.
though we had a narrow escape. Woodwork forming bulkhead of the magazine was burnt through the copper lining. At 3.45 A.M. the watch was called.

With the exception of a good day's target prac- Dec. 23.
tice, nothing particular occurred till the end of the year, when we arrived at Rio, and I once more beheld the most beautiful harbour in the world.

We found *Warspite*, 76, bearing the flag of 1832.
Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Baker, commanded by Jan. 1.
Captain Charles Talbot; *Dublin*, 56, Lord James Townshend; *Pylades*, 18, Commander Edward Blanckley. Saluted flag of the Rear-Admiral with 11 guns, the Brazilian flag with 21.

While we were here the young Prince, who was born when I was at Rio, Christmas, 1824, held a levee, which I, with the Captain, attended.

Weighed at daylight, and ran out of Rio Harbour Jan. 5.
with the land-breeze. We soon got into the trade winds. Communicated with a whaler off Tristan d'Achuna.

Captain not caring to call at the Cape, we kept to the southward, and held our breeze the longer.

In 41° 30′ we had a run of 258 miles, which we Jan. 30.
thought something of. However, we were soon under close-reefed main topsail and reefed foresail, and lost a poor fellow overboard, who was putting in a deadlight.

Made St. Paul's Island, which most ships like to Feb. 13.
do, to ensure their reckoning.

Observed a ship on the horizon with sails furled. Feb. 17.
She proved to be an East Indiaman, the *Marquis of Huntley*, having carried away her rudder. We sent assistance and supplied bar iron and spike-nails.

1832. Remained by until she was safe to proceed. A seaman named Leaves fell from aloft, but, having struck the quarter-davit, we could not recover the body.

March 8. I now come to an event in my life which I would fain leave out, but having promised to tell the "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," must go on.

We were off Ceylon, hoping to reach Trincomalee the following day. Mine was the second dog-watch, which had come to an end, and a squall was brewing. Tyndal, although the son of a Judge, was not a smart relief. It was near one bell before he came up, and the squall came down. I appeared in the gunroom as if I had been overboard, seated myself at the table, and called for grog.

Now, Hutton, who for his cheery disposition was named "Dirk Hatterick," came behind, and as I was about to console my shivering timbers, my chair tilted backwards, the contents of the glass caught Dirk in the tender part of his eyes. He rushed in pain to his cabin, while I consoled myself with a second edition. Here the affair might and ought to have ended, but for my folly.

The following day, while seated with Knox at the gunroom table, Hutton on deck looking out for a meridian altitude, Knox asked Hutton up the skylight the latitude, which was given.

I remarked, "You can't go by Dirk's reckoning." To which Hutton retorted: "Mr. Keppel, I want none of your remarks." I was up on the instant, and told him that if he had thrown grog in *my* eyes he would have heard of it by this time.

Now, there were two Irishmen on the station about my age, the very boys to arrange matters.

They had both been at the Naval College with me. 1832.
One, Lloyd, belonged to the ship.

Arrived Trincomalee. Found, as I expected, Mar. 10.
Crocodile, 28, Captain J. W. Montague.

O'Brien soon visited me. I already had a visit from Lloyd, sent by Hutton: demanding "Apology or satisfaction." O'Brien knew exactly how the ropes led on shore. These affairs do not require talk. "Half an hour before sunset, outside the fortifications." Officers of garrison had gone to dress for dinner. Everything quiet. Duelling pistols were heavy, ugly things: single barrels, a foot long. But in those days the refinement of detonating caps, instead of flint and steel, had been introduced.

O'Brien had obtained a surgeon and the necessary instruments. Our friends seemed to understand their business. Ground of twelve paces measured. Lloyd was to drop a white handkerchief. As I had been the aggressor, I did not wish to draw blood, but held straight enough to make my opponent believe I meant business.

As the handkerchief dropped, Hutton fired low and sprinkled me with gravel. Our seconds, unlike Irishmen, held counsel, and said honour was satisfied. *I* know I thought so; but Hutton declared for "Apology or blood."

On retaking our places, I began to think that I would rather bleed Dirk than die myself. When the handkerchief fell I thought I had spotted him. His pistol missed fire. My ball went through the thick part of his cap, and I was saved a life's misery. Seconds declined to load again, and recommended the necessary shaking of hands. Hutton stated that I should go to him. I refused to go more than half-

1832. way, which the seconds decided was just, and so ended the affair.

O'Brien, thinking I might be able to eat a small supper, provided that pleasant meal at the quarters of his friend Holyoake, 78th Highlanders. I said my prayers more earnestly that night.

CHAPTER IX

THE *MAGICIENNE*

TRINCOMALEE is a beautiful and extensive harbour, which had been taken and retaken by the Dutch and ourselves several times during the last century, and at the Peace of Amiens, in 1802, was ceded to England. 1832. March.

In 1702 many pretty naval actions were fought off the island, in which our neighbours appear to have got the worst. In the centre of the harbour is Sober Island, about which our liberty men delighted to roam. Jack had discovered sundry little secret dells, in which, if after sunset you planted a rupee, on the following morning would find it had grown into a bottle of samshoo! The island belonged, I believe, by purchase to Commander Henry Ellis.

Off the dockyard was a useful old hulk, the *Arrogant*, on board which Divine service was held on the Sabbath Day; and after dinner came "Sober Island," with its usual results.

The *Southampton*, 52, arrived. We saluted the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir E. W. Owen, K.C.B. Mar. 12.

The dark owner of a small farm brought a report of an invasion by elephants on his premises, destroying a plantation of cocoanuts, yam, and fruit, and if gentlemen sportsmen liked to come at night he was Mar. 15.

1832. ready to show the way. This was indeed a chance. There was no difficulty in getting up a night picnic. Climate perfection—coolies willing.

Towards midnight it came over a thick mist. Curries and songs expended. Our guide professed to scent Gadjá, and proposed an advance.

We were led into a low jungle bordering a pâdi-field, but so dark you could scarcely see your hand. However, we could hear there was something alive, and my attention was called to a darker patch, into which we were directed to fire. There was a groan and a splash. It was too dark to follow, and our guide proposed the search should be postponed until after breakfast.

When I got back I found myself invited to dine with the Admiral, who had been informed of my night picnic. The dinner was a grand affair, the Admiral's band, ladies of officials, and all the Captains present.

On retiring from the table, as we sat pretending to enjoy the music, the Secretary brought a letter to the Admiral, written in Tamil characters. Interpretation as follows :

"To His Excellency's Rear-Admiral, Sir E. W. Owen, K.C.B., Commander of His Majesty's Navy and East India's Seas.

"*The Humble Petition of Conanyaga Modr Tillenadin*

"Most Humbly Sheweth,

"That the petitioner most humbly and submissively begs leave to acquaint Your Excellency that on Thursday, March 15, 1832, about ten o'clock at night, three gentlemen of the ship *Magicienne* came hunting in the China village, and adjoining a pâdi-field the petitioner's buffaloes were grazing, the buffaloes never being accustomed to be confined or be tied up to a stick in the night-time. The

said gentlemen shot petitioner's three buffaloes, which died that night. Two measures of milk daily was received from one. One she-buffalo was big, and another has a calf of one month old, which is alive now, but will not live long for want of the mother. 1832.

"Therefore petitioner most submissively prays Your Excellency will be graciously pleased to favour the petitioner by having justice done to him. The cattle valued is the lowest at the sum of six pounds.

"For which act of favouring the petitioner is in duty bound.

"(Signed)

"TRINCOMALEE,
"*March* 16, 1832."

I had the account settled, but my firm belief is that the writer of the petition and our guide were one and the same person.

Arrived *Comet*, 18, Commander A. A. Sandilands. *Imogene*, 28, Captain Price Blackwood. Mar. 29.

Alligator, 28, Captain G. R. Lambert. April 12.

My first night's supper at Holyoake's quarters was an introduction to these kind Highlanders. Captain Forbes appeared to have had several elephant-shooting parties. Holyoake had been in more than one, with some narrow escapes. But now he was all for smaller game. April 17.

Snipe-shooting in India is an attractive sport, but after sunrise birds lie closer, while you are the less inclined to retire to your comfortable rest-house.

As the ground was distant seventeen miles, eleven of which lay through dense jungle, we were off before daylight, and arrived in good time, enjoying such sport as is found nowhere except in the Far East, returning to a breakfast of curry and rice, tobacco, etc.

"Sport" not being in my Captain's dictionary, it

1832. was necessary to renew my leave, which, being confined to four-and-twenty hours, obliged me to return to the ship.

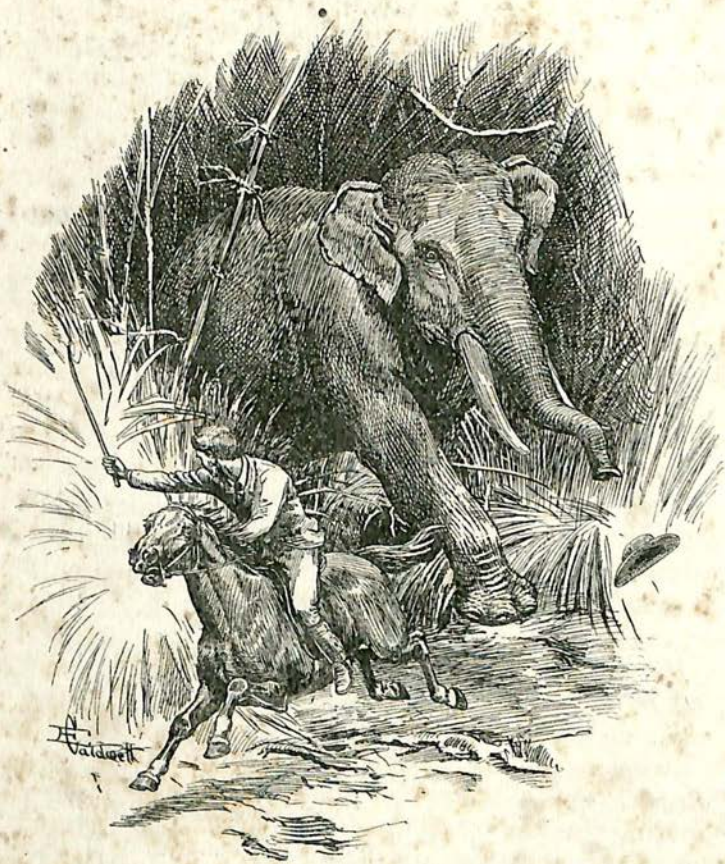
Having observed as we came fresh tracks of elephants, I made anxious inquiries as to what I should do if I came across one. My anxiety was laughed at. I was assured that the only danger lay in meeting a male detached from the herd.

I had advanced some four miles in the jungle, which was anything but a straight path, when my horse began to snort and show signs of uneasiness. On entering the next bend, I saw, to my horror, a huge elephant blocking the way.

Remembering instructions, I held up my arms and bellowed out, which drew attention. He put out his trunk, as if to smell what I was, and trumpeted. The sound pierced through me. He flapped his ears, which looked like barn-doors, and rushed at me. My horse sprang round in the narrow jungle-path. The elephant was then close, and nothing but my hat coming off, which he stopped to examine, gave me a start.

The ground was uneven, being, in fact, the dried-up bed of a mountain stream. As I had to avoid obstacles at times, the brute gained on me, I meanwhile suffering the torture of fright. After some four miles, coming to the edge of a lake, which I had passed in the morning, I observed that the elephant had stopped.

My horse was not fit for many yards further, and the heat of the sun reminded me I had no hat. I pulled up to have a look at my enemy, who placed himself on the edge of the jungle I had just cleared. I profited by this to make a head-covering of my pocket-handkerchief, then carefully examined the



An Elephant in Chase.

1832. April. monster, feeling I had the advantage of level ground. With his trunk he threw up an amount of dust and dirt, which descended on his back, driving away clouds of flies. One would have thought his hide impervious to such tiny foes.

I continued my retreat, with such speed and dignity as my poor horse was capable of, to the rest-house. I found my companions luxuriating in sleep and tobacco. Exhausted by my adventure, I threw myself into a chair and sang out "Grog!" One of my friends remarked:

"Why, it's Keppel back again!"

I had strength enough to exclaim I had seen an elephant, which caused a roar of laughter. They declared I must have come across a rogue detached from the herd.

Soon refreshed, I stated that I must start again for the harbour. The good Adjutant, John Edward Bull, kindly lent me his horse. I described the place where I had left the elephant, and as they did not think he would have moved far, my friends decided to try a shot at him. Unfortunately, on examining the ammunition, they found themselves prepared for snipe only.

I then asked for a convoy. The whole party turned out, and two coolies were told off to keep a hundred yards in advance.

We found the elephant where I left him. He charged the coolies, who plunged into the lake, re-landing in the jungle; the elephant disappeared. The party returned to the rest-house, while I went on my way.

Before sighting the advance, my nerves got another shock. I heard a crash through the jungle. It was no use retreating. A glimpse of daylight broke from

above, showing a troop of a thousand monkeys, jumping in a westerly direction along the upper branches of the jungle bushes. On discerning me chattering increased. 1832.

A boat, nearer the *Magicienne* than the dockyard, was waiting for me.

Back in my cabin, I felt how much I needed rest and quiet.

Sailed with *Crocodile*, but, to keep company with our senior while off the wind, we had to lower topsails on the cap. April 21.

We arrived at Madras Roads. April 24.

Madras is an open roadstead, safe only during the westerly monsoon. Surf always breaking on the beach. Communication with the shore only by native boats, called *masúlas*. These curious boats are built of mango-wood, caulked with straw and sewn together with cocoanut fibre. Their length is about thirty feet, by ten broad, with a depth of seven or eight feet. They are propelled by oars with round, flat ends. The crew consists of a dozen natives and a *tindal*, who steers, and leads the song, which, discordant though it is, is a help in the movement of the boat; the time depends on the rate of the surf.

Letters, called *chits*, are conveyed by naked natives in catamarans—three misshapen logs lashed together by *rôtans*, and propelled through, not over, the waves. Sharks, too, were in close attendance—apparently for company only.

The changes of monsoon, in May and October, are often accompanied by hurricanes.

I always thought the East Indies the pleasantest of stations while governed by the good old John Company. Their liberality was unbounded. Such a thing as an hotel or lodging-house was not to be

1832. found. On your landing at either of the Presidencies, coolies were in waiting, and there was almost a fight between the *daibashes* as to who should get possession of your portmanteau; while yourself was carried off in a palanquin on the shoulders of four dark coolies, who bore you in triumph to their master's house.

Such were our princely merchants. The liberality of John Company exceeded everything. Not only was a commissioned officer's pay doubled—it was called *batta*—but the Company kept houses furnished at all stations to which a man-of-war could go. Servants, plate, and linen were found. The cooking, too! Such curries as I had never even dreamed of!

Tiffin appeared to be the meal of the day, in which the gentler sex joined. Bass's pale ale, and claret, cooled by saltpetre, were the rival drinks.

Perry, Dare and Co. were the Navy agents, who were second to none in hospitality.

News had reached Madras of fresh disturbances at Nanning, on the Malay Peninsula. We sailed.

May 14. Anchored at Nancowry Harbour, one of the Nicobar Group, sailing following day.

May 19. Arrived at Penang; remained only long enough to take in stores and freight for service. Penang was notorious at this time for fever, which attacked the young men most severely: few under thirty recovered.

June 6. We anchored off Malacca, some distance from the shore, owing to the shallowness of the water, which caused an unpleasant rolling motion.

The authorities sat in council on our arrival. John Company had had trouble with different chiefs. In 1830 the Rajah of Nanning, Dool Sayd, was in

rebellion, in which he was abetted by neighbouring petty chiefs. He had then seized territory adjoining our settlement of Malacca. 1832.

The following year the Company despatched a force of 5000 men. It was not successful, and they had to retire on Malacca, leaving two six-pounder brass guns in the jungle.

The province of Nanning, distant from the coast, was only reached by river. Authorities decided that, while the troops prepared to advance by land, our boats were to blockade the rivers Lingghi, Moowar, and Kissang, embracing some sixty miles of coast.

Here is the copy of my first order :

"By James Hanway Plumridge, Esq.
Capt. of His Majesty's Ship *Magicienne*, and
Senior Officer, Malacca.

The Government having resolved upon the blockading the rivers Lingy, Moowar, and Kissang, and issued proclamation thereof.

You are hereby required and directed after visiting the boats named in the margin and taking care to see they are provided with arms, ammunition, stores, and provisions for eight days for their several crews, to proceed to the entrance of the Moowar river and there remain till further orders.

Should boats persist in endeavouring to force their way down, or do not return without gunshot, you will detain them, landing their guns on shore except the person in charge, and send their boats to Malacca. All proas and boats are in the first instance to be warned off, and informed the river is under blockade both ways ; and it is my direction that you use all the diligence and means in your power to keep the said river in a complete and effectual state of blockade.

I rely on your forbearance and vigilance in the execution of these duties, and have little doubt you will acquit your-

1832. self as much to my satisfaction as when last on detached service.

Given under my hand on board His Majesty's Ship *Magicienne* at Malacca this 10th day of June 1832.

(Signed) HANWAY PLUMRIDGE, Capt.

To Lieutenant the Honble. Henry Keppel,
of His Majesty's Ship *Magicienne*."

I felt much interest in this small expedition. My force consisted of the *Diamond*, hired schooner, mounting four noisy brass guns; she also carried a four-oared gig for my particular use. Besides this, there was a schooner-rigged pinnace and seven man-of-war boats. We were attended from Malacca by a mixture of Dutch, Portuguese, and Malays, in various floating craft.

A larger river, the Lingghi, to the eastward, was commanded by Hutton. The line of coast blockaded extended sixty miles. Before taking up my blockading position, we had a ceremonious visit to pay the chief whose rivers we were about to occupy.

The Rajah of Moowar was a loyal adherent of the Government, but he was without the power to prevent the munitions of war passing into the Nanning territory.

From the ship, although some way off, I was enabled to obtain assistance to make a suitable display on presenting the official letter, as well as the sword which had been added.

The palace, like most Malay buildings, projected into the water, where it is supported on piles, and shaded by *kadjangs*. The blockading fleet was anchored opposite, in line. A Malay royal salute consists of 3 guns only, but unluckily there is no limit to the number of salutes.

The senior mid, Mr. D. B. Bedford, an intelligent

youth, undertook the office of master of ceremonies, and appointed himself to carry the colours, while I was of too great importance to do any more than I could help! We landed from a procession of boats: a Marine officer, Lieutenant Ford, and myself bringing up the rear. 1832.

A high-caste Malay is never in a hurry. The important part of the ceremony, to them, consisted in the length of time they could keep us waiting. *I* considered myself second only to the Rajah in importance; but it was evident that I was eclipsed by Lieutenant Ford, of the Royal Marines, in his red coat and tall feather.

After a time, by a side-opening, there appeared a yellow-silk canopy supported on poles, which sheltered His Highness. He wore a red-and-green handkerchief round his head, with a corner sticking up. His legs well through dark-red trousers, a Highland-looking sarong, and a beautiful gold-embroidered *kris* inlaid with precious stones, stuck in his waist.

After shaking of hands and a palaver through interpreters, the letter was presented, amid the cheers of the *fleet!* and salutes from the brass guns. The same was repeated when the sword was delivered. Coffee and sweetmeats were carried by ladies of the harem.

Here my assistants showed symptoms of weariness. I noticed that the Rajah flinched as each gun went off. Wanting to accelerate the departure of the kind assistance I had received from the ship, which was over twenty miles off, I ordered another salute to be fired. The good Rajah became very anxious that I should be informed that the reply to the letter would be forwarded without delay to the "General of the Honourable Company" at Malacca.

A Royal Salute.

As I saw he began to look really ill, I let him off the last salute, and thus concluded the ceremony. 1832.

My friends from the *Magicienne* came on board the *Diamond*, where I had prepared a blow-out of chickens boiled in pea-soup and onions, to be washed down by Bass's pale ale, to which they did ample justice. They then departed, leaving me alone in my glory.

Presentation of the letter and sword to the Rajah over, and my assistants from the ship not in sight, I arranged my small fleet. By a convenient bend of the river, we could move to a position out of sight of the palace. Bedford in pinnace, and two native boats, armed, carrying eight men each, had to blockade the mouth of the Kissang, keeping a good look-out for signals.

The *Diamond* lay nearer the western side of the Moowar, with a war-boat at a respectable distance ahead and another astern of her. The other seven boats formed a line nearer the eastern shore, just within hail of one another, leaving an open space in the middle of the river for prizes. To each boat was attached a canoe, which of course was the "Captain's gig." The whole was arranged in less than an hour, when I was glad to get back to the *Diamond*.

I had an interpreter who likewise played the fiddle, a good native curry cook, my gig's crew and three Royal Marines for sentries, a corporal who did officer. The company of midshipmen commanding boats could be obtained by signal.

Quiet as the jungle was by day, with its savage inhabitants, we were little prepared for their midnight carousals, when they came to wash their mouths out. The first roar sounded so loud, while I was

1832. dreaming, that I fancied my *Diamond* had been carried by boarding, and that my reign was over, ere it had well begun.

The following day the Rajah granted an audience. I took my coxswain and interpreter only. Nothing could have been nicer or more gentlemanlike. He was evidently a keen sportsman, but a spear more to his hand than a double barrel. He informed me that the jungle contained elephants, a few of them white; tigers and black panthers, buffaloes and wild cattle (*Bos gaurus*), large Samba deer, wild-pig, small bears, besides a variety of monkeys.

He presented me with a handsome spear, seven feet long. Below the blade there was a foot of wrought gold, very handsome; and then human hair, reddish, but whether natural or dyed I could not tell. By virtue of this royal spear I could demand anything. I have it now. Orders had already been given that nothing should be received without payment in full.

Being fond of a stroll with gun, coxswain carrying ammunition, I went for a short distance into the jungle. Observing on the top branch of a high tree,—some ninety feet from the ground, a round-looking lump, I fired. It fell; on my running up, a little monkey jumped from under. A large Brahmin kite, at a stoop, seized the child. A piece of wood at hand enabled me to throw near enough to cause the kite to drop it. The poor little thing ran for protection to the murderer of its mother. It was the first monkey I ever shot; needless to say, it was the last.

On board, we found it was badly hurt. The kite's talons had penetrated the skin; the wounds were dressed, and it was made over to the care of a kind mid, by name Glynn. But where the claws

had penetrated maggots bred : rum would not destroy them ; it was thought kinder to let the little thing get tipsy on sugar and rum, and when in a state of insensibility commit the little body to the deep. 1832.

The Rajah soon found out that I was fond of sport. He now took me in his state boat to a spot up the river towards the Rumbau range, which heads the Moowar.

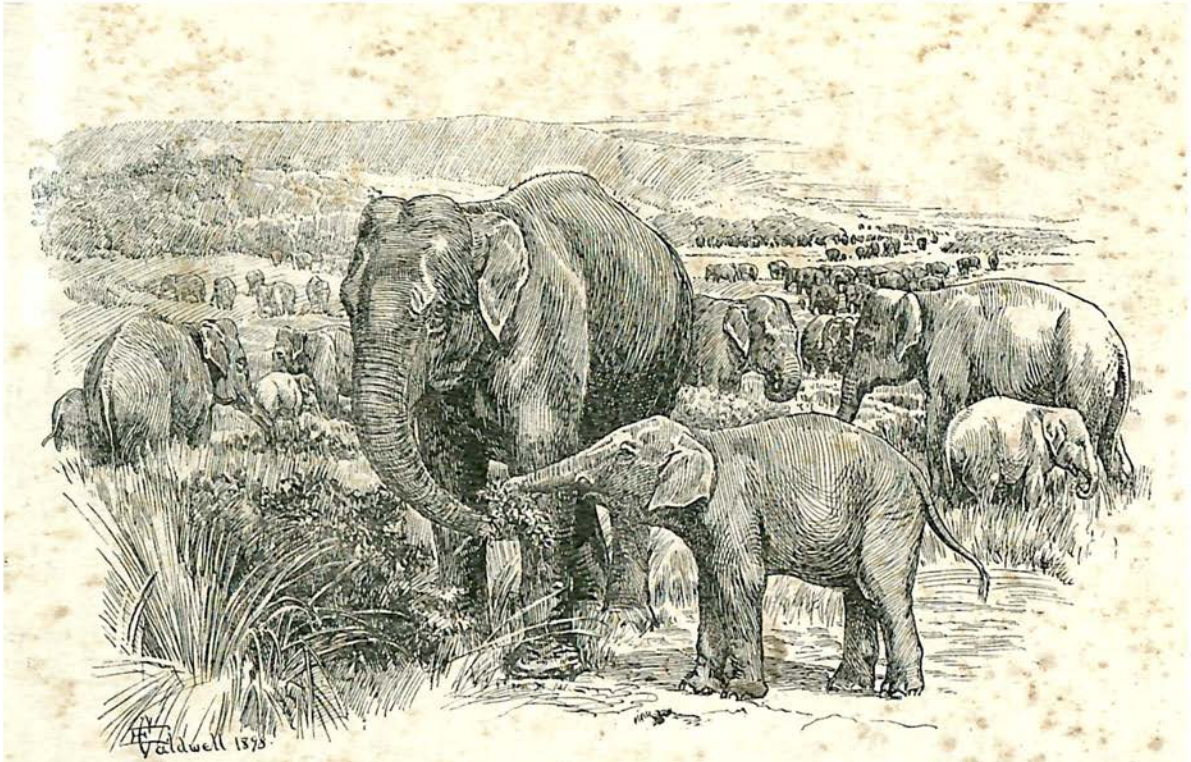
On landing, he led me to an opening, and, seated on a fallen tree, we saw at least five hundred elephants with young ones at foot, passing quietly through the low jungle, the elders breaking off the tender green shoots, and so feeding their young. The whole mass moved in a slow and solemn manner. The males were excluded. A sight that I shall never forget!

Dark quickly follows sunset.

Wishing to test the alertness observed on board my puny fleet, I sent secretly, beyond the bend of the river, a Malay with a cocoanut-oil lamp, to be placed with lighted wick so as to float down close to the bushes. The stream was running fresh.

About 9 P.M. heard the first hail; the second was July. followed by the report of a musket, and so repeated down the line. My imaginary enemy floated out to sea, the Chief having made no signal to chase. Soon all was quiet until the denizens of the jungle announced their thirst.

One morning the Rajah borrowed a three-pounder brass swivel he had noticed on board. An hour later I heard a report and started in the gig. It was a pull against stream and a scramble over deep marshy ground, which was worse for us than for Malay guides, which the Rajah had sent, knowing the report of the swivel would bring me.



Elephants with Young at Foot, Moowar Valley.

We found His Highness had had a climb. With the three-pounder swivel he had broken the near hind-leg of a female elephant just above the lower joint. As we came up the poor beast made a fresh attempt to escape. As the Rajah appeared to be indifferent, I thought it would be a mercy to put her out of misery. 1832.

In Ceylon, the vulnerable spot in the forehead had been pointed out to me. A rifle-shot put her out of misery. It was amusing to see the ease with which the young one, by a swing of the leg, turned over any one of the boat's crew who attempted to pass the painter over its head.

As morning broke, a refreshing rifle-shot was generally to be found by a sleeping alligator on the mud. If you hit him, he would slide into the river. I have often fancied they do not hear: within a couple of inches, I have struck rocks and mud without disturbing them.

During frequent excursions with the Rajah, I penetrated the domesticities of elephant life: guided by Malays to selected spots in the jungle. I have seen beds prepared of soft young branches, about three feet deep, neatly squared off like a well-made stable litter. This, it appears, is an attention paid by the male to his consort.

One evening, observing from the *Diamond* a huge alligator asleep on the mud, some distance up the opposite shore, I embarked with one Malay lad in a small canoe, and paddled up-stream far up on the opposite bank, hoping to drop down in time with the tide, to get a shot that might take effect.

On reaching the place, I found marks which showed he had slid off the bank. I had given up all hopes of him, and was plunging my steering, pointed,

Blue-jackets in Chase.

paddle deep into the water. It struck something hard, and I found the alligator directly under the canoe; his head appeared under the port-bow, his tail lashing the water, covering myself and native boy with mud. Why the brute did not capsize us and make a meal, I cannot imagine, for the canoe was balanced athwart his back. I believe he was more startled, if possible, than we were. 1832.

A few days after this little ruse, I received information from the Rajah that a large prahu was running a cargo in the jungle, two miles to the southward of the entrance to the Moowar. The boats of the squadron were getting ready, while I, with the interpreter and a double-barrelled rifle, started at once to seaward, and found a large trading-boat endeavouring to make sail. As soon as I got within reach, a ball from my rifle caused both sails to be lowered. By this time she had opened the mouth of the river: there was no further trouble. The interpreter pointed out her berth in the centre of the river.

The Nanning war was now over, the Company had recovered their guns, and the natives glad to come to any terms. The blockading squadron was recalled to the ship. This expedition, which I thoroughly enjoyed, lasted from June 10 to August 23.

A few days after I rejoined the ship a boat came alongside, with the young elephant on board, and messengers from the Rajah asking me to accept it as a parting gift. Needless to say, it was a present my smart Captain would not permit me to accept.

I was sorry to part with my good friend the Rajah. So persuaded was he of my merits, that he solemnly offered me the hand of his daughter in marriage, on condition that I would become his heir

1832. and succeed him on the throne of Moowar. It was no idle jest. His Highness wrote officially to the Powers at Penang, and for some years the document was to be seen in the Government offices.

I have endeavoured to obtain a copy of this flattering proposal; but the lapse of time, the changes of administration in the affairs of the Straits Settlements, to say nothing of the ravages of white ants, preclude my presenting it to my readers.

CHAPTER X

THE *MAGICIENNE*

WE next had a pretty run down the Straits; sky sails and royal studding sails, passing everything, opium clippers included. 1832. Sept.

Arrived at Singapore, where Robert Ibbetson was Resident; should like to have remained longer at this charming place, but my turn came later. Sept. 5.

On October 1 we were threading our way through this "sea of islands," leadsman in the chains, heading for Batavia. Mr. George Bonham, a member of the Government, was the guest of our Captain, who fancied he could not bear the smell of tobacco.

It was my first watch. Bonham, who could not sleep, about six bells came to me in his distress. The Straits were subject to squalls. I bid the Quartermaster "put the Captain's skylight on," and then told Bonham he might fire away. By the time his cigar was finished, the "*threatened*" squall had passed, and the Captain allowed to breathe freely.

We landed Mr. Bonham at Batavia, and sailed next day, saluting the Dutch flag. Sept. 8.

At midnight we hailed the United States corvette *Peacock*. He was at quarters, clear for action. Sept. 10.

Having passed through the Straits of Sunda, arrived at Trincomalee October 3. Oct. 3.

1832. We had no night elephant-shooting this time, but much fun in company of the Highland Regiment.

Oct. 15. Sailed for Madras. Five days after, during the middle watch, we fell in with the *Lady Flora*, General Sir Frederick Adam, the newly-appointed Governor, on board. Our Captain, doing the civil, sent me with an offer to convey despatches to Madras.

As no one of importance was likely to be out of his cot, I went in night-watch costume and delivered the message. Considering that we were within a hundred miles of the anchorage, the Captain did not seem to take the offer as any compliment to his *Lady Flora;* nevertheless, he caused a jar of preserved ginger to be put in the boat as a contribution to the "midshipmen's mess."

Oct. 23. We arrived at Madras.

Oct. 25. Two days after, on attending my Captain at the Governor's levée, Ford, the Captain of the *Lady Flora*, was astonished to see the mid to whom he had given the ginger, wearing epaulettes. It was my good-fortune to be able to make the acquaintance of another of Wellington's Generals, and one so distinguished, too, at Waterloo. It was some years after before the K.C.B. and K.C.M.G., well-earned decorations, were bestowed. The General strongly resembled his brother Charles, at this time Rear-Admiral of the White.

Sir Frederick Adam relieved the Right Hon. Stephen Lushington as Governor.

The houses allotted the naval officers by the Company were on the Mount Road, a charming promenade. I had a kinsman in Henry, another son of Dean Garnier. He belonged to a Madras cavalry regiment, but just now had command of the Governor's bodyguard. The horses were thorough-

bred Arabs, beautiful to look at, but dangerous to play with. Nevertheless, after galloping home from a morning ride, dismounting, and hungry for breakfast, these same horses, deprived of saddle and bridle, would walk into the bungalow, and eat bread from our hands. 1832.

On the Mount Road, near a native hut, between which and the road, was an elephant, lamed from having trodden on a glass bottle. It was attended by a native vet. Before any one knew that the vet was approaching, he would commence a melancholy moan, and swing his huge limb backwards and forwards until the dressing was commenced. This little game was repeated daily while we were there.

We sailed from Madras, and amused ourselves at sea until 24th, when we arrived at Penang, a gem of an island. Nov. 3.

During our first visit the war with Nanning engrossed all our time; thus, we were unable to spend any time on shore, or explore its beauties. The road by the coast is shaded by a succession of the prettiest and coolest-looking bungalows. After business hours some officials retire to the luxuriously cool Government houses on the heights.

At the foot of the hill is a refreshing waterfall; just at the angle where you turn off among the shady forest trees on the path ascending to the Government buildings. The view from the top is perfection. On one side is Sumatra, with its Acheen Head to the north-west; on the other, the Peninsula, stretching away south to Singapore. On the ruins of a fort there was an old, long brass gun with the arms of Queen Anne. A strait of one mile and a half separates Penang from the Malay Peninsula. Tigers and alligators common on both sides. There

1832. was more than one instance of a tiger clinging at night to the accommodation ladder of a trader for rest, when tides were fresh.

Malacca, Dec. 1. Anchored at Malacca, an interesting old Dutch place. The Stadt House, where the Resident lived, was built on a low hill facing the sea, and beautifully cool. The first-floor was approached by a carved ebony staircase.

A little further to the southward, on a higher hill, stands the old Church of Notre Dame del Monte, in which St. Francis Xavier had preached. Lower down are the remains of the city wall, with the Dutch arms still clinging to it.

Malacca is one of the oldest settlements in the East. Captured by the English in 1795, restored in 1818, and finally ceded to England in exchange for Sumatra in 1824, which may account for the Queen Anne gun at Acheen Head.

Dec. 21. Returned to Madras.

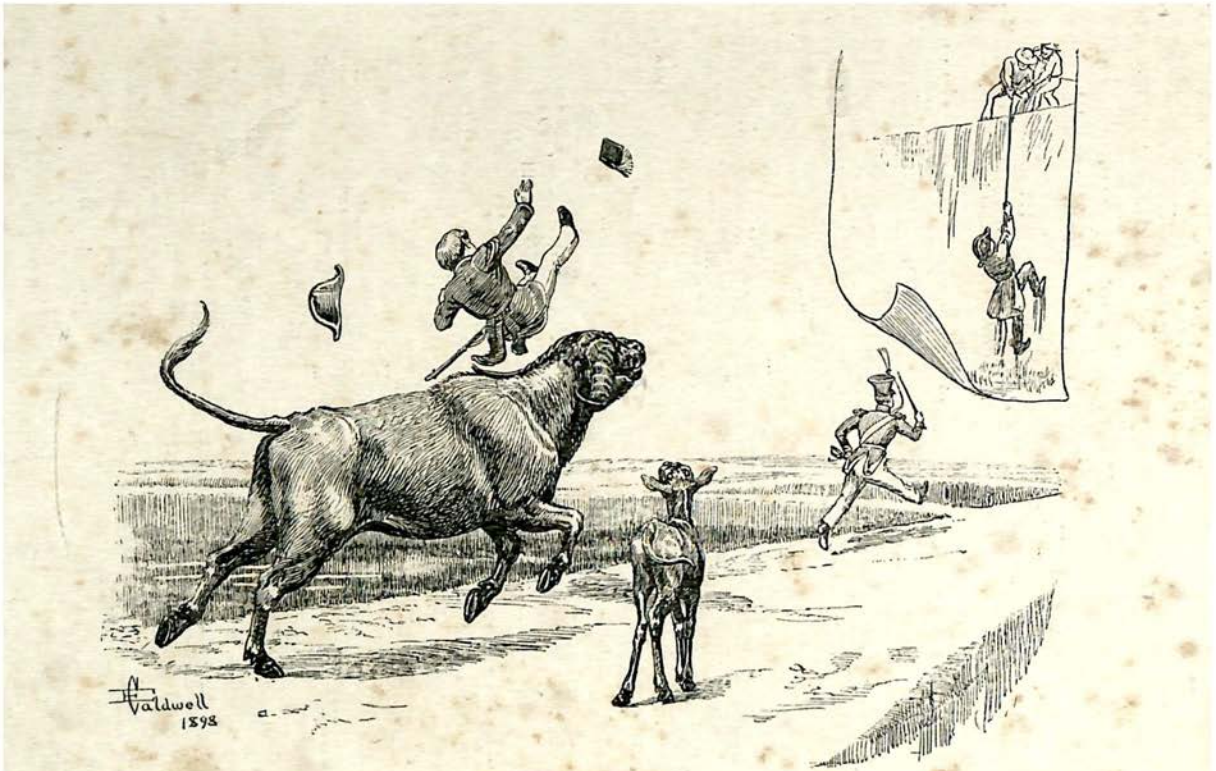
1833. January. Cannot call our first cruise this new year one of pleasure. It was in search of an imaginary shoal, supposed to have been discovered by *Melville*, 74, flagship, in 17° 16′ north latitude, and 85° 57′ east longitude. We kept deep-sea leads going in the chains, as well as in pinnace and launch, on either side with one hundred fathoms of line. Gave it up at end of ten days. It reminded me of Jack's rhyme:

> Six days you shall work as hard as you are able,
> On the seventh, holy stone decks and black the chain cable.

Jan. 26. Returned to Madras, where we remained until end of the month.

Jan. 31. We sailed for Calcutta.

Feb. 10. Came to off the Sandheads. Interesting to see



Returning from the Funeral.

1833. the pains taken by the gentleman-like pilots. Quartermasters were no longer trusted; our lead-lines marked by themselves to feet instead of fathoms, with their own leadsmen in the chains.

George Malthers, Royal Marine, died.

Feb. 11. The Marine officer, Lieutenant Ford, no relation to the Captain of the *Lady Flora*, and myself were sent to Diamond Harbour to bury the deceased.

Poor Ford was not young. His commission on entering the service as Lieutenant, the rank he now held, was dated the year in which I was born; he was, moreover, lame from gout.

We landed at what was called the rest-house. There were rest-houses all over the Company's dominions, and I believe are still. The burial-ground was over a mile away.

The country for some distance was divided into pâdi-fields by embankments some twelve feet high, thence, into squares about twenty feet broad, extending for miles. The young pâdi was just beginning to rise from its bed of mud.

On our return, walking slowly with Ford, having just passed a buffalo cow, we came to a pretty little calf, which I patted on the back. All at once I heard a snort, and the next moment I was in the air,—cocked hat, sword, Prayer-book flying in all directions; myself descending to the pâdi-field, which held an additional four feet of mud.

Boat's crew and firing-party came up with a rush. The ropes that lowered the coffin to the depths of its grave came in handy to raise me to the surface. On coming to the top, I saw nothing of the cow, calf, or poor old Ford. On board he had, of course, a capital story to tell.

CHAPTER XI

THE *MAGICIENNE*

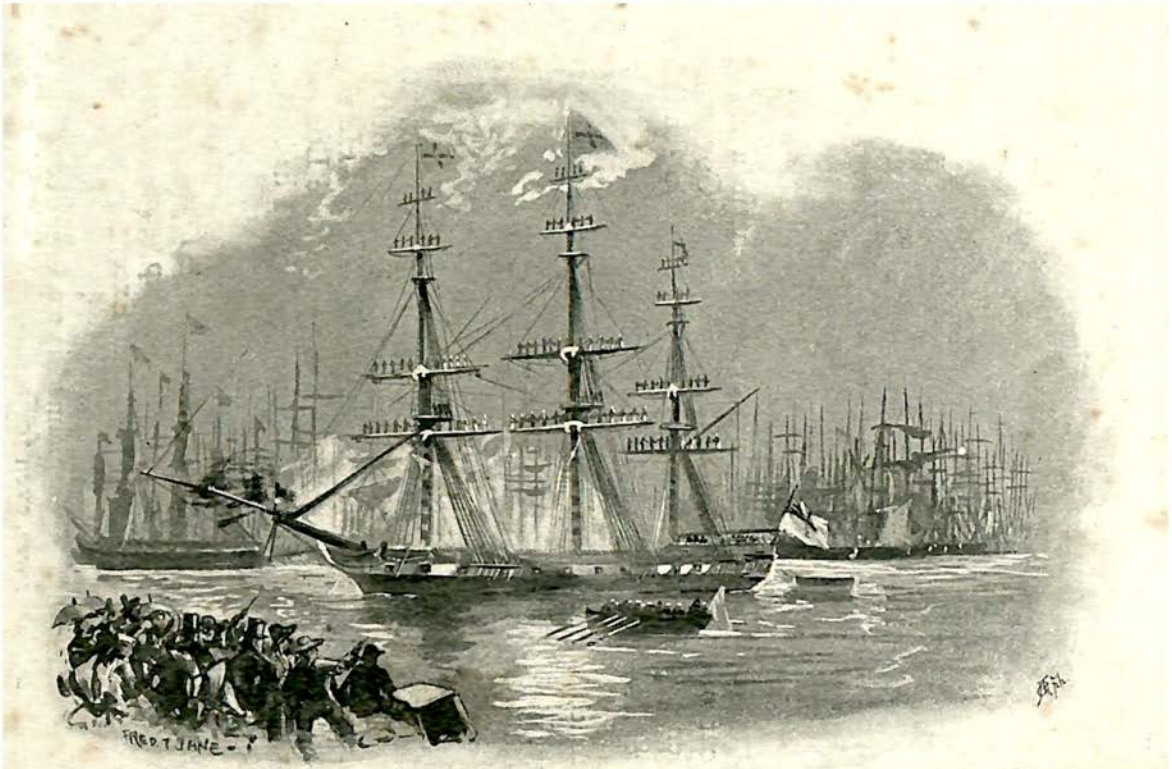
ON return from the funeral I was sent in a native boat to Calcutta, with a despatch to the Governor-General. It was slow work against stream, and at night very cold, for which I was unprepared. 1833. Feb. 11.

However, I arrived the following morning, and landed at the Shampur ghât. A palanquin conveyed me to Government House. Lord William Cavendish Bentinck was well known; twenty years previously he had been Governor of Madras. Feb. 12.

I was not kept long. Instead of finding myself ushered into the presence of a potentate with twenty A.D.C.'s, I found His Excellency in plain clothes: his only companion, a parrot on his finger. He was kindness itself. I had been but little in the London world, but he seemed to know everybody I had seen, or even heard of.

The ship arrived in the afternoon, and anchored off the esplanade. Although many fine Indiamen and larger ships were here, nothing came up to *Magicienne* in appearance. In due time His Excellency paid an official visit.

A salute with yards manned is a pretty sight, and our *Magicienne* was, even for a man-of-war, unusually *taunt*, and on shore attracted a large concourse. The



Magicienne at Calcutta.

Hooghly was not a bright and limpid stream. Of a morning we often had to clear our hawse of dark bodies, hardly visible from the darker mud. 1833. Calcutta.

Quarters were provided for officers in Fort William. The ancient one, in which was the famous Black Hole, was two miles farther up the river.

We were kindly invited by H. E. to Barrackpore. But it was the height of the season, balls, pig-sticking, parties, picnics, and private theatricals going on.

The hunt meet at Dum-Dum (five miles from Calcutta) I could not resist. There was an extensive horse establishment, from which I obtained a horse. I was never without a correct get-up, and, weighing something under nine stone, was frequently offered a mount.

My hunter, from Mr. Cook's establishment, sent on, I drove in a buggy, syce seated on the step. It was a bright and cheery meet. Jackals were hunted instead of foxes, the latter being small, and not so fast. March.

I was welcomed as an old sportsman. A find and a cheery "gone away," my horse inclined towards a wood on the right. He jumped a small nullah against my will; the bit broke at the joint. My next recollection was from a bed in Fort William, with my Captain and officers of both services standing round.

I soon recovered senses, but for some days was told to keep quiet. It appears that my mount, after taking me across the nullah, bolted for the wood, and my head striking a bough, brought me to the ground.

The Tent Club had been kind enough to make me an honorary member. After some days' quiet enjoyment at Barrackpore, I returned to the city. On my

1833. Calcutta.

promising proper behaviour, I joined a small party. Stopford, a merchant, was one. He was so like the Admiral, and naval relatives of that name, I cottoned to him at once.

On approaching the ground, we came on thirteen or fourteen elephants tethered in regular order, with their attendants. Beyond were marquees, arranged and fitted with every comfort of bed and baths that a sportsman could wish.

A large mess marquee stood out by itself, with passages for cooks and attendants, and piles of ice, (brought to Calcutta by American ships).

The country was open, with patches of jungle three or four acres in extent. Our horses were tethered in the rear in such places as suited the syces.

The dinner alone was worth all I had yet seen: every luxury of soups; capons as big as turkeys, curries equal to those at Madras. Drinks of champagne and claret, but nothing appeared in greater demand than Bass's pale ale. Ices in every form: stories and songs till the small hours, when the elders made a move.

I was in a sound sleep, when the yells of jackals close by caused me to jump up and seize my gun. As I got outside, voices called out: "You can't fire without hitting some one!"

The procession to the jungle was quiet and decorous. After the elephants, guided by their mahouts, who were also provided with crackers, had entered the jungle, you could distinctly hear the boar sharpening his tusks.

The pig-stickers separated into pairs. Where a hog broke, the nearest took up the running; the second followed close for turn and first spear.

The spear at Calcutta was carried perpendicularly,

point down. I mention this, as, I believe, in Bombay the spear is carried under the arm. 1833.

I witnessed this noble sport for a couple of days, without being able to join in it.

We were towed down the Hooghly by the *Enterprise* steamer. Mar. 11.

Anchored off Malacca. April 3.

Came to in Singapore Roads. It was curious to find almost every European down with influenza, and that within three degrees of the equator! Singapore, April 4.

Our ships suffered, and several officers and men were invalided. (In connection with this epidemic, it is of interest to note that the disease was as universal as it has been in the latter part of this century. 1833 was the great year of influenza in Europe, and although communication was slow and infrequent, yet the disease travelled with the same rapid defiance of distance as it does now—an argument in favour of this mysterious malady being disseminated by atmospheric influences.) April 6.

Put to sea without delay, taking with us *Alligator*, *Wolf*, and *Harrier*. April 23.

We proceeded by Anjer Roads to Trincomalee, thence to Madras, where we arrived the end of the month. May 7.

At sunset we were again running for Trincomalee under all sail. The wind strong enough to enable us to stem a two-knot current. May 23.

At 10 P.M., just as the Captain came on deck, the breeze freshened and veered to the starboard quarter. He turned the hands up, "Bring ship to an anchor."

At 11 P.M. we shortened sail and came to. We were considered smart at all sail work, Hutton managing, while yards were square, the starboard, and I the port, side.

1833. Trincomalee. On the present occasion, the boatswain neglected to see the port fore-tack properly overhauled. The consequence was that the clew on Hutton's side reached the quarter of the yard a few seconds before that on my side!

It was near midnight, sails furled and yards square. The Captain sent for me to inquire why the port clew was not up at the same time as that on starboard side. I told him that neither sheet nor tack had been overhauled. He sent for the boatswain, who stated that he had overhauled both with his own "'and."

The Captain addressed me, drawing my attention to the undoubted fact, on which I expressed an opinion that my word was as good as the boatswain's. I was ordered to my cabin, under arrest. Everybody appeared to be out of sorts, and, as it would have been my middle watch, I was not sorry to turn in. The ship was soon refitted.

May 29. Sailed for Madras; arrived 31st.

Madras, June. On June 4 a mail from England arrived. The first down to my cabin to congratulate me on promotion was the Captain. How the receipt of good news alters people's feelings! We were "brothers"; half an hour earlier I could have done him an injury. I got a hearty welcome to share generous John Company's Naval House on the Mount Road. I scarcely knew my own self.

My commission as Commander was dated January 30, five months before I heard of it. We had carousals on shore, and I heard after at some dinner-party Hutton had sung his then famous song "John's ale was new." On a remark of mine, he bet me £5 that he would not sing it again while the *Magicienne* was in commission.

The ship was ordered to Calcutta, and the Captain had no authority to discharge me. I therefore proposed that, after having seen him off, I should write a despatch, stating that, having been promoted, and finding a homeward-bound free-trader in the roads, I had taken passage to England. 1833.

Magicienne sailed at daylight for Calcutta. For the first time I was my own master. June 10.

The Navy agents secured my passage. I passed most of the time with my young kinsman, Henry Garnier, a Cornet in the 4th Light Cavalry, who, in his turn, was much with Colonel Charles Macleane and that charming family, in which was one particularly handsome daughter. A fortnight passed rapidly and pleasantly, riding or tandem-driving.

When I came to embark, I found that these kind, experienced friends had sent me two chests, each containing six dozen bottles of pure water, which was far more useful and grateful than the same amount of champagne would have been. These chests the chief officer kindly stowed conveniently for me.

We sailed in *Claudine*. There were an agreeable set of passengers. We sat down eighteen to dinner. June 26.

Arrived in Table Bay. We were startled, on running in, at seeing within half a cable's length ahead a small flag flying on what appeared to be a rock, but proved to be a dead whale, the flag marking the owner. Table Bay, Aug. 15.

I had here a week of real enjoyment, visiting with my old friends, besides getting two capital days' hunting. On both occasions I was awarded a brush.

Sailed. Aug. 22.

At sunset landed with the other passengers by pilot vessel at Portsmouth—one hundred and seventeen days from Madras. Oct. 20.

CHAPTER XII

England

1833. At what time of the year is England not enjoyable!

October. My father had taken 12 Berkeley Square, which had an excellent dining-room. He had also the Stud House in the Home Park. My kind host of many years, the Duke of Sussex, was on a visit to Lord Dinorben.

Oct. 25. An invitation from Colonel and Mrs. Grey—she was a sister of Lady Dinorben—and an offer of mounts, besides the probability of meeting my father, decided me on going to Brighton. I found the Greys such a bright and cheery family.

On our returning, after my first day with the harriers, Colonel Grey spotted royal outriders. We had only time to pull up and off hats when the King passed.

On getting home, I found an invitation to dine at the Pavilion, where I was glad to meet my father, who seemed to enjoy his active life. There were fine buildings in Calcutta, but the Pavilion beat them.

Both Majesties were present. They must have noticed my nervousness, and were kind in proportion.

The dining-hall was a magnificent room. High up in each corner were huge golden dragons that

appeared to float, but how supported I could not 1833.
make out.

As my kind host and hostess showed no signs of being bored, and my mounts appeared rather to improve, I held on to my comfortable quarters.

One morning, when strolling near the Pavilion, I Nov.
observed His Majesty at the front-door, wrapped up for a drive, probably to enjoy the open downs. I disappeared behind a projection from which I could not retreat.

After a few minutes the carriage drove up, coachman in plain clothes, no other servant. Before His Majesty got in, he addressed the coachman in strong naval language. The man showed no more symptoms of vitality than if he were a coat stuffed with straw.

The King, after more nautical expressions, shook his fist, and told the coachman that he would report him to the Master of the Horse—a threat His Majesty did not carry out.

Although the Duke of Sussex had recently returned to London, he was too fond of shooting to miss a good day at Holkham, where a party had assembled —woodcocks in plenty—and I accompanied him.

Beyond the hour and place of meet, there was no particular arrangement.

I was in the carriage with the Duke, and a good deal of firing was going on when we arrived at the covert side.

His Royal Highness had a new shooting-coat, with pockets enough to hold many birds. While getting out of the carriage, a shower of shot descended on the Prince's hat and coat. He was excited, and seemed anxious to find out who the culprit was.

Luckily, I had not left the carriage, but my Nov. 2

1833. nephew, Archie MacDonald, was not far off, and it was in vain he tried to assure His Royal Highness that his gun had not been fired.

Fox Maul,[1] an old Holkham favourite, forced his way out of the covert, and addressed the Duke to the effect that Archie was very nervous, and felt severely his rebuke, at the same time expressing how grateful he should feel if His Royal Highness took no further notice of the peppering he received, Fox Maul being the real culprit.

Among the guests I remember the following: Lord and Lady Tavistock, Earls Jermyn and Talbot, Lord and Lady Braybrooke, Lord and Lady Suffield, Sir Ronald Ferguson, Sir Charles Clarke the famous doctor, Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope.

1834. January. On the return of the Duke from a short visit to Lord Lichfield, I again joined him, and towards the end of the month left for Kinmel, where we remained during Christmas and New Year, returning to London on January 24.

It would be possible to fill a volume of shore reminiscences, but as I am writing the life of a sailor, much that might be interesting must be omitted.

October. Until the opening of the London season, their Majesties held Court at Brighton. Almack's balls were held there from October till February, and the Grenadier Guards gave balls at the Albion.

Feb. The Court having removed to London, I attended the first levee at St. James's on February 21. Taking advantage of the entrée accorded my father (the rules being less strict than now), I was able to converse with Prince Talleyrand, getting old, with gray hair falling over his shoulders. Among the leaders

[1] Afterwards Lord Panmure.

of fashion were Count D'Orsay and my kinsman, Tom Anson. 1834.

The Stud House suited my father; he was fond of dogs, and Berkeley Square did not afford sufficient exercise. March.

Hampton Court was close by. The family of Admiral Sir George Seymour occupied the southern wing of the Palace. Although Sir George had led a sailor's life from boyhood, there was no more aristocratic-looking man in the peerage. I had his biography by heart.

It was as a Lieutenant on board Rear-Admiral Cochrane's ship, the *Northumberland*, 74, February 6, 1806, in the action off St. Domingo, that a grape shot carried away several teeth. The wound, instead of disfiguring, rather added interest to his handsome face. Sir George married, 1811, Georgina Mary, second daughter of Admiral Hon. Sir George Berkeley. I frequently dined and enjoyed much pleasant intercourse with the family.

His Majesty, with a large party, came from Windsor to inspect the stud and paddocks at Hampton Court. The Master of the Horse had no difficulty in finding me a mount. It was a fine day, and everybody enjoyed himself. Mar. 10.

On entering the gates, the King addressed the keeper by saying: "Mr. Worley, Eclipse, you and I were born in the same year." Whether perfectly correct or not, the compliment was the same, and pleased everybody.

His Majesty held a levee. I was fond of these ceremonies, and accompanied the Master of the Horse where I might. Mar. 12.

Almack's balls were removed from Brighton to Willis's Rooms, St. James's. April 17.

1834. May. The Maynard family from Paris created a sensation. They were not only uncommonly handsome, but peculiar. They had a brother in the Blues, whose friendship I established; but in the middle of my little game I found myself appointed to the command of the *Childers*, 16, which my brother-in-law, Harry Stephenson, had obtained for me through his friend the Hon. George Dundas, a Sea Lord. One of the signatures to my appointment was that of Sir Thomas Hardy. I think my kind patron felt the wrong he had done His Majesty's service, as he recommended my not appearing at the Admiralty, and, as the Board were kind enough to allow me to nominate the commissioned officers, there was no occasion to go there.

May 17. Sir James Graham presented me at the levée on my appointment to the *Childers*.

CHAPTER XIII

THE *CHILDERS* BRIG

THE *Childers* brig was lying in dock at Portsmouth. 1834. May.

The First Lieutenant, George Goldsmith, had been serving in the *Madagascar* frigate, under that distinguished officer, the Hon. Sir Robert Spencer, who was succeeded by another equally good Captain, Edmund Lyons.

The Second Lieutenant, Grey Skipwith, was just promoted out of the *Royal George* yacht—a smart fellow in every way, son of a grand old sporting baronet, who lived at Newbold Hall, Warwickshire.

Jonas Coaker, my old shipmate in the *Tweed*, was Master; a finer seaman never broke a biscuit.

Goldsmith and I found the brig in dock, but not afloat. A small staff, with a yard and a half of narrow bunting, was secured to the taffrail, and H.M.S. *Childers* declared to be in commission.

Reported the auspicious event to the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Thomas Williams, G.C.B., and afterwards to Sir F. L. Maitland, K.C.B., Admiral Superintendent.

The next step was a pole, with the Union Jack suspended out of the first-floor window of the Bedford-in-Chase, on the Hard.

"His Majesty's ship *Childers*' Rendezvous."

1834. Lost no time in issuing hand-bills to the following effect:—

"Wanted, Petty Officers and Able Seamen for His Majesty's ship *Childers*.
COMMANDER HENRY KEPPEL.
Now fitting for the Mediterranean Station.
N.B.—None but the RIGHT SORT need apply.

These were posted at all the large seaports.

I secured lodgings on the "Hard"; feeding was accomplished at the "Keppel's Head."

The Admiral Superintendent took great interest in the fitting-out, and kindly acceded to all my fancies. He selected the *Topaze* for use as a hulk, and substituted a tiller for the wheel. The brig was of great beam, giving spread for her rigging and stability to her spars. The figure-head was that of a horse, apparently with his lower jaw broken. This I gilded over, and on the bows of the boats had a representation of a horse winning the Derby. The ship was painted white inside, with green rails to hammock netting, port-cells black. My means of fitting out were small, but what worried me most was the average pound a day I had to pay for postage, while there was a ridiculous idea that persons would take offence if letters were prepaid. Crossing the Border cost an extra sixpence. My letters were chiefly from anxious parents.

June. Lord Yarborough, President of the Royal Yacht Squadron, took great interest in our fitting, and passed many an hour on board giving me useful hints. On Saturdays all Captains fitting-out were invited to his beautiful place at Apple-de-Coombe, in the Isle of Wight, to remain over Sunday. After church we went to his son's (Dudley Pelham) lovely place, St. Lawrence, on the South Coast.

Lord Yarborough kindly put my name down for ballot as an honorary member of the Yacht Squadron Club, on which list I may now boast of being the senior member. We were well and quickly manned. 1834.

Captain Charles Napier arrived at Spithead as a Portuguese Admiral, flying his flag in the *Duchess of Braganza*. Commander William Holt was ordered a passage to join *Scout*. July 10.

11.30 A.M.—Cast off from hulk and worked out to Spithead; saluted flag of Sir Frederick Maitland. July 28.

Weighed, and stood out of St. Helens. July 30.

Came to in Plymouth Sound 10 P.M.; saluted flag of Admiral Sir William Hargood. July 31.

5 A.M.—Weighed and made sail. My cabin was 9 feet from bulkhead to bulkhead, not leaving much room for the swing of cots. August 2.

Crossing the bay we were pitching, and, to make my guest more comfortable, I had the fore-top-gallant sail taken in. However, every now and then his cot struck both bulkheads.

I was thinking of shortening sail, when the sentry's bell rang: Holt sent for the officer of the watch, and ordered the main-topgallant sail to be taken in. But before the officer was clear of the door, I told him to keep fast the main, and to set the fore-topgallant sail, at which my *Childers* began to jump and plunge in a manner that caused me to think both bulkheads must be battened down.

If I have any shore-going readers, I should explain, though Holt was my senior by ten years, having no pennant flying, he could not dictate to me. When I was satisfied he was aware who commanded, I shortened sail. We were always good friends after.

Exchanged numbers with *Stag*, 46, commanded by Nicholas Lockyer, a character. August 5.

1834. Aug. 12. Arrived in Tangiers Roads, the dominion of the Emperor of Morocco, where I delivered despatches to the Consul-General, Mr. Edward Drummond, and then proceeded to Gibraltar, seeing for the first time the great fortified rock, of whose power one is unaware until exploring the numerous galleries and recesses containing heavy guns, most of them not seen from the sea. My time was so short that I was only able to write my name in the book of General, Earl of Chatham, at the Convent.

Aug. 28. Arrived at Malta 2 A.M., and, profiting by Goldsmith's experience, made fast to a buoy off the dockyard; on no occasion did we let go an anchor in that harbour.

Aug. 29. Saluted the flag of Admiral Superintendent Sir Thomas Briggs. Later on, passing my glass round the harbour, I descried, on a projecting balcony, the fair forms of Emma and Emily Hunn, now just out of their teens, their father, my earliest chief, being Port Captain. On landing I was received with a kind and hearty welcome.

Sept. 2. I was soon sent on to join the Commander-in-Chief, and sailed September 2..

Sept. 12. On the 12th we rounded Cape Karabonu. Not finding the fleet, ran on for Smyrna, where I found *Endymion*, Sir Samuel Roberts; *Mastiff*, *Beacon*, and the *Hind* cutter, which latter, being a slow sailer, was commonly called "The Behind."

At Smyrna communicated with Sir Samuel Roberts, who ordered me back to Vourla.

Sept. 13. On the morning of the 13th the fleet hove in sight. We saluted the flag of that gallant and distinguished man, Vice-Admiral Sir Josias Rowley, Bart., flying on board the *Caledonia*, 120, Captain T. Brown.

With the flag were five ships of the line the commissions of whose Captains were dated before I was born: The *Edinburgh*, 74, Captain Richard Dacres (January 1806); *Caledonia*, 120, Captain Thomas Brown (January 1802); *Thunderer*, 84, W. Wise (May 1806); *Canopus*, 84, Hon. Jos. Percy (September 1806); *Talavera*, 74, E. Chetham (October 1807). Of these, *Caledonia*, three-decker, was the most imposing. *Canopus* was a French ship, by far the handsomest, as well as the fastest sailer. She carried a glass star above the truck, which on a sunshiny day could be seen long before a vestige of the fleet. The *Edinburgh* was a fine ship. *Thunderer*, a finer, but last from England, and likely to be second to none. *Talavera*, not much to look at, but improving. *Malabar*, 74, Captain Sir William Montague, was away to the westward, a most comfortable and happy ship. The *Vernon*, 38, finest frigate in the world, and exceeding in beam any of the line-of-battle ships built by Sir William Symonds. *Tribune*, 24, razéed frigate. I did not think much of her or her Captain. *Volage*, 24, donkey frigate, with George Martin, the best of good fellows, as Captain. There were *Tyne*, 28, a good fellow as Captain, Lord Ingestre (was much with him later, on coast of Spain), and six smaller vessels, of which *Childers* was one, constantly on the move. 1834.

While lying here I was joined by a very smart youngster from the Naval College, Edward Rice.

While with the flag we were not allowed to be idle, and continued trials of rates of sailing on a wind. We held our own, as the *Childers* was quick in stays. This was great fun for a while. But we all knew that there was scarcely a bush on shore that did not hold a woodcock.

1834. October. Of course, there was rivalry throughout. *Caledonia* had the advantage of being chief, and knowing what next would be done. *Canopus* followed our style of paint, and looked perfection, but on our returning from a sea-voyage, *Edinburgh* and *Thunderer* were the first to hoist boom-boats out, and fill us smaller craft with stores, water, and provisions. Weighed and made sail, *Madagascar* in company. We beat her in short tacks working out of the bay.

Oct. 15. Came to in Lante Bay.

Oct. 19. A fresh steamer, the *Spitfire*, arrived with despatches; we sailed to rejoin the Admiral.

Oct. 24. Weighed at daylight, and worked for Vourla Bay. 1.30 P.M.—Came to in 11 fathoms in centre of the fleet.

Nov. 5. Weighed at daylight with *Scout*, *Columbine*, and *Medea* to try rates of sailing. *Scout* bound to Alexandria; being senior, and not able to keep up, gave us permission to part company at sunset.

Nov. 6. Just before sunset, coming on to blow from the northward, stood in between Augusta and Green Islands until jib-boom was over the land, and let go the anchor in 4 fathoms.

Columbine, following close, let go her anchor close on our starboard quarter, without finding bottom, and so drifted out to sea and deep water for the night, with bower cable out to the clinch to heave in.

Nov. 7. Weighed at daylight and joined the *Columbine*, who had been all night recovering her anchor.

Nov. 8. Came to in Vourla Bay, with a few days' comparative rest.

Nov. 10. Weighed in company with *Caledonia*, *Medea*, *and Columbine*, to try rate of sailing.

Nov. 27. Returned to Vourla Bay, and came to in 8

fathoms. Arrived *Malabar*, 74, Captain Sir William Montague. 1834.

It being necessary for me to write to the Admiral, found I could not avail myself of the services of the clerk, he having both his eyes stopped up by a promising young master's assistant, one William King Hall, called by his messmates Jacko. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families.

About this time some of the ships were short of the junior class of officers.

The *Talavera* had no midshipmen. I explained this little accident of my clerk's eyes to Captain Chetham, and with the consent of the kind chief, my friend Jacko was transferred to the *Talavera* with the superior rank of midshipman. From that position he raised himself to the highest rank. We were friends until his untimely end, and he has left two sons in the service who do credit to a parent, and a pretty, now married, daughter.

After joining flag, we had a week's quiet in Vourla Bay, which gave me an opportunity of improving my acquaintance with the Captains of the fleet, to say nothing of shooting. Plenty of hares and woodcock were to be found.

Sailed from Vourla Bay, charged with despatches. Nov. 29.

Arrived at Malta Harbour. We were not long there, being sent with stores and provisions for the *Favourite*. After men's dinner slipped from buoy, and the following afternoon came to in Tripoli Roads. In addition to *Favourite*, found French, Turkish, and Neapolitan ships of war. At sunset I had to follow the motions of my senior officer, and struck lower yards and topmasts. Dec. 8.

Next morning found civil affairs on shore not quite right. The late Pasha "Youssuf" Corromanli, Dec. 8.

1834. who had obtained possession of the Government by murdering his elder brother, and now, to save his own head, abdicated in favour of his son Ali, as great a scoundrel as himself, the rightful and legitimate heir being a son of an older brother of Ali's (since dead).

The majority of the people had chosen a fine fellow—one Emhammud—to be their Sovereign. While Ali held possession of the town, Emhammud had the country round, and the forts that flanked the roads.

Each party declared the other in a state of blockade, and expended much powder. Emhammud liked the English; Ali preferred the French. I visited both pretenders. The English Consul, Colonel Warrington, had two houses, one in the country. The town-house had had a shell burst inside it, and the roof was afterwards made bomb-proof.

Dec. 10. Having been informed by my friend Mundy that his gig, with flag flying, which had preceded me, was sufficient protection from both sides, I landed in my gig at a rickety pier to visit the Consul, when a round shot from the outside party cut the body of an honest trader in two. He was landing some innocent bit of cargo within five yards of where I stood. The victim was one of Ali's party, and his death caused much howling and lamentation from the top of the minarets.

Dec. 12. Saluted Colonel Warrington on his visiting the ship. Of my friend Mundy, as a whip, I did not think much; but when clear of the town the desert sands were level, and the date-fruit ripe. I took one of my smallest mids, Comber, with us to fill, or rather occupy, the back seat. On returning to the town, Mundy not allowing room enough, the off

wheel caught the corner of a wall, bringing the whole affair to grief. My middy, being light, cleared the opposite walk, and was landed in a seraglio garden while the ladies were taking their evening exercise. 1834.

Warrington had a wife and daughter, and was much respected; Comber was released without coming to further grief. Dec. 13.

Having received verbal orders to return immediately, I had a boat anchored on the only outer rock that could interfere with *Childers*, although aware of the kind hospitality of our Consul, who had a small brass band to add to the hilarity of the evening. Safe of a land breeze, I sloped off in the middle watch without being seen. The senior officer, next morning, found no vessel to "follow motions." Dec. 14.

Light winds. It took us two days to reach Malta. Dec. 17.

Slipped and made sail from buoy to rejoin fleet. Deck loaded with stores for the different messes. Dec. 20.

Weighed at daylight from Cape Colonna and made sail with topgallant masts on deck. Hugged the land. Passed between English Island and the main, and got through the Douro passage without a tack. The islands and Negro Point covered with snow to the water's edge. Dec. 25.

Came to in Vourla Bay. Dec. 27.

CHAPTER XIV

THE *CHILDERS*

1835. Jan. 5. ON January 5 we were ordered to precede the fleet with despatches for Malta. Weather looking dirty, took two reefs in the topsails; topgallant sails over. Before getting clear of Vourla Bay, we had to weather Cape Karabonu. Breeze freshening and sea getting up; wet fore and aft. However, we were battened down as tight as a bottle.

About noon an extra heavy squall struck the brig, throwing her on her beam ends; main yard under water. The First Lieutenant, Goldsmith, standing on the hammock-netting, holding on to the topmast backstay, was thrown off his legs. He sang out: "Put the helm up!"

I, sticking to the weather-quarter like a limpet, called out, I am afraid: "The helm be d——d! I see the keel."

For a few seconds, which appeared like minutes, the brig lay like a log. The squall over, the tight little craft righted, but with loss of half-ports, hammock-netting and rails, port watch of hammocks, harness-cask, and everything movable from under the forecastle. The wind had shifted to a fair point, and in a few minutes we were running free, under all sail.

Jan. 12. Arrived at Malta on 12th. Secured to a buoy in

the Quarantine Harbour, with nineteen days to ride out; time to refit. Shortly afterwards the fleet, with Commander-in-Chief, arrived in the Grand Harbour. 1835.

On the morning of the 28th, having reported "brig ready," quarantine expired. Signal was made for "boats to tow," which always caused an amount of emulation from the vast number of ships. Not only were two tow-ropes passed along, but the leading boats were partly up the Grand before the *Childers* was clear of the Quarantine Harbour. Jan. 28.

"Helm be d——d! I see the keel," was my greeting from the old Captains.

On securing to a buoy, we were not a little proud of our brig. I knew that all idle glasses were fixed on her. Such ships as were ready had sails loosed to air or dry. Of course, it was important that *Childers* should "follow motions."

On the sails being let fall, two great rats dropped out of the bunt of our mainsail, showing a hole you might push your fist through. One rat dropped into the chains, the other overboard. But, as Jack remarked, "they had not got pratique," and were knocked on the head. However, that did not save me from the chaff of my brother small craft for having reported "*Childers* ready."

Tribune, 24, arrived from Smyrna with despatches from our Ambassador at Constantinople, requiring the presence of the fleet again to the eastward. Feb. 3.

Signal made, "Prepare for sea." Many of the ships were dismantled; some had even their tanks on shore. Every ship was, however, ready within forty-eight hours. Owing to northerly winds, they were detained until the afternoon of the 8th, when the *Medea* and *Confiance* steamers towed them out.

1835. At 8 P.M. the fleet made sail, forming in two lines; small craft on flag's weather beam.

Feb. 11. Ran through Cerigo passage; sailed between Zea and Therima; through the Douro passage on 12th, and outside Ipsera.

Feb. 13. Made sail per signal to proceed to Smyrna. Wind headed after rounding Cape Karabonu.

Feb. 14. Hove to off Smyrna. Saluted French Commodore, communicated with Consul, filled and made sail. Observed fleet at anchor in Vourla Bay; signal made, "Keep under way"; communicated with Admiral, and returned to Smyrna with despatches.

Feb. 15. Rejoined flag. High land covered with snow.

Feb. 20. 4 P.M.—Rounded Cape Karabonu, ran through Scio passage, and shaped course for Anti-Milo.

Feb. 25. Running along shore, observed a United States man-of-war coming out of Navarino Harbour.

Mar. 8. Ran into Milo Harbour, in order that the pilot (Mitchelle) might see his wife. Met the "Behind" cutter coming out. Ran between Serpho and Siphanto.

Mar. 10. I need not bother my kind readers with the number of times *Childers* had to pass through this beautiful Archipelago; no yachtsman could have enjoyed himself more.

Malta, Mar. 17. Worked up the Quarantine Harbour; found *Favourite* and *Columbine*.

April 22. Slipped from the buoy, made sail, having been ordered to Dardanelles with despatches for our Ambassador at Constantinople.

As I had to go to Malta before rejoining the fleet, Captain Percy, of the *Canopus*, had asked me to bring back his kinsman, young Drummond, to whom Ingestre had given a passage in the *Tyne*. I mention his name here, for Drummond, a promising young

Guardsman, was the cause of doing away with the mastheading of midshipmen—a good old custom, which had been in existence long before I was born. 1835.

The case was this. One day at sea, Ingestre sent a mid to the gunroom to say he wished to speak to Drummond, who was playing backgammon, and delayed obeying the summons until he finished his game. When he appeared, Ingestre told him that on board a man-of-war orders must be obeyed, and, in joke, said he would next time send him to the masthead. On which Drummond replied he would see the Captain blowed first! Ingestre hailed the main-top, and ordered a hauling-line to be sent down.

Henry Murray, one of the Lieutenants, seeing his Captain had been put out, advised Drummond to mount just a few steps of the rigging, and he would accompany him. Which advice being followed, the matter ought to have ended.

The story was talked about in Malta as an amusing joke, but in London was viewed differently. The incident was referred to in Parliament. Lord Brougham put the question to Lord Auckland, as to an "outrage" alleged to have been committed by a Captain in the Navy, in respect to a gentleman who was a passenger on board his ship on the Mediterranean station.

Lord Auckland said the whole thing rested on vague rumour; if brought before him, he should consider it his duty to act on the advice of those he should feel it necessary to consult. Lord Colville hoped their lordships would draw no such inferences from newspaper reports. The Lords Melville, Beresford, Salisbury, and other peers spoke. Subsequently an order was issued from the Admiralty

1835. prohibiting mastheading as a punishment, which the class of officer to whom only it could apply greatly regretted. I always found a seat on the fore top-mast cross-tree, with a book, far preferable to walking the lee side of the quarter-deck, with the main try-sail set.

April 29. At daylight observed a fleet to leeward, consisting of a ship of the line, and twenty-three others of different sizes. As they did not seem inclined to show colours, stood into the centre of them, when they hoisted the Turkish flag, on which I fired a royal salute. They were bound to Tripoli with troops to quell the insurrection.

April 30. Came to in Basaika Bay.

May 1. Rode with attendants and despatches to the Consul of the Dardanelles, Mr. C. A. Lander. Finding the plague raging, returned same day, a forty-four miles' ride. Weather intensely hot.

May 4. Weighed, and came to abreast the ruins of Alexandria—Troy—having left the pinnace to await the *Courier* from Constantinople. Visiting Basaika Bay afforded endless amusement in picnics and searching for antiquities. From the ruins of the marble palaces of Troy the Turks made the huge round shot for their Dardanelles guns. Our youngsters made collections of ancient Greek coins: good imitations imported from Birmingham.

May 8. Despatches having arrived, sailed.

May 12. Between Zea and Long Island communicated with *Portland*, 52, Captain David Price, the same good fellow who ended his promising career off Petropaulooski, in the North Pacific Ocean.

May 15. Joined the fleet off Cape St. Angelo. Received orders to proceed to the Piræus for pratique.

1 P.M.—Came to close to the beach in Epidamas

Bay in 6 fathoms. Brig swinging by attaching a hawser to a tree on shore, into 3 fathoms. Smooth water, and good watering-place in rainy weather. In dry weather the water is turned off for the purpose of irrigation. 1835.

Came to in the Bay of Salamis. Found, in addition to our own fleet, four French and two Russian men-of-war. May 21.

Fleet visited by King Otho of Greece. Manned yards and fired royal salute. May 28.

1 P.M.—Fired a royal salute in honour of the birthday of King William IV.

It being King Otho's birthday, dressed ship and fired royal salute. His Majesty was this day proclaimed at Athens; an interesting ceremony, the Admiral, Captains, and Commanders attending. We afterwards dined with His Majesty. June 1.

1.30 P.M.—Weighed in company with the fleet on a cruise. Rendezvous off Pigeon Island, south of Paros. June 6.

An enjoyable excursion with the fleet to Anti-Paros, famous for its immense caves and beautiful stalactites. Best seen from an inner cave of considerable height. Admiral, all the Captains, and many officers assembled. The blue-jackets managed to fix a rope ladder to the upper cave; how they managed it I did not see, but up the ladder the Commander-in-Chief and Captains ascended, according to seniority. Most of their commissions dated prior to my birth. Had the ladder given way, the chances were that I should have had to command the fleet. However, the sight was splendid. June 10.

At daylight weighed in company with the fleet. Worked between the islands; came to in $8\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms in Strongiolo Bay. June 11.

1835. Syra; saluted Consul on his coming on board.
June 15. Weighed, and took him and his family out to the fleet. Hove to while they visited the Admiral. Received orders to proceed to Zante to meet the mail.

June 22. Arrived *Orestes* with Lord High Commissioner (Sir Howard Douglas) on board. Fired salute of 19 guns.

June 23. The High Commissioner did me the honour to visit the brig; saluted him. Arrived *Confiance* with the mails.

June 24. 5 P.M.—Sailed to rejoin the fleet. Rejoined the flag at sunset off Cape Matapan; fresh breeze. Ordered round the fleet to deliver letters.

July. Hove to and communicated with *Columbine*. Parted company to rejoin the fleet in Kalamanta Bay.

July 8. Weighed in company with the fleet, steering in the direction of Malta. During the passage we had repeated trials with *Vernon*, Captain John McKerlie, *Portland*, *Endymion*, Captain Sir Samuel Roberts, and "Behind" cutter.

In light breezes we had the advantage, in strong the *Vernon* by far the best. *Endymion* always bad, and *Portland* worse.

July 17. Ran into Malta and made fast to a buoy, rejoining fleet off Cerigo.

July 28. *Volage* and self to windward of the flagship; at daylight, while washing decks, ropes coiled up; hove to to keep station. *Volage* up in the wind, got sternway, and cut our flying jib-boom off at the cap.

At 9 A.M. *Thunderer* asked permission to communicate with *Childers*. Permission being granted, *Thunderer* signalled, "Dimensions of spar."

At 4 P.M. she signalled to *Childers*, "Spar com- 1835.
pleted." Permission given to pick up spar, which I observed towing astern of *Thunderer* by deep-sea line. It was in its proper place and sails set by the time we recovered station.

Rode out twelve days' quarantine, fleet taking guardians and cruising outside.

Joined the fleet at daylight, they having stood to July 30.
the eastward in company with the United States squadron, consisting of the *Delaware*, *Potomac*, *Constellation*, and *Shark*. Our fleet beat them sailing.

In the afternoon, having been invited by signal to July 31.
dine with the Admiral, stood out on the starboard tack, intending to pass under the stern of flagship, she with the fleet being hove to, Admiral leading in-shore line.

Just when my newly-painted *Childers* was half-way off, signal was made, "Air bedding." Not liking to cover my ship with the dust of some 800 hammocks, turned to Coaker and said, "I shall pass ahead of the flag."

Jonas looked doubtful.

Had all but succeeded, when, standing on the weather hammock-netting, I observed the pressure of *Caledonia's* flying jib-boom scraping across the belly of our main topsail. When within two cloths of the lee-leach, the canvas gave way, but the leach rope would not. By this time the flagship had stern way, but too late; jib and flying jib-boom were snapped off close to the cap, and dropped into the water. Conceive the position of the junior Commander of the fleet!

I stood on, tacked and wore, shifted the topsail, and hove to under the lee quarter of the Admiral: went on board. The little performance in shifting the

1835. main topsail within five minutes of the accident gained the admiration of the old Captains. Instead of abuse, I was congratulated by all, with the exception of the Flag Captain, Brown. I could hardly realise all the kind feelings until I had reported myself to the Admiral, who kindly remarked, "Commander Keppel, there is nothing like experience for a young officer. You will not again attempt to pass ahead of a line-of-battle ship hove to. When her main topsail is pressing against the mast, she has generally some headway on her. Come in to dinner."

My spirits were restored by a glass of wine. The Captains continued their congratulations, but Brown never forgave me!

Aug. 14. Came to off the Castle Corfu. Secured our cable on shore at the arsenal.

Aug. 17. Lord High Commissioner gave a grand ball to the navy. Ordered to meet the mail at Zante afterwards. At no other place did our mids enjoy themselves more. One Jacky Day, with more money than other youngsters, sported a drag, which he drove down the steep hills, over loose stones and sharp turnings, without coming to grief.

Following the troop of boys, saw my youngest pet mid, Edward Rice, roll over and over with his pony. Thought he must have been killed, but he was none the worse.

Aug. 21. On reaching Zante found the mail from England. Proceeded with it to rejoin the fleet. Late in the afternoon, breeze freshening, observed a small pleasure-boat plunging under reefed sail. On closing, near dinner-time, persuaded her occupants to come on board, promising to tow their boat.

They proved to be Colonel Brown and Captain Lawrence, of the Rifle Brigade, who had come across

from Cephalonia, likewise to get their letters. Landed them next morning at their port. 1835.

On my rejoining the fleet with the mail, found the Commander-in-Chief had received orders to send *Malabar*, *Endymion*, *Tribune*, and *Childers* to the coast of Spain. Aug. 22.

After dining with the Admiral and Captains, took leave with regret of my kind and indulgent friends. Aug. 23.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

CHAPTER XV

The Carlist Question

1835. Aug. 30. Ran into Quarantine Harbour, Malta; completed stores, provisions, etc.

Sept. 1. Left Malta, and on the 12th came up with *Malabar* and *Endymion*, standing out of the straits.

Sept. 14. Joined company; with them came to in Cadiz Harbour. Found *Harlequin*, Lord Vernon's beautiful yacht, built by Symonds.

The wife of our senior officer, Sir William Montague, had a house in Cadiz, where parties were given by this charming lady. She also got up picnics, and other amusements.

We visited Xeres, from whence our "sherry," and saw barefooted natives, cigarette in mouth, treading out the juice of the grape. My interest was cut short by *Childers* being ordered to Lisbon, under command of Sir William Gage. Before, however, reaching that distinguished officer I met *Endymion*, and was ordered back to the Mediterranean.

Oct. 11. Came to inside the Mole at Gibraltar. From the Captain of the *Tribune* received orders to visit Consuls and obtain information at the ports along the south coast of Spain.

Oct. 14. Stood over to Algeciras for a clean bill of health,

otherwise we should have been subject to seven days' quarantine, although Malaga is in daily communication by land. The health officer, to show his knowledge of the English language, had our bill of health made for "Los Niños, Bergantine Inglese," which answered our purpose as well. 1835.

Arrived at Malaga. A few words are necessary to explain the political situation. Oct. 16.

The late King, Ferdinand VII., died in 1833, having married in 1829 Doña Christina of Naples. A Princess, Isabella, was born in 1830, when Ferdinand, by "pragmatic sanction," abolished the Salic Law in Spain, and appointed the Infanta Isabella heir to the throne. This act was disputed by his brothers, Dons Carlos and Francisco.

On the death of Ferdinand, 1833, the small Isabella was proclaimed Queen, her mother Christina being appointed Queen-Regent. Don Carlos at once asserted his right to maintain the Salic Law, and was supported by some of the old nobility. The peasantry were led by the clergy, who followed Don Carlos.

Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister, and carried the quadruple alliance with him. His orders to the Admiral in the Mediteranean were explicit and to the point. Subjects of Queen Isabella requiring help could claim it from the English ships. This was denied to the followers of Don Carlos, who was carrying on war against the Christina party with some success in the northern provinces.

In the south, the so-called "Patriots" were endeavouring to revert to the Constitution of 1812, when the Salic Law had first been established, and by provisional Juntas superseded Doña Isabella's authority.

1835. The Government at Madrid was now in the hands of Queen Christina's party.

Malaga. The Governor of Malaga, as well as in other large towns, had been appointed by the Carlist Party. Until of late the Constitution of 1812 had been popular. In August last, the same day on which the insurrection at Barcelona broke out, a Junta was formed here. There were not more than seventy of the regular troops, who were quartered in a convent.

The National Guard, 15,000 strong, were well equipped, and supplied with arms and ammunition from the Government stores. The batteries mounted 27 guns, of which 15 were serviceable.

There were no Spanish vessels of war at Malaga; only an armed revenue squadron, consisting of two schooners of 12 guns each, with crews of sixty and seventy men, three lateen-rigged boats, 1 gun and two carronades, from thirty to fifty men, and other small craft which were occasionally troublesome to our Gibraltar smugglers.

With plenty to occupy our attention, and a kind Consul, who had a wife and four charming daughters, we were loth to leave.

The Junta was not of long duration. They had expressed their intention to disarm a portion of the urban militia, in order to equip a regiment formed of convicts. The urbans encamped themselves outside the town, and declared the Junta dissolved.

The peasantry entered the town this morning, demanded three prisoners, who they declared to be Carlists, took and shot them without opposition. The victims were, I believe, chiefs of banditti, but they had been pardoned from Madrid.

Oct. 20. Anchored off Almeira. A Junta had been estab-

lished here. The Governor and Commandant of the forces, and other heads of departments, had wisely made themselves scarce on the first news of the revolution. No blood had been shed. We went on, and arrived at Alicante on the 22nd. 1835.

There is a large English population here of well-to-do merchants, with a zealous, active Consul, Mr. Waring, whom we saluted. The prevailing feeling appeared to be more Carlist; the "vivas" for the Queen at the theatre were faint.

The ex-Carlist Captain-General, Valentine Ferraz, is the guest of the Governor, Don Diego. The gates of the town are closed at sunset.

The theatre is a small, neat building; between the acts revolutionary songs were sung, which gave one an opportunity of observing the political feeling of the natives.

Watered at Althea, close to the shore. Oct. 27.

Came to off Valencia. *Tyne* arriving same time. Oct. 30.

While on the coast of Spain I was frequently in company with the *Tyne*, consequently under the orders of Lord Ingestre, and enjoyed the society of Lady Sarah and her young family.

The children had been in the habit of romping with their uncle, Lord James Beresford, and transferred to me the name of "Jimmie," by which the late Lord Shrewsbury called me to the end of his life. Lady Sarah was second to none I had ever seen. (Only lately I sat between her grand- and great-grand-daughters at dinner, both ladies inheriting the beauty of their ancestress.)

In the neighbourhood of the town are marshes, with wild-fowl, where Ingestre and I had some good sport. Having been placed by the native keepers in a commodious punt, hidden by rushes,—in the stern of

1835. which sat Lady Sarah, with a good luncheon,—a fleet of sham ducks moored within our reach, our sporting guides disappeared. Shortly afterwards clouds of wild-fowl were on the wing, surveying the position of our retreat, with the quiet traitor ducks apparently at feed. Presently, down they dropped with a grand splash. Both our double-barrelled muzzle-loading guns, with copper cap-locks, were emptied three times before the fun was over. We bagged ten and a half couple.

It appears that, by some preconcerted means, August 5, the date on which disturbances broke out at Barcelona, was the same at Malaga, Alicante, and elsewhere. Groups of men assembled in the streets, declaring war against the Carlists, in consequence of excessive cruelties said to have been committed by them on the adherents of the Queen. The Captain-General, Ferraz, accompanied by a strong escort, endeavoured to quell this disturbance, but was unsuccessful, inasmuch as his troops refused to act against the people. He was accordingly deposed, and General the Comte Almadova appointed by the mob in his stead. Almadova, in obedience to the populace, had seven of the principal Carlists, then under the safeguard of the law, put to death, and the remainder transported to the Philippine Islands.

General Cabrera had put to death sixty partisans at Rubielo. This disaster arose from the circumstance of General Nogueras, who commanded the Queen's troops, having ordered the Governor of Tortosa to seize Doña Cabrera, a lady seventy years of age, and put her to death, in retaliation for the deeds of her son. The Governor refused to obey so inhuman a command, upon which Nogueras appealed to Mina, Captain-General of Catalonia, who directed

that the order should be carried out, and Doña Cabrera was shot in the public square of Tortosa. Mina was remonstrated with from Madrid, and Nogueras deprived of his command. 1835.

Cabrera, smarting at the murder of his mother, raised a following, and thus added another insurgent force to those already harassing the Government.

In the meantime Almadova's influence waned. The people assembled round his palace, threatening his life. He went into hiding. Two days later a counter-revolution brought him back to favour. His first act was to arrest his enemies and transport them to the Philippines.

Sailed in company with *Tyne* for Tarragona, arriving there on the 6th. Found *Tribune*, from whom I got orders to return to Gibraltar to meet the mail. Like the latter places we had visited, things were quiet. The Junta had been dissolved, and the Queen's Government become popular. Here the news of the outbreak at Barcelona had caused disturbances. A battalion of the National Guard marched from the town of Reuss to assist those at Tarragona, and was received with acclamations. The braves of Tarragona sacrificed to their fury the Lieutenant-Governor and the Town Major, who were thought to be Carlists ; General Conti, Governor of Tarragona, absconded the day before the news of the Revolution was generally known. Nov. 1.

Brigadier Lescanca, who had been appointed by the people to this chief command, endeavoured to save the lives of the Lieutenant-Governor and Town Major. During the night, when the people were exasperated, it was thought possible to save them by conveying them to one of the vessels in the harbour. However, before they got to the boat they were

1835. observed, and murdered on the pier. The Governor was stoned to death, and his fellow-victim shot. A Junta, similar to the others, was formed, and tranquillity restored.

Nov. 13. We sailed. *Clio*, in co., 16, with my old Lieutenant, F. Scott, on board; we meet her again! Anchored at Gibraltar in time to catch the up and down mails. The Gibraltar merchants had prosperous times, as, since this Revolution, the men employed on the coastguard had been sent to join the army in the north. At the present time their storehouses are empty.

Nov. 17. After supplying the Calpe Hunt with the bread-dust I had collected, we sailed.

Nov. 18. Came to inside the mole at Malaga. The Juntas had been dissolved; the Queen's Government apparently popular. An active subscription was going on to support the Queen's army employed in the North. I met a man going about the street with "true and correct lists" for sale, in Spanish, of those who have not subscribed.

My *Childers* touched a shoal off the end of the mole. We were not inconvenienced more than a few minutes, owing to the prompt assistance from the American corvette *John Adams*. At 9 A.M. saluted the Spanish flag with 21 guns, not having done so on my first visit, owing to there being no Government, except that appointed by the Junta in opposition to that of the Queen.

Nov. 19. Being the birthday of the Queen of Spain, remained just long enough to fire a royal salute, with yards manned.

Nov. 21. Sailed in commencement of a Levanti.

Nov. 24. Visited Alicante; everything quiet. Subscriptions were being raised in support of the Queen's army.

In the North 3,000,000 reals had been subscribed, about £30,000. 1835.

A great many men were daily arriving from the country, being part of the 100,000 required. Valencia had to supply 10,000. Any person could be exempted on paying 200 dollars, or 100 dollars and a horse.

Moored inside the mole at Barcelona. An important person at Barcelona was Mr. James Annesley, lately attached to the German Embassy, and with the prospect of a peerage; he married Clementina, the handsome daughter of Baron von Brockhausen, and had a promising young family. They lived in a large house on a grand promenade called the Rambla. He was a good man of business, and entertained liberally. I frequently afterwards met the boys, grown into men. Nov. 29.

Clio arrived. Dec. 1.

After partial refit and preparing to paint, the carpenter, much to my horror, discovered a spring in our foremast. Lost no time stripping ship, and through our active Consul obtained permission to place the brig under the dockyard sheers; got mast out preparatory to repairing damages. Dec. 20.

The *Rodney*, 92, arrived, Captain Hyde Parker, one of the smartest and best officers in the service. Dec. 26.

Although I could not report *Childers* ready, it was a satisfaction to feel I was under a good and permanent Chief, however strict.

Through the Captain of *Tribune* stating the length of time *Childers* had been inside the mole, I had but a cool reception from my Chief, and was directed to report myself again, when ready for sea. The fact was that, although the hoops had been driven on hot over the scarfing, the sharp frosts at night caused them to burst.

CHAPTER XVI

The Carlist War

1836. Jan. 4. By help of dockyard sheers got our foremast in, and by 4 P.M. reported ready for sea, but was disappointed in parading before the *Rodney*, by a despatch from the Consul to Captain Hyde Parker, stating that the port could not safely be left without the protection of a man-of-war.

Leaving *Childers* in charge of the First Lieutenant, went with Skipwith to the Consulate. The populace were in a state of excitement. It appears that a fortnight ago, thirty-three Christinas, some of whom were citizens of Barcelona, were executed by Carlists in a neighbouring hermitage.

A few days later, reports reached of two companies of Christina Chasseurs having been surprised and put to death. In consequence, a crowd had assembled in the square opposite the palace, and demanded vengeance. The Government, with 1800 Nacionales outside, deliberated. The people acted. Dark had set in.

Taking ladders and torches, the people went to the citadel, and scaled the walls without opposition from the garrison.

About eighty Carlist prisoners were put to death, among them Colonel O'Donnell and a priest, who,

after their heads had been cut off, were dragged by 1836.
the heels a roundabout way through streets towards the opposite end of the great public Rambla. The Consul could not leave his office. Skipwith and I went to meet them. Being in uniform, we were not likely to be molested.

We found the headless bodies on an open space, between the cathedral and the theatre, where a performance took place by torchlight.

A cloaked Spaniard stepped from the crowd, and demanded:

"Cuyo cadaver es aguel?"

The reply came from one of the assassins:

"Aguel es el cadaver de O'Donnell, el traidor."

The first speaker drew a dagger from his cloak, and plunged it into the body, on drawing it out touched the blade with his lips. The performance was repeated on the priest. Then followed some of the softer sex, chiefly well dressed, and men alternately.

In the Ataxarnes Fort were confined peasants, who had been seized because some Carlist troops had passed through their village.

It was now past midnight; the Spanish General still held council at the palace, which was surrounded by a large body of the National Guard. At the palace we were allowed to ascend to the council chamber.

Doubting the power of the General to prevent the mob repeating their butcheries at the Ataxarnes Fort, I sent Skipwith off to the *Rodney* to inform Captain Parker what I proposed doing, which was, to offer the services of the *Childers* to protect life, by taking joint possession, with the Spanish troops, of the Ataxarnes Fort, which could be done on the sea-

1836. front by scaling-ladders from the brig, and so, with the Spanish garrison and English marines, hold the fort until the force from the *Rodney*, some 800 men, could join.

It was evident my proposition caused a division in the court.

At daybreak, before we had time to act, the Spanish flag and the Union Jack were flying together on the Ataxarnes Fort.

The doctor who was in attendance on the prima donna of the opera in her confinement, considered her life saved when he informed her of the fact.

Jan. 14. Mar. 14. After two months' work on the coast, arrived at Gibraltar. It was now the middle of the hunting season. The Calpe hounds were as perfect as pains and money could make them. Fresh blood was imported as opportunity offered. The prickly-pear nearly the only obstacle that could check a run.

On occasions when bull-fights took place at Algeciras, notice was sent to the regimental messes that *Childers* would be ready to convey officers across. There was no steamer, but my little brig never failed to land friends in time.

Mar. 23. Left Gibraltar and rejoined my worthy chief at Port Mahon. The *Rodney* refitting in the most commodious of ports, lying alongside the dockyard without the inconvenience of a rise and fall of tide.

The town had an English appearance; many of the signs of public-houses were called after ships that had been at Trafalgar. There was one named "Anchor, Hardy, Anchor."

I had much fun exploring with my Chief many disused places. The hospital was one, which he carefully inspected, but on returning to the open air we found ourselves covered with fleas!

Although suffering, I cried with laughter at the agony of my Chief, the cleanest of small men. He roared like a young bull. On turning up the skirts of his frock-coat, at the waist there was a regular girdle of fleas. 1836.

We next visited Palma Bay. It has a fine town, clean and spacious. It was in want of money. Spaniards had taken refuge in this spot to avoid the heavy contributions levied by most of the military Governors on all persons residing in the provinces, over which they ruled with martial law. April 7.

The Marquis de Montenegro is now the Captain-General, a fine specimen of the real Spanish grandee, a native of the island. He invited Captain Parker and the officers of the *Rodney* and *Childers*, and entertained us hospitably at a charming country-house which contained, among many old pictures, an original by Raphael. He had also, in his country-house, statues collected by his brother, who was a Cardinal in Rome. April 13.

The Marquis de Colonna is also a resident, the war having obliged him to quit valuable property in Valencia. He, too, was attentive to the English.

There are also many Spaniards under surveillance who had been banished on suspicion of not being faithful supporters of the existing Government. Among others was Don Calderon, of whom I had heard much. At the age of ninety he was sent from Barcelona, where he was about the oldest resident, surrounded by his family. An old sailor, he had declined his flag rank in order that he might remain quiet and unnoticed. What a sad thing is civil war!

In riding excursions we sometimes pulled up at roadside *posadas*. Eggs short, I have frequently

1836. seen the women in charge of the poultry pick up a hen, and by a gentle squeeze cause it to drop an egg.

April 18. Accompanied *Rodney* to Barcelona.

June 2. I was awakened in the middle of the night by Lord Ranelagh, who had been fighting with the Carlists. He made his escape when our marines captured the Carlist lines at Uremea.

We had been friends for years, and I had now to congratulate him on being my prisoner. I last left him in the 7th Fusiliers, at Malta.

After breakfast I went to Mina, whom I found confined to his room; but Doña Mina, a charming English lady, said he would see *me*. He was in bed.

"I know what you are come about," was his greeting. "You have Lord Ranelagh on board; take care of him. If he lands in Spain, I will have him shot."

June 3. At 4 A.M. weighed and made sail, calling at Tarragona.

In addition to Ranelagh, I had young O'Shee, son of a Madrid banker, of whom, probably, the Carlists had borrowed money. I landed them at Gibraltar, out of range of Mina's shot, on 10th instant, and was sorry to part with two such cheery companions.

July 5. Came to off Tarragona.

July 12. Embarked 200 Christina soldiers. They lay sleeping about the decks, embracing their muskets. Landed them the following day off the mouth of the Ebro.

Dec. 27. Arrived at Barcelona from Malaga; heard that General Mina, who had been ill for some months, died on Christmas Day.

The funeral, with full military honours, took place two days later, attended by all naval officers present

in Barcelona, *Childers* firing minute-guns during the ceremony. 1836.

Rodney lying in the roadstead; *Orestes* and *Harlequin* arrived in time to join in the ceremony, and were secured inside the mole; while *Childers* took up her berth inside inner mole.

We could only use one side, but the saluting, although we fired each once in nine minutes, made the guns so hot that care was necessary. Dec.

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CHAPTER XVII

THE *CHILDERS* BRIG

1837. Jan. 2. IT was with great pleasure I learned from Captain Parker that he had appointed my young friend, George H. Seymour, midshipman, son of the much-respected Admiral Sir George Seymour, K.C.B., as "lent" to *Childers*, but unfortunately, as it proved, for a very short time.

Jan. 4. Sailed. Arrived at Carthagena, 16th—a huge basin which might have held a dozen ships of the line, surrounded by storehouses. Heavy brass rings were secured deep in the masonry, and great guns made posts to secure to. This was a grand old naval arsenal, which had probably not been used since Trafalgar.

The pilot who brought us in, recommended our not using any anchor heavier than our own kedge, on account of the depth of mud which had accumulated for many years. The dock-gates had long since decayed, and were replaced by the mast of some line-of-battle ship, one end hauled aside to admit us.

We prepared for a thorough outfit, took possession of two large storehouses, and made ourselves comfortable. Wild-fowl and snipe were to be found in remote parts of this unfrequented arsenal.

Jan. 16. One of my gig's crew, by name Lathom, was a

born artist; by assistance of chalk and burnt stick drew some interesting and spirited sea-pieces: always entertaining likenesses of the *Childers*. 1837.

The *Wolverine* was reported as anchored in the harbour, out of sight of the entrance to the basin, her Commander the Hon. Edward Howard. What a chance for me! The first time since my commissioning *Childers* I had fallen in with a junior. Jan. 27.

The channel to the dockyard was formed by high land on larboard side, and the shoaler water of the harbour on the other. A projecting angle of the land prevented your seeing the entrance to the basin until round it; then a straight run in.

I sent my coxswain to have the bar removed, and then pulled out to the *Wolverine*. I found my young friend full of zeal. He had stores for our Spanish Squadron off Tarragona; but as H.M.S. *Childers* required bread, and it might come on to blow and get wet, I gave *Wolverine* an order to supply, and bring his ship into the basin. And as the wind was fair, to weigh, make sail, and I would pilot him in.

We were in the forecastle together, and had rounded the angle, having got into the straight, but narrow channel, when I heard Howard call, "Hands shorten sail!" In a moment I saw the mast had not been removed, but I called out, "Keep all fast!" and told Howard if *Wolverine* could not jump, she must go through it. As luck would have it, the mast had begun to move, and a kedge anchor was dropped in the mud of the basin. Where *I* was to blame, was in not allowing for the natural dilatoriness of our friends and allies, the Spaniards.

Of course, so large a vessel as *Childers* could not be victualled in a day, and the Alhambra *had* to be seen.

1837. Feb. 9. Weighed, ran out of basin and harbour. Joined *Tyne* and *Orestes*.

Feb. 15. Came to off Barcelona. Found *Rodney*. Inside mole, *Harlequin*, *Nautilis*, and *Wolverine*. To my regret, Seymour was ordered to rejoin *Rodney*.

Worked into Malta Harbour, secured to buoy, dockyard creek. Found *Caledonia*, 120, *Asia*, 84, *Vanguard*, 80, *Bellerophon*, 80, *Revenge*, 78, *Barham*, 50, *Tyne*, 28, *Orestes*, and "Behind" cutter. Refitted; got in a new foremast.

March. On board *Barham* was my old friend, Fred Hutton, as First Lieutenant. He was early on board *Childers* to greet me, bringing with him a fully-signed document to prove that he had not sung "John's ale was new" from the time I left the *Magicienne*, until paid off; by which I lost my fiver. He entertained a party at dinner on shore, myself included, that must have cost him four times the amount.

Remained in Malta till March 8, enjoying the opera, races, dancing, and all the amusements of the winter season.

Mar. 8 to June 26. During this period we were continually on the move, having made fifteen anchorings. It would be weary to recall them individually.

July 8. Secured inside the Mole, Gibraltar. Lowered colours half-mast, news having arrived of the death of our Sailor King, William IV.

Aug. 1. Arrived at Barcelona.

Aug. 3. Spanish authorities having received information of the arrival of a Carlist force at Villa Nueva, they requested me, through our Consul, to proceed there. On arrival in the morning the enemy had disappeared.

Aug. 5. At daylight observed two line-of-battle ships to leeward. Bore up; saluted flag of Admiral Sir

Robert Stopford, in *Princess Royal*, *Vanguard* in company. Received orders to proceed to the West Coast of Africa as soon as *Childers* could be spared from present duties. The same order was posted to me from Malta by Sir Josias Rowley, homeward bound, which reached me afterwards. 1837.

At the request of Commander Baldwin Walker, took *Vanguard's* boats in tow and ran into Port Faugal. Enemy had disappeared. Aug. 9.

Secured to Gibraltar Mole. Found a French Squadron; Prince de Joinville on board *Hercules*. Busy taking in stores and provisions. Aug. 17.

I was sorry at being obliged to leave the Mediterranean without seeing more of my friend, George Grey, who commanded the *Scylla*, and ordered home on promotion. He was one of the smartest and most promising young officers in the service. He married a charming lady who was not a sailor. George was appointed in 1846 Superintendent of Gibraltar Dockyard, where he remained for many years.

CHAPTER XVIII

CHILDERS: WEST COAST OF AFRICA

1837. Aug. 24. ADIEU to Mediterranean and civilisation! We were ordered to Portendick, the northern limit of the West African and Cape of Good Hope station.

Sept. 5. Called at Portendick.

Sept. 24. Arrived at Sierra Leone. Here we received our proportion of Kroomen, the most useful and intelligent of natives, who relieved our men of much sun work. As they were discharged, on their ships leaving the station, they were at liberty to volunteer for any ships they fancied. We were not long in completing our complement of twenty-four. The native names of these Kroomen were so incomprehensible that on their first joining a man-of-war the Captain had to find names for the ship's books. Thus, among those left with me were "Doctor Inman," "Sea-breeze," "No Grog," "Prince of Wales," "Bishop of London." It would be tedious to name them all. They were good-tempered and willing fellows; thoroughly acquainted with the coast.

During the few days that it was necessary for me to remain in this picturesque, but sickly harbour, the *Harpy*, 10, Hon. George Clements, arrived with a returned prize crew from the West Indies. (His sister had married my clergyman brother.) He had

fever on board, and had lost many men. The day before sailing the poor fellow dined with me. He told me the night previous he had heard bodies dropped into the river from merchant ships near. 1837.

The wind blows chiefly off the coast, and when the *Harpy* sailed with her sickly crew, the officers went aloft to assist in loosing sails.

Poor George Clements! From the kind way in which he pressed on me a gold chain he had worn, I do not think he expected to live long.

Left Sierra Leone October 1, *Saracen* in company. Oct. 1.

Parted company with the *Saracen*, who went to look into the Gallinas for slavers. We continued about fifty miles off shore. Oct. 3.

At 2 P.M. being abreast of the Penguin, frequented by slavers, who take in rice prior to embarking a cargo. Bore up and furled upper sails. After dark came to off the mouth of the river; sent pinnace, with Lieutenant Goldsmith, and cutter, with Acting Lieutenant Noad, to reconnoitre. Oct. 7.

I heard the following morning from an unemployed Krooman, "Prince William," who came off with others to barter for tobacco or anything else they could get, that a slaver, having completed her water and rice, supposed to be Spanish, had sailed the previous evening for New Cess, a place about the spot where Trade Town is marked on the chart.

"Prince William" was an intelligent fellow; he had served on board the *Primrose*, who had thus christened him. He had ECNIRP tattooed on his chest. One of the *Primrose* seamen had chalked his name on a piece of wood, which he took home, and, making the impression, had his name engraved backwards. He offered to pilot us in.

The pinnace and cutter returned about ten o'clock,

1837. having pulled up the river against a very strong current. Several monkeys and curious birds were seen, but, owing to the thickness of the mangrove bushes, could not have been got at had they been killed.

This is a good place for canoes; the natives make them to any dimensions in a short time. I paid five dollars for one about 30 feet long and quite new.

Kroomen speaking English are always to be found along the coast, and make good interpreters.

Got under way at eleven, and at noon fell in with a rakish-looking schooner, who showed American colours and papers named "The *Peri*, of Baltimore." Her skipper was, I think, a Dutchman, but the remainder of the crew were Spaniards. The log was kept in Spanish, and she was evidently a Spanish vessel, having her water-casks in, and, with the exception of rice, everything ready for a cargo of slaves. But no Spanish papers could be found, and she got off under United States colours.

We soon overhauled another Spanish slaver, who could not long, judging from the smell, have landed her cargo. She had a Spanish captain and crew, but sheltered herself under the Portuguese flag; she was a sort of jackal, picking up cargoes for the larger vessels.

Until the last treaty with Spain, which entitles us to capture Spanish vessels fitted for slaves, with or without slaves on board, the Portuguese flag had scarcely been seen on this part of the coast. The Portuguese papers are chiefly obtained at Porto Praya, St. Jago.

At 9 P.M., when off the Grand Canon Point, ten miles to the south-east of New Cess, we furled square sails, hoisted boats out, and sent away pinnace, cutter,

and jolly-boat, under the pilotage of "Prince William," manned and armed. 1837.

At daybreak sent the gig to board a brigantine observed to be at anchor about seven miles to the south-east. She proved to be the *Sarah Ann*, an English vessel, belonging to a company of merchants, who have purchased from the native chiefs several small spots of land along the coast, on which they have built some wigwam-looking huts, where they deposit a portion of English goods, such as broad-cloth, muskets, knives, beads, etc. These huts are styled British factories, through which means a traffic is carried on with the natives, bartering their goods for palm-oil or ivory. The Company send a vessel out every two or three months, which vessel remains on the coast, going from one factory to another, until their cargoes are completed, leaving one or two of their crew and a few Kroomen at each place to carry on the trade. Oct. 9.

The *Sarah Ann* had been five months out, and had on board about seven tons of oil. The captain and five of her crew had died; the remainder were in a sickly state.

Although inexperienced and scarcely a month out, I could neither think nor dream of anything but slavers. On visiting the British factory at Piccaninny Cestos, a small thatched hut, nearly hidden in Jungle, I found a sickly-looking lad surrounded by a number of natives, each of whom brought a small portion of oil —about a gallon—in calabashes, in exchange for a small measure of cloth. By way of protection, the hut was surrounded by a high sort of railing formed of stakes, just wide enough apart to admit the muzzle of a musket, by which means the companion of the sick lad was shot through the head a few days

1837. previously. This brutal act was supposed to have been committed by the King's son. I offered to set fire to all his black Majesty's huts along the coast, but was informed that by so doing I should put a stop to the trade, which appeared to be of much more consequence than the poor lad's life.

The natives are odd-looking animals. They are not troubled with too much clothing, but besmear

West African Natives.

their face and bodies with mud by way of ornament, and wear a necklace of pigs' teeth by way of a charm, to keep the devil at a distance.

I reached the ship at the same time as the other boats from this expedition. They had pulled up in the dark towards the anchorage of Trade Town, and at midnight were just able to discern their vessels lying in the anchorage. Goldsmith directed that each boat should take one, which they did by pulling alongside their respective vessels as nearly as possible at the same time.

The pinnace boarded a fine schooner called the *Vigilante*, with everything ready for a start. Her fore topsail yard was hoisted to the masthead, her cat-fall was overhauled, and a luff tackle for weighing the anchor stretched along her deck. The planks were arranged over the water casks, ready for the reception of her slaves, who were always brought on board heavily ironed. And even the articles, delicately termed "poo-poo pots" by the boatswain, were placed on either side. The crew were pretty well on the alert, considering the darkness of the night. They hailed the boat before she got alongside, and her crew, forty-five in number, rushing up from below as one man, each having his particular station assigned him, took possession of the deck. Had our boats waited two or three hours, she would in all probability have been captured with 400 or 500 slaves on board. She, however, produced Portuguese papers. 1837.

The cutter boarded a pretty, rakish-looking brig, which was immediately recognised as the *Golenthokika*, a vessel which had been lying for some weeks close to us at Barcelona. Her people were not quite so much on the alert as those on board the brigantine. On coming on deck they made a rush for the arms kept under the poop, but they found everything already in the possession of our men. The skipper produced Russian and Greek papers, under which countries' flags he fitted out.

The jolly-boat also boarded a slave schooner under Portuguese colours. As most of these vessels have a double set of papers, the Spanish ones were in all probability on shore with the captain, none of whom were found on board.

The men being tired, and the weather, as usual,

1837. rainy and dirty, we remained that night at anchor, sending the gig to reconnoitre. The following morning we got under way about an hour before daylight, and stood towards the slave vessels. The ground between the anchorage we were in and the vessels was rocky and uneven. We lost two hand-leads, although we had nothing less than ten fathoms. The gig returned on board when we got off Trade Town.

Goldsmith, who had boarded the brigantine again at daylight, found so much prevarication in the captain's statement that he brought him and the papers on board for my inspection.

The man who came as captain was a Portuguese lad, but with an old head on young shoulders. He stated the night he was boarded that the Captain was on shore, which fact he flatly denied to me, and said the officer must have been mistaken, although I had three men ready to make oath that such was the case.

He seemed to know very well what he was about, and produced regular Portuguese papers, signed by the proper authorities at Porto Praya. He breakfasted with me, spoke very good Spanish and a little English, and, appearing satisfied that all was right, smoked his cigar with true Spanish indifference.

This rascal assured me that, having been captured only a few months before by the *Bonetta*, when he was supercargo of a vessel with upwards of 300 slaves on board, he was not fool enough to try his hand at it again.

He stated that the vessel he was now in was his own property. Not being able to prove his vessel Spanish, we let him go, wished him good-bye, and hoped we might meet again. I then proceeded to land "Prince William" at the Penguin.

Nearly the whole time we were on this coast we had hard and continued rain—a great damper to zeal and slave-hunting. 1837.

Weighed in the afternoon and anchored at sunset in Buffon Bay. In getting under way from Rock Cestos, a Kroo canoe got capsized by the tow-rope getting under the bottom, turning three of the natives, with their fruit, paddles, etc., into the water. It was curious to observe the dexterous and expeditious way with which they emptied, and then replaced themselves in the canoe. Oct. 11.

Two of the men easily righted it, and commenced getting the water out by pushing it suddenly backwards and forwards in a fore and aft direction, afterwards by rolling it broadside, first one way, and then on the other, by which means the greater part of the water tumbled out.

The third man swam away to pick up the bales and a paddle, returning with one in each hand; while two of the men held on the opposite gunwale, he very cleverly threw himself in, and baled her out in no time.

The other two got in on either side; everything was picked up, and the canoe again alongside in a very short space of time. As the water did not hang long on their black, greasy skins, they, as well as their canoe, looked as if nothing had happened.

I visited the British factory at Buffon Bay, which was an improvement on the one at Piccaninny Cestos, really being a very comfortable two-storey bamboo cottage built on a narrow strip of land about half a mile in length, with the sea in front, the river Buffon bounding the north-west. On the south-east is an impenetrable jungle.

1837. A black gentleman of Sierra Leone, by the name of Harleston, with a few Kroomen and two or three natives, formed a little colony. Ivory appeared to be the only article received in exchange for British goods.

The Resident informed me that good shooting might be had twelve miles up the river, and those fond of the sport should go in a light canoe.

Oct. 12. From Buffon Bay stood well off-shore, and the next land was that part of the coast between St. Andrews and Cape Lahon. When close in-shore we shortened sail to topsails, and ran along the coast, keeping in 15 fathoms water, hoping to find myself at daylight about twelve miles to windward of Cape Lahon Town, the principal place for traffic in ivory and gold-dust.

Oct. 15. Cape Lahon was wrongly placed on the chart, and a strong current set us ten miles to leeward. We anchored for a few hours. A canoe, from which I obtained information, pulled very cautiously three times round the brig before its owner would venture alongside, and when he did so it happened to be at the time our men were cleaning arms. Seeing several with cutlasses in their hands, he gave the alarm, tumbled into his canoe, and paddled away as if he had seen the devil.

They returned after some persuasion and friendly signs and signals had been made to them, but nothing would induce any of the twelve to venture inside or beyond the hammock-netting, where they perched themselves ready for a bolt overboard on the first symptoms of anything like treachery on our part. Even these savages had a smattering of the English tongue, and could ask very distinctly for rum and tobacco.

I found out afterwards that their fears were not altogether without cause, as Spanish vessels had been in the habit, when their cargoes were not quite complete, of enticing these unfortunate negroes on board under the pretence of trading, and then kidnapping them; not many months previously their King, with twenty-four men, had been carried off, canoe and all, and sold at the Havana. His Majesty was afterwards restored to his country, but so broken-hearted and dispirited as to be unable to assume the government. His son Antonio now reigns at Lahon. They are a harmless and inoffensive people. 1837. Cape Lahon, Oct. 16.

In running along-shore, which you may do about half a mile from the beach in 9 or 10 fathoms, the coast has a beautiful appearance. The country is thickly wooded, with trees of every size, colour, and description, and the villages, which are always to be seen where there are a few cocoanuts growing together, give it a lively and picturesque appearance—a great contrast with that of Portendick.

A tremendous surf was breaking on the beach, and we did not see a single spot for several hundred miles where any of our boats could have landed.

After rounding Cape Palmas, the surf was considerably higher. The canoes were formed much stouter and stronger, and appeared very clumsy after the beautiful light skiffs of Sierra Leone, and what is termed the Windward Coast.

Anchored off Grande Jack. The natives came off in swarms, taking us for a first-rate trader. At this place we found that they spoke more English, and consequently were more impudent, fonder of grog, and more avaricious than any of the natives we had yet seen. Oct. 17.

1837. They brought off cocoanuts, cats, yams, monkeys, and gold-dust (the value of which they understand perfectly well), as well as poultry, limes, goats, and ivory, in exchange for which they took any old clothes, seamen's hats, marines' caps, and stole the hand-lead out of the chains. The whole scene of exchange, which took place on deck, being new to us, was most amusing.

Every negro proceeded to dress himself in each article of clothing as he received it in exchange. One was seen walking about the decks as proud as Lucifer, in a perfect state of nudity with the exception of a marine's cap. Another put the trousers over his shoulders like a lady's shawl, and several had jackets on hind part before.

From Grande Jack we went to Grand Bessani, but the surf ran too high to allow our boats to proceed over the bar up the river.

Oct. 18. Bassani is a large and populous town, situated about ten miles up the river, its trade principally gold-dust and ivory.

On the arrival of any vessel to open a trade with the natives, it is customary to give the Chief what they call a *dash*, which is a present of part of everything you have on board. No Chief ever neglects coming on board for his *dash*, and without which little or no trade is carried on.

Grand Bassani was the first place from Cape Palmas where a landing is effected by Europeans, and then it can only be accomplished in the canoes of the natives, about once in eight or nine days.

From Grand Bassani we proceeded along-shore, passing the mouth of the Assine River, out of which the fresh water was rushing with considerable violence. This river separates what is called the ivory from the

gold country, although both these articles are to be obtained on either coast, to the eastward of Cape Appollonia. 1837.

We passed the town of that name, and in which stands an old British fort, now abandoned, the first stone-and-mortar building we had seen since leaving Sierra Leone. Oct. 19.

In the afternoon passed Axine, where there is a

A Factory.

pretty-looking fort, on which the Dutch flag was flying. In the evening we anchored off Dixcove, where by a ledge of rocks is formed a snug little harbour.

The rollers occasionally run in, but the surf seldom breaks across the entrance, about ten yards wide, and close under the fort, on your right going in. The boatswain, however, managed to get himself and two Kroomen capsized in my canoe.

The fort, mounting 16 guns, stands on a rocky point, commands the town, which, although it owns a King as well as a village a few miles distant, the Oct. 20.

1837. Dixcove. people call themselves British subjects, and are ready, but not anxious, to fight for their governors.

We can scarcely interfere with their laws, except to put a stop to the barbarous practice of sacrificing human beings.

The natives, who belong to a race called Ashanti, are inoffensive, superstitious, and idle. I noticed a very decent-looking native—one of the *cabocees* or elders of the town—who had come to the fort to ask permission to bury a woman alive, for being, as he alleged, a witch.

On inquiry, the Governor discovered the man had already done so the previous day. He was in durance vile, awaiting the decision of the Resident at Cape Coast, under whose authority are all the British forts along the coast.

At almost every forty or fifty miles there is a distinct race, whose names and customs are different, and who can scarcely understand each other's language.

At Dixcove the natives regard alligators as fetish or sacred. At Cape Coast, a few miles from this, they destroy them. At Accra, I believe, the hyæna is fetish.

On the western side of the town of Dixcove is a small river, and the mouth being choked up with sand, it had spread itself into a swamp, covering about half an acre of ground.

In this are many crocodiles, frequently known to devour goats, fowls, etc., when near the banks. These reptiles, as well as snakes, are considered fetish, and are worshipped by the natives.

Near the river lives an old fetish woman, who is held in awe and treated with great respect by the natives. She is supposed to have great power over crocodiles. I went with the Resident to see this

extraordinary fact. On being applied to, the old hag issued from her hut. 1837. Dixcove.

She was covered with a sort of white mud-wash, and wore about her person several absurd superstitious ornaments, such as a pair of goat's horns, some tiger's teeth, and several pieces of gold. Her body was uncovered down to the waist; her breasts hung down like the flaps of an old saddle. She was nearly blind from age, and supported herself by a long, mysterious-looking stick. The witch took her position under a tree, and to my astonishment I saw one of these horrid-looking crocodiles, after having been invoked and charmed for some minutes by her (she held a doomed chicken in her hand, and while going through many extraordinary gestures and motions, repeated some unintelligible jargon), gradually emerge from the rushes on the opposite side, where he had been entirely hid from view, swim across, and creep up the bank towards where we stood. My first impulse was to bolt, but on turning round I felt ashamed. A number of native women, with their children, stood by, apparently without the slightest fear, so much confidence had they in the power of the old woman over the reptile. I therefore stood my ground manfully, and allowed the crocodile to approach within a yard of me, and receive the chicken from the old hag at the end of a reed. I certainly felt a great relief when the brute crushed the unfortunate bird, feathers and all, which he seized in the most ungracious and savage manner, and turned again into the river. I had seen crocodiles before, both in the East and West Indies, but never heard of their facing a concourse of people.

The people trade in palm-oil and gold-dust.

Mr. Swansen, the Resident of Dixcove, is a young

1837. man of about two-and-twenty. He had very comfortable, roomy quarters in the fort, and was the only white man in the settlement. Nothing could surpass his kindness and attention.

Oct. 22. Anchored off Elmina. Fort St. George, the chief settlement of the Dutch, is the largest and handsomest place on the coast.

I saluted on anchoring, and the Governor immediately sent off a large canoe to convey me on shore. I was shown all over the fort; which mounts 62 guns, is of great extent, and kept in beautiful order.

The Dutch are very proud of this place, having taken it from the Portuguese more than two centuries ago, retaining it ever since.

Fort St. Jago I was not allowed to see; it was his weakest point, and the Governor wasn't anxious to show it.

The Dutch Government carry on a traffic in slaves, under the plea of raising recruits for their East India possessions. The negroes are bought from the Ashanti chiefs, embarked for Batavia, and told they are free men.

I observed several neat and comfortable-looking houses, with gardens attached, belonging to the merchants, most of whom I met at the Governor's table, where I was hospitably entertained. Almost every one spoke English.

Oct. 23. Cape Coast is only nine miles to the eastward of Elmina, where we anchored following morning.

CHAPTER XIX

Cape Coast Castle

The anchor was no sooner down than a large canoe with four-and-twenty paddles was alongside, waiting orders. 1837.

I went on shore with several of the officers, in straw hats and round jackets, expecting a wetting; the surf ran high. We, however, landed perfectly dry, but had no sooner touched the shore than a salute was fired, and, on entering the square of the fort, I found the garrison turned out. The band struck up "God save the Queen," which I now heard for the first time, and the guard presented arms. I took off my hat, which I tried to hide, and bowed to everybody. On a promise from the Resident that I should be treated with no further ceremony, I composed myself with an excellent glass of "Madeira." Oct. 23.

Cape Coast Castle, as well as the other English settlements along the coast, was given up by Government about ten years previously to a company, with the allowance of £3500 a year, with which they pay a garrison and keep the forts in repair. They manage, I suppose, by a liberal supply from their own coffers, to do everything in excellent style, and I believe no garrisons under Government can be conducted with greater regularity or kept in better order than these on the western coast of Africa.

1837. Since then trade has increased. The Ashantis, with whom we were constantly at war, became good allies, and confidence re-established. As a proof of this, his Ashanti Majesty has sent two of his sons to England to be educated, and a regular and constant communication is kept with Coomassie, the capital.

We no longer pay tribute for the ground on which Cape Coast Castle is built. There is a well-conducted school established in the fort, where I saw upwards of a hundred native boys. I was struck with the appearance of a smart-looking half-caste boy, about eight years old, who, on my asking his name, said: "Ma name, George, sar: son of Captain George C——, Royal Navy, sar." This is the first attempt of education, and when knowledge becomes diffused, the natives (Fantees), who are at present idle and superstitious, may soon see the advantages of commerce and industry. They are daily leaving off many of their fetish practices. Their religion appears to consist chiefly in doing homage or making presents to anything their priests choose to call or make fetish—a stone, a tree, a wild beast—in short, anything.

In passing by the edge of a jungle, I observed a path neatly cut through the thickest part of it, and was told that in all probability I should see something "fetish." I went in. The path terminated at a large stone, round which were some old shells and two or three bottles containing rum. These were offerings to induce this stone to keep harm away from the donors. They consider white men as superior in power to their fetish, and any of them would have removed a bottle of rum from the stone had he been told to do so by the Resident or any white man whom they had been in the habit of looking up to,

although they dared not have touched it of their own accord. They follow their own religion, for want of a better. The soil is capable of producing anything, and a second India, on a small scale, may one day rise out of these settlements—that is, if they continue in the hands of such an enterprising, liberal little company of merchants as now have the management. The merchants appeared to vie with one another in doing everything to make our stay at Cape Coast agreeable, in which they fully succeeded. 1837.

Mr. Swansen, brother of my old friend, the Governor at Dixcove, prepared a visit to a plantation he was making a few miles in the country.

It is a remarkable fact that the cattle, which formerly used to sleep in the woods outside the town, have, ever since the Ashantis attacked Cape Coast, come in, and sleep under the protection of the guns.

The dispensary is well arranged in the fort, near which I saw what is only seen in tropical climates—a man whose leg had just been amputated by a shark.

I visited Mr. Swansen's enterprising undertaking, the first attempt at anything like a plantation that had been made. He had been here for two years, and was expending a considerable sum in clearing away the jungle, so that it must be some time before he can get income from it. Napoleon Plantation is about six miles from Cape Coast.

We started, a large party. From the novelty of the scene, the various and curious modes of conveyance, etc., made it to us a most agreeable and amusing excursion. The usual conveyance is in a long narrow basket, carried on the heads of a couple of natives, in which you can lie your length; nothing being visible from the outside but your toes and nose, which gives you the appearance of a corpse. A few

1837. were conveyed in a sort of Sedan chair, and several in little light four-wheeled carriages, which are drawn by four men, with two more behind to push uphill. Being drawn in a carriage by human beings sounds contrary to our English ideas, but it is only in the name. They are well paid and worked easily; choosing always their own pace; and I never saw children enjoy the fun of drawing along a little cart more than these blacks did that of drawing the Resident and myself along six miles of bad road.

Mr. Swansen's comfortable cottage we found prettily situated on the summit of a hill, at the foot of which ran a small river. At the back and sides were mountains covered with impenetrable jungle, which the natives were endeavouring to clear. But the fore-part of the hill on which the house stood was already covered with cotton, coffee, tobacco, and other plants, springing up most luxuriously. A vast number of natives had collected to greet our arrival, and were performing one of the wildest and most picturesque dances. A more agreeable sight, however, and which, I believe, was the chief object of our journey, was an excellent dinner, to which we did ample justice.

Oct. 24. We visited an adjoining village, luckily on some fête day, as all the people were dressed in their best. The chiefs of the village, with their attendants, came down to welcome us with trumpets, and a great noise was made with various nondescript instruments. Many curiously-rigged personages, whose offices I could not exactly make out, were in attendance. They danced round us, gave us palm-wine to drink, and fired off muskets close to us—in short, the nearer the muzzle is to your ear without blowing your head off the greater the compliment. It was dark before we got

back to the town, when we finished with another dinner at Mr. Swansen's. 1837.

We took leave of our friends at Cape Coast, having passed two agreeable days, the large canoe being in attendance.

Cape Coast is certainly not more unhealthy than most tropical climates, and some weeks might be passed very pleasantly; but there are two serious objections—neither horses nor white women ever live there. The famous authoress, "L. E. L.," was the last victim.

Anchored off British Accra. The fort is neat, and in first-rate order, but not so large as Cape Coast. This is another settlement. The country is open, and roads are good to the extent of thirty miles. What rendered it so agreeable was the kindness and attention shown by Mr. Bannerman, well known to the Navy employed on this coast. Oct. 26.

Accra is famous for the quantity and fineness of its gold-dust. Many pretty rings are made here of the purest gold. Ivory is also to be obtained.

Adjoining, and to the eastward is Dutch Accra, with the remains of a fort, destroyed in 1821 by the English, which the Dutch Governor told me had been washed down by the sea.

Two miles further is a Danish fort and town, all three flags flying within range of each other's guns.

Accra has an odd appearance from the sea. I rode over to Danish Accra to call on the Governor, and was received with a guard and salute. The natives are much the same in appearance as at Cape Coast, and equally superstitious; among many other absurdities, the untamable hyena is here fetish. These animals come into the town at night and

1837. commit depredations with impunity. They imitate the noises of the different animals, and particularly the crying of a child.

A hyena a few nights back dropped two cubs in the street; the following night she returned and took them away.

One of the merchants having shot a hyena while he was employed at night in digging up the remains of a favourite horse, was obliged to make a large *dash* of rum and tobacco to appease the natives, who fancied that all sorts of calamities would occur in consequence. No work is done until a *dash* is given.

When the Ashantis bring in gold they stop within a mile of the town and send a messenger, waiting his return with a *dash*. Both men and women drink the rum neat.

The cowry shell is used as money, twenty to a penny.

Good shooting may be had: partridges, hares, and snipe close to the town, and at a short distance deer.

Stock of all sorts to be obtained at moderate prices, as well as beef and mutton. Turtle may be picked up on a sandy beach.

Oct. 30. Gray parrots might be bought alongside, four for a dollar, bamboo cage and all.

The last day at Accra we were most sumptuously entertained by the Danish Governor. He had served as a Lieutenant in the French Navy, and had met Goldsmith at Marseilles, who, being very anxious to sketch one of the native women in full costume, the Governor good-naturedly got one of the wives of the chiefs of the town. She made her appearance after dinner, almost covered with finery, which she liked being

sketched. Her thighs and hips were covered with silver beads, which, again, were covered by a red cotton dress—a sort of covering wound round her body, all above her hips being left bare, as well as below her knees. She had upwards of a thousand dollars' worth of gold ornaments on her. After this took our departure. 1837.

Under way just before sunset, and saluted the Danish flag in passing. During a fortnight's cruise in search of the senior officer we fell in with *Saracen*, *Viper*, and *Waterwitch*. The latter is one of Symonds' beautiful brigs; she beat us to windward during half an hour's trial.

Anchored in Clarence Cove, Fernando Po. This place was once in possession of our Government, but now belongs to a small company of merchants. The first question asked by every passer-by is: "What in the world could induce the Government to give up such a place with so many advantages?" Nov. 15.

As a rendezvous for ships of war it is perfect. The anchorage is capacious and safe, the fresh water excellent and plentiful, and no end of firewood. There is also a good place for hauling the seine, with lots of fine fish. An excellent beach for hauling boats up for repair.

Clarence Cove is a key to some of the largest rivers in Africa, and its being situated in the centre almost of the country from which most of the slaves are exported renders this the most fit place for the slave court to be held.

Although at present the island is not overstocked with bullocks, still animals of all sorts thrive here, and by a little pains it might become one of the most commodious and useful spots on the globe as a naval establishment. The timber also, of which there is

1837. an enormous quantity, and of great variety, is allowed to be the best exported from any part of Africa. The soil is rich, and capable of producing anything.

The company had appointed two zealous and active agents in Messrs. Beecroft and Oldfield, who act as Governors, and fill all other appointments besides. The population consists of 800 persons, chiefly liberated negroes from Sierra Leone.

There is a small militia garrison of about sixty persons, and several stores containing a little of everything, which articles they ship off in smaller vessels who barter up the adjoining rivers with the natives for palm-oil and ivory.

Although there are a vast number of palms on the island, the natives have not been taught the advantage of collecting the oil, and bringing it down to barter for British goods. They are as yet an idle and indolent race, but I should think most useful and willing when once they can be convinced of the advantages of industry. The trees are felled by Kroomen. I saw one piece of timber measuring 5 feet square at the smallest, and 60 feet long.

Mr. Beecroft was kind enough to have a couple of the largest trees felled for us to see, and I think, next to the launching of a large ship, it was the most magnificent sight I ever beheld.

We remained at Fernando Po for a week, sailing on 21st. On 23rd we were overtaken by a moderate tornado, which lasted three hours, and ended in a north-east breeze.

Nov. 25. Came to in West Bay, Prince's Island, to gain intelligence of the senior Commander, under whose orders I was about to place myself.

This is an exceedingly pretty and secure little bay, well adapted for cruisers to complete wood and

water. There are sugar-loaf mountains and other shaped hills which give the island a picturesque appearance. It belongs to the Portuguese. 1837.

Anchored in Church Bay, at which place Doña Ferraz, widow of the Portuguese Governor of Prince's Island, holds her court. She is a very kind and hospitable lady of rather dark complexion, and fond of the English. Nov. 27.

Doña Ferraz has five of these large houses, around which the negro huts are prettily arranged, each having its garden in front.

The *slavery* was only in the name; I never saw a set of people more happy and contented, or more devoted than they are to their mistress.

We remained a couple of days, during which time I was "Madame's" (the name she always goes by) guest.

I noticed, tending the table, some smart-looking boys, of a much lighter complexion than the generality of the slave children. I found on inquiry that they were all born at West Bay, where British cruisers go for wood and water.

However, after a certain age, "Madame" gives them their freedom, a piece of ground, and a small sum of money.

About four o'clock in the afternoon a rakish schooner hove in sight, coming round the northernmost point of the bay, but on seeing us, she bore up.

We immediately weighed and made all sail in chase, but directly after sunset in the tropics, when there is no moon, it becomes exceedingly dark. At daylight nothing of our chase was to be seen.

Fell in with a brig, 450 slaves on board. Prize to *Scout*, 18, Commander R. Craigie. Nov. 29.

CHAPTER XX

THE *CHILDERS* BRIG

1837. ARRIVED off the Bonny, and at sunset made sail in
Dec. 2. chase of another schooner, which managed to get away from us during the night.

Dec. 4. At daylight we were again off the Bonny, where we found *Pelican*. I received orders from Commander Popham to cruise between latitudes 4° and 2° north, longitude 3° 30′ and 6° east and the coast, and to wait off Cape Formosa for *Buzzard*, who would supply us with provisions.

Dec. 8. Last night, while cruising off Cape Formosa under topsails, a sail was reported ahead. All sail was made in chase, and, having a fresh breeze, in an hour we came up with her.

There is nothing so exciting as a chase, especially at night, when you cannot make out what you are in chase of. Even the men of the watch below turn out to look on, as soon as within range.

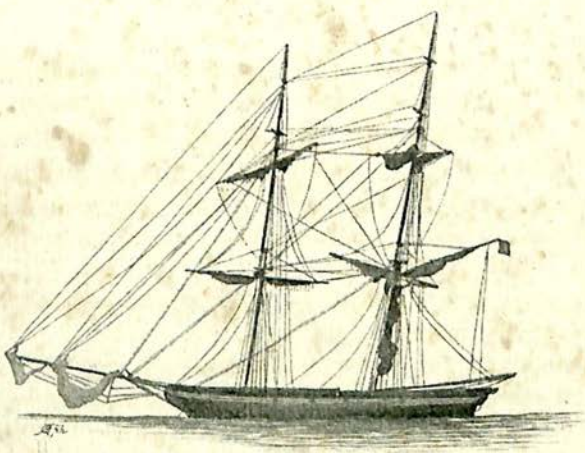
We dropped a shot under her quarter, upon which she rounded to, and, to our disappointment, proved to be the *Pink*, an English brig from Liverpool, come to trade for palm-oil.

Dec. 10. At daylight we sighted a rakish-looking schooner on our lee bow. A shot brought her to. She was from the Havana, under Portuguese colours, come out for a cargo of slaves.

We soon after made a man-of-war to windward, 1837.
which proved to be *Waterwitch*. She brought us orders to proceed to our station.

In the afternoon, while at dinner, a strange sail was reported in-shore of us. We both made sail, steering one to the eastward and the other to the west of the stranger.

Just before sunset we discovered that she had



A Slaver.

another vessel in company. We lost sight of them after sunset, but, continuing our course in-shore, about nine o'clock, with the assistance of a bright moon and a night glass, we discovered three vessels at anchor off the river St. Barbara. They were all of them slavers belonging to the Havana — the *Fecilidades*, brig, carrying 2 guns, 228 tons, 42 men, and the *Maria Segunda*, schooner, 1 gun, 107 tons, 28 men.

One of them was prepared to take in a cargo of slaves, the others, a brig and schooner, had lately

1837. arrived, and had not yet got rid of their trading cargo. They had more the appearance of yachts than slavers.

Three days afterwards, the *Maria Segunda*, with slaves on board, escaped from the *Waterwitch* boats. Her gig was the only boat that got hold of her. She was commanded by a midshipman named Bowles, who held on a quarter of an hour after he had one killed and another man wounded out of a crew of four.

The slaver had eight men killed. Mr. Bowles used a fowling-piece, with which his coxswain remarked he picked them off as if he had been shooting larks. The cutter and pinnace never succeeded in getting alongside, although they exchanged shots.

The slave trade will never be put a stop to unless by the consent of the European Powers.

Although the Spaniards and a few Portuguese and Brazilians are the only fellows who have enterprise sufficient to engage in the trade, there is not a vessel on the coast that is not supplied with papers allowing her to wear the colours of other nations; the Spanish flag is nearly the only one that is never seen. A beautiful Spanish brig which fitted out at Barcelona, close to us, was found under Russian colours.

Lieutenant Hill, of the *Saracen*, having boarded a brigantine manned by Spaniards, but under Portuguese colours, had her Captain on board with his papers, and on Hill telling him his papers would not do, as they mentioned he was manned with two-thirds Portuguese, he exclaimed: "I am the most unfortunate fellow in the world. This is the third vessel I have lost in two years. That blackguard at Porto Praya told me they were all correct, and I

paid him a thousand dollars." But Hill could not detain him. 1837.

Last year there were upwards of 30,000 negroes taken off from the coast of Africa, to the northward of the "Line." In spite of the vigilance of about thirteen of our cruisers, nine out of ten slavers escape. I have no doubt that as many more slaves are shipped to the southward of the "Line." For every slaver taken by the British cruisers, an extra price is put on the slaves when they arrive at their destination; and, as their value increases, so will the number of vessels employed.

The Captain of the *John Begg*, a Liverpool brig from Old Calabar, who had purchased 500 slaves, was so closely blockaded by one of our cruisers that he kept them penned up, and 200 of them died of starvation. He afterwards left them to their fate, and of course they were resold to the next vessel that arrived. Many negroes voluntarily leave their country, and come to the islands of St. Thomas and Prince's to live with their countrymen who had been bought.

We now proceeded to our cruising-ground, and for twenty-one days saw nothing but a palm-tree, washed out of some river. We were completely out of fresh provisions, and the only thing to break through the dullest three weeks I ever passed at sea was the hooking of a shark or dolphin, both of which, latterly, we considered luxuries. To add to the enlivenment of the scene, we were enveloped in a thick haze, occasioned by the Hamattan wind, which generally, in these latitudes, commences in the month of January. It is a hot, dry wind; the haze, which neither sun nor moon can penetrate, is occasioned by the white dust or fine sand blown off Dec. 11.

1837. the deserts of Africa. One's view is confined to within a cable's length of the ship. Vessels near the land generally get so completely covered with it that it takes several days to wash with fresh water. Our look-out men from the mast-head and foreyard-arm looked like millers.

During the Hamattans slavers generally escape.

CHAPTER XXI

A Rendezvous of Cruisers

Latitude 4° north and longitude 4° east on the first Monday of the month was the appointed rendezvous for nearly all the cruisers. 1838. Jan. 1.

On our arrival, we found *Pelican*, *Scout*, and *Fair Rosamond* already there. Our old fellow-cruiser *Columbine*, Commander Thomas Henderson, joined the following morning.

Saracen and *Bonetta* arrived; they had parted company with *Dolphin* the previous night. Jan. 3.

Forester arrived from England to relieve *Columbine*. Being to the northward, we were the first to notice a strange sail. The senior officer, Commander Popham, of the *Pelican*, mustered the crews and inspected the vessels of all of us, which he did with the pomp and show of an Admiral. He invited the Commanders to dinner, and did the whole thing very well. *Pelican* was in good discipline, beautifully clean and neat about the rigging. Jan. 5.

We had no manœuvring; this coast is not the station for it. The climate is bad, and the cruisers seldom have all their men on board. None of them had points in their sails below the second reef, and sky-sails seemed the order of the day.

1838. *Scout* loomed large in the Mosquito Fleet ; she was clean and very nice inside.

Columbine looked as she always did—beautiful. I think her by far the most perfect of Symonds' craft. No man understood better how to fit a sail than Henderson.

Saracen's Commander, Hill, is an active fellow, but his vessel is a brute, and nothing could make her sail or look decent.

Some changes took place in the distribution of the squadron. We took *Columbine's* station, to windward of the Bight of Benin, and had the mortification of seeing her depart for old England before us, although a shorter time in commission.

Forester lost six of her crew on her way down from Sierra Leone.

Of the prize crew sent up by *Fair Rosamond* with her Scotch prize, all had died except the officer.

Of two prize crews from *Bonetta*, only four men returned alive.

Curlew lost three men of her crew : last year she had been nearly unmanned from deaths.

The *Raven* cutter, surveying, was lying at Accra, so disabled from loss of men and officers as to be unable to go to sea.

Popham decided to go to them at once.

Jan. 7. Having obtained provisions from *Bonetta*, and put letters for England on board *Columbine*, we parted for our station—latitude 4° north to the land and the meridian of Greenwich. The weather was thick and hazy ; a Hamattan had just commenced.

Jan. 11. Not having been able to get a correct observation, we were steering for the land with leads both going, when I discovered through the fog a vessel at anchor. Boats were hoisted out, manned, armed, and away in

a few minutes—in fact they were alongside the vessel before she had seen us. In hoisting my gig from off the booms, the foreyard tackle got choked, but cleared with a jerk, pitched Lathom across the gunwale and broke his arm. We were obliged to invalid him home. He was a steady, good man, and a born artist. The vessel proved to be the *Camoëns*, a lovely brig of 180 tons under Portuguese colours. She carried one long gun, and was nearly ready for taking a cargo of slaves. She was painted with a white ribbon—the first slaver we had seen so painted. Her commander called himself Feliz Cosme Mendil. 1838.

On the same day, just as the men had dined, a sail ahead was discovered. The wind was light, and the boats immediately sent away. On closing with her, we found she had two large canoes (such as are used for embarking slaves) towing astern. Observing the boats' crews had got on board, and appeared inclined to remain, we concluded that we had at last caught a prize. We sent on board and examined her. The canoes astern were for landing her cargo. Found five negroes on board and seventeen more in the boats astern, and I believe, had we sent her to Sierra Leone, she would have been condemned, as the negroes, although not part of her cargo, were the property of a slave-dealer, who was on board for the purpose of purchasing. But, taking into consideration the dreadful mortality among the prize crews lately sent to Sierra Leone, as well as the small value of a nearly empty vessel, we did not detain her. The slave procurer was sent on board the *Childers* to be examined, when he was immediately recognised by some liberated African boys who were on board as part complement from *Columbine*. These boys had been kidnapped or bought—one was bought for a

1838. Jan. 11. keg of rum—by these brutes and sold to the captain of a slave-vessel, which vessel had been captured by one of our cruisers. They spotted him, and would have torn the shirt off his back had they not been prevented. One boy stated that this fellow had stolen him and buried him in the sand on the beach for a whole day with nothing out but his head, over which the fiend placed a calabash, and threatened to kill the boy if he made a noise.

The African children captured in the slave-vessels are sent to school at Sierra Leone, and, when big enough, are put on board men-of-war on the station, and placed under artificers to enable them to learn some trade by which to maintain themselves. The boys turn out very well, but little is ever made of the grown-up negroes.

The vessel was another beautiful brig called the *Amigos*, with raking masts and a white ribbon, which appears to be the fashion on this part of the coast. She was 150 tons, and had a crew of twenty-five men. The master was a Portuguese named Don Ferando José Canieras, an obliging, civil fellow. Most of the captains of these slavers are superior men; some belong to good Spanish and Portuguese families; generally young. I believe many of them take command of these vessels for the excitement of the service. Canieras appeared a gentleman-like fellow: above having any personal dislike to us from the unpleasant duty on which we were employed. He invited me to dine with him, and offered his services in boats, and many other ways.

One of the slavers on the coast is commanded by a man from Barcelona, who had been on board *Childers* at a dance and supper I gave three years ago.

From the *Dos Amigos* we ascertained we were off

Cape St. Paul's, the Hamattan having changed the direction of the current, which we found setting strong to the westward. 1838.

Having been on salt grub for more than a month, sent pinnace into Quitta for bullocks and water, intending to return in a day or two. Stood to the eastward. Jan. 13.

At daylight found ourselves close off Little Popoe, in which lay three suspicious-looking vessels. *El Liberal*, master Don Francisco Gonzalo, was a fine brig of 160 tons, mounting two guns, with a crew of twenty-six men. She was not quite ready for her slaves, having still part of her trading cargo on board. Jan. 14.

The *Dulcinea*, a small schooner of 81 tons, and crew of 18 men, appeared to be perfectly ready for taking her slaves on board. She, too, was a rakish American-built craft. Her Captain, Don Fernando Penez, was on shore.

The third, the *Louisa*, was a pretty brigantine of 120 tons, carrying a crew of 24 men, commanded by Don Juan Fanara Amez. She appeared nearly ready for a start.

Having examined each vessel, we ran along the coast to Quitta and fresh beef.

About twelve miles to the westward of Little Popoe, a large canoe came off to offer the services of the owner, a Caboceer, an independent chief. He sported over his house a large white flag with a Dutch head to it.

The coxswain of the boat, who brought off his master's gold stick of office for a bottle of rum, informed us that the slave schooner *Dulcinea*, at Popoe, would embark between 200 and 300 slaves, and that she would get under way at 3 P.M., and was cruising about to see if the coast was clear. At

1838. January. 6 o'clock she was to embark her slaves. I promised the fellow, in case of capture, $20 for his information.

In the evening we boarded a Brazilian polacca brig belonging to the same owners as one of the slave vessels we had already examined. But though not fitted for slaves, she brought from Bahia that sort of cargo generally used in the purchase of them.

Jan. 16. On arriving off Quitta, we found the *Dos Amigos*, whose Captain had been kind in lending his canoes to get off our fresh provisions, and before our arrival accommodated the officers and stewards with beds.

The only return we could make for his courtesy would be to capture him when he had embarked his slaves.

We found here a Portuguese who called himself "John Thomson," speaking English, ready to give any information respecting slave vessels. Having given him full directions and a promise, hoisted boats in and stood out to sea as if going off the coast, and then proceeded off Little Popoe to watch the movements of the *Dulcinea*.

On the afternoon of the appointed day we were all anxiety. The weather was hazy, but we kept well in the offing, and at 5 P.M. bore up for the land.

Just at sunset observed through the haze a sail to leeward. We made sail, and were closing with chase when dark claimed her.

She being in-shore, we steered such a course as, in our calculation, must have cut her off, but we shortly discovered breakers on the beach, and no sail. *El Liberal* being the only vessel there, we stood out to sea again in hopes of cutting *Dulcinea* off to the south-east, as after dark she must have bore up and run along the beach to leeward.

Jan. 18. The following day, at noon, we gave it up, and

made sail for Quitta, to see what news my new acquaintance "Mr. Thomson" might have obtained. 1838.

Next day, at noon, when steering towards Quitta, the weather hazy, sail was seen on the weather bow, and we went in chase. We soon discovered her to be a man-of-war brigantine, and it was not, owing to the haze, until after we had pitched a shot somewhere near her that she discovered us, when we exchanged numbers with *Dolphin;* she is the nicest-looking vessel we have seen, and appears in very good order. Jan. 19.

She had been about eighteen months in commission, and had captured 16,000 slaves—nine different vessels. But all the officers, with the exception of the clerk-in-charge, and most of the crew had fallen victims to the climate. Every one of her prizes had been taken by falling upon them accidentally.

It took us the remainder of the afternoon to supply *Dolphin* with provisions. Just as we had finished, a small schooner was running past, and, although we had our heads in the direction to cut her off, she did not seem inclined either to shorten sail or show colours.

I directed a shot to be fired across her bows, which happened to fall within a few yards of her; down came her sails.

It was the Portuguese schooner, *San Igual*, 87 tons, mounting two long nines, carrying 24 men. The master, José Ferreira, with the usual cargo of cloth and tobacco; only thirty-three days from the Havana. She had been boarded by the *Hyacinth.*

Dolphin parted for Prince's Island and we for Quitta, where we got water, not particularly good. Jan. 20.

In the evening observed the vessels at anchor in Whydah Roads. Whydah was formerly famous for

1838. slaves, but owing to the great Fernandez not being so active as he used to be, the slave captains prefer Lagos.

Jan. 22. We found the *Espartante*, a fine Brazilian brig, 250 tons, a crew of 17, mounting two long 12-pounders, belonging to Bahia; the *Julia*, a Portuguese brig, Don Antonio Lavandeira, 94 tons, fitted for the slave trade; and the *Feliceades*, Don José Iguanoda Costa, a fine brig, 176 tons, carrying 18 men, with two 12-pounders. She was flying Portuguese colours, and fitted for slaves.

Finding nothing on which I could lay hands, ran to the limits of my station and commenced working to windward, to try our luck about forty miles off-shore.

Jan. 26. Having got as far as Cape St. Paul's, went on to Accra, the only civilised place. Sent the pinnace to reconnoitre, and the cutter to Occo, another likely place.

Jan. 29. Arrived off Accra. As it was thirteen miles to the westward of our station, did not anchor. We found no less than eleven vessels at anchor; among them the *Triumphant*, a French corvette, 900 tons, mounting twenty-four long 32-pounders. She could not sail, and was attended by a schooner, looking as nice as paint and putty could make her.

El Liberal brought the account of our having boarded her in Popoe Roads, about two hours after the departure of the *Dulcinea* with her cargo of slaves.

Jan. 30. The next morning we met the brig *Enterprise*, under Portuguese colours, the largest slaver on the coast. De Souza, her master, is an intelligent, well-educated young Spaniard, whose father is the owner of half the slavers on the coast.

In the evening at Senegal found two vessels, the schooner *Josephine* and *Diligente* brig, at anchor off

Occo, both ready for embarkation of slaves. We remained invisibly near for two days. 1838.

The time allowed for the provisions in the boats having expired, and the time of rendezvous at hand, we were obliged to give it up.

Found the *Diligente*, a fine brig of 174 tons, with her slave deck partly laid, water completed. By way of deception the first two breakers that came to hand (and which are generally tasted by the boarding officer to ascertain if they are filled with fresh water, if for ballast with salt) were found filled with salt, the remainder fresh.

The same attempt at deception was practised by the *Joseph* schooner.

Fell in with the *Fortuna;* she was coming to an anchor in man-of-war style off Owye, as we were standing in towards Quitta to pick up the boats. Feb. 3.

From the description I had received of the vessel, I knew her the moment we saw her, and went on board to see her Captain, José Antinio Barbozo, being the same man who commanded the large slaver *Velo* when she fought the *Primrose* in 1820. He is a handsome, intelligent-looking man, a Biscayan. He bore the marks of the action about him, having but one arm.

The *Fortuna* is also a very handsome brig, in beautiful order.

Barbozo informed us of the *Saracen's* having chased a schooner off Whydah, full of slaves, which, however, got away. The *Fortuna* observed the *Saracen* before the slaver, and made a private signal, which enabled her to escape.

Don José was civil. He pressed me to breakfast; offered cigars, etc.

This being the appointed day for our rendezvous, Feb. 6.

1838. we had no time to lose. We got there during the night, and at daylight exchanged numbers with *Scout* and *Saracen*.

Feb. 7. The senior officer not coming in, we parted, but not until *Scout* had beaten us in a royal breeze on a bowline, she being the same vessel that three years ago we beat in the Mediterranean.

Having more guns than we were likely to use, six of them were sent below, where they were suspended by chains on the lower deck to the midship stanchions, to accelerate speed.

Feb. 11. 2 P.M.—A sail reported on weather-bow; breeze light and variable.

It being a likely place, we immediately gave chase, and, by tacking and manœuvring, at sunset we had gained considerably on a fore-and-aft rigged schooner, evidently trying to escape us. We were, however, gaining considerably, but night came on and hid him from our view.

At Quitta we fell in with the *Mansfield*, a Liverpool palm-oil ship. Her master murdered two natives in the Old Calabar river a few months back.

All the trade for palm-oil and ivory is carried on with the natives by means of barter, one merchant supplying the natives with rum, clothes, etc.; not being particular, the rum is frequently watered.

The natives soon detected this, and thought they had equal right to water their oil (forgetting it is more easily discovered), and took alongside the *Mansfield* two small casks of oil mixed with water.

Of course, when this was discovered, the casks were returned to them with the usual allowance of blows and abuse, which is on all occasions liberally bestowed by skippers and mates on the unfortunate negroes.

Unluckily for the two with the watered oil, brave Captain Lillie came off from the shore, and got on deck from the opposite side of the vessel before the canoe was out of hail, and being indignant that the blacks should have attempted to play off such a trick on him, hailed the canoe to come alongside. 1838. February.

The natives, knowing what they might expect, gave way like devils for the shore. The skipper then discharged a fowling-piece, which, being loaded with small shot, had no effect; he then deliberately loaded a musket, and with one shot killed both poor fellows!

In this part of the world murders are far too often committed with impunity, and complaints are made by the merchants that men-of-war afford trade no protection.

Of course the natives retaliate, and, what with sickness and accidents, our merchant vessels generally lose two-thirds of their crews.

Arrived in West Bay. Completed water; sailed the following day to join the senior officer off Lagos. Feb. 14.

On arriving on the coast station, look-out men are stationed at each masthead, one of the crew and the other a Krooman, with the reward of a doubloon for the one who should first see a sail that proved a prize.

We showed no lights at night; a small hole in the binnacle was all that was allowed the helmsman. We had one of the smartest signalmen I had met, whom I supplied with a glass worthy of him.

A sail to the north being announced, the signalman went aloft and reported a square-rigged vessel before the wind. On deck he expressed his opinion that she was a man-of-war. We expected none from

1838. that direction. He judged from the squareness of her yards, and soon described her as an 18 gun sloop. He had counted the cloths in her main topgallant sail; later, when he could see the foreyard above the horizon, he pronounced her as from home. I thought this a rather strong assertion, and inquired: "How the deuce he could tell?"

He drew my attention to three mid-ship cloths of the fore-topsail being discoloured.

"What had that to do with it?"

He explained that the look-out men were young hands, and their stomachs could not stand the difference of motion in a swell.

She proved to be the *Modeste*, 18, commanded by Harry Eyres, just from home.

Feb. 20. Arrived at Lagos, having had but one chase since leaving West Bay, and she proved to be *Fair Rosamond*.

Fell in with senior officer, and from him learned our orders were to return home. What is very provoking, they had been out some six months; I had been promoted December 5, 1837. There was also a letter from the Admiral, desiring me to proceed to Spithead in October of last year!

We found *Scout*, *Dolphin*, and *Pelican*, with whom we remained a day or two, to enable them to write letters for England.

Feb. 22. Parted company, with orders from Popham to join the Commander-in-Chief at Ascension.

Arrived at Accra, and took in stock and other necessaries. We got pretty well filled with parrots, monkeys, tiger-cats, crown birds (a beautiful species of crested stork), and all sorts of curiosities, dead and alive.

Our chief object in calling here was to take leave

of our friend Bannerman, whose kindness and attention to the service nothing could exceed. 1838. February.

The Danish Governor, Lieutenant Murck, paid me a visit, and returned our parting salute.

The time between quitting Accra and crossing the "Line" was the only chance we had of picking up a prize. South of the equator, if we found slavers, we were forbidden to capture them.

Although ordered home in October of last year, and now a captain, I had nothing to show for it, and was sent by Commander Brunswick Popham to join the Commander-in-Chief at Ascension, in case he might have letters for England.

We had toiled much and caught nothing, and were approaching the equator, on the south of which slavers were free. On going below, I thought how nice it would be if we could finish our commission by the capture of one.

I was awoke just before daylight by the officer of the watch announcing something to leeward. Followed him on deck with my Dollond, and took up a position on the forecastle.

There could be no mistake—the rake of her masts, the small peak to her boom mainsail, the perfect set of her sails.

We had made all sail in chase, and were gaining on her. Ordered an officer and prize crew to be ready. At eight bells we had risen the foot of mainsail. She altered course, which was in our favour.

The wind fell. With fire-engine and fire-buckets passed up, wetted our well-worn sails. She moved slowly, with occasional airs; so did we.

Night fell calm and dark. Ten o'clock, out boats, and sent them in chase, with water and steering compasses.

1838. At 11.10 moon rose, bringing a light breeze. Our brig, being light, skimmed over the water, as did our chase. Having to hoist in boats, although we kept in sight all the next day, we lost our chance.

Mar. 12. Called at Prince's Island, watered ship, and took leave of Madame Ferraz.

Mar. 29. Came to off Ascension. Found *Fair Rosamond* and *Raven*.

April 1. Arrived *Thalia*, with flag of Rear-Admiral Sir Patrick Campbell, who, after receiving our Kroomen, ordered us home.

It appeared to me that while cruisers are not allowed by treaties with Spain and Portugal to capture vessels fitted for the slave trade without slaves on board, we did more harm than good. Along the coast negroes are brought from the interior and confined in pens, and, when closely watched by our cruisers, are frequently starved to death.

If a slaver is captured with slaves on board, the price rises on the other side of the Atlantic, which is immediately followed by an increase in the number of vessels that come out. Some of these vessels are owned by the sons of wealthy Spaniards, who purchase American clippers, easily fitted as slavers, who come to the coast of Africa as much on pleasure as business.

The little Spanish I picked up at Barcelona enabled me to converse freely with these agreeable young roués, who, if they did not carry slaves, easily kept our cruisers employed by drawing their attention from the coast to chase these yacht-like slavers. They found matches in our fifteen cruisers.

May 20. Arrived at Portsmouth.

May 21. *Childers* inspected by Captain Dundas of *Britannia*.

May 26. Visited by Rear-Admiral Superintendent the Hon. Duncombe Bouverie. Ship paid off.

On *Childers* going into dock, it was discovered that seven feet of her false keel was partly athwart ships, which accounts for the escape of several loaded slavers. I *thought* she sailed better on one tack than on the other. 1838.

CHAPTER XXII

England

1838. June. In this book I profess to write my sailor life only. But what I laughed at as a boy I now regret as a man, and the next few pages may be skipped.

Now my own master, lodging in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, and attached to the staff of the Duke of Sussex. I renewed my acquaintance with General Sir John Crosbie, who had arrived for the season, in Lower Grosvenor Street, with his handsome family.

On June 14 I attained my twenty-ninth year; was franked to Epsom in a hansom by my brother officer, Lord Frederick Gordon. At Prince Esterhazy's ball the following night, and to that of the Queen on the 18th, the anniversary of Waterloo.

I see, too, that having dined with Maynard at Knightsbridge Barracks one Sunday evening, we adjourned to Limmer's, where we were joined by Lord Waterford and three drags fresh from a white-bait dinner at Greenwich. We got involved in a row in Conduit Street, and I passed the night in Marlborough Street Station.

Next morning three others as well as myself were had up before the sitting magistrate and fined £5 each, which I could ill afford; but the most un-

pleasant part was our names appearing in the papers next day under the heading of "Ruffianism in High Life." 1838.

I was present in Westminster Abbey at the coronation of our most gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, on June 28. A splendid spectacle. It was of further interest to see the peeresses putting on their coronets, taking time from Her Majesty. Amongst them was my sister Anne, who was made Countess of Leicester on the accession of the Queen. June 28.

The following day I was at a full-dress ball given by Lady Lansdowne to the Foreign Ambassadors. There I saw, talking together, Marshal Soult, Prince Talleyrand, and the Duke of Wellington.

Early in July was at a very jolly party given at the Star and Garter, Richmond, by the famous sculptor, Sir Francis Chantrey. July.

On the 5th dined with Charlie Napier, it being the anniversary of his victory over Don Miguel's fleet.

On July 6 attended the Duke of Sussex to a full-dress ball given by Marshal Soult, who had come as special Ambassador, to represent France at the Queen's coronation. Duke of Wellington there.

About this time was troubled with a violent cough, which spoilt my fun, and obliged me to forego the Lord Mayor's and other entertainments. All other remedies failing, decided on change of air, and a visit to my late Chief, Admiral Sir Josias Rowley, in Ireland. Started by rail to Birmingham, and dined at Liverpool the same evening, although we had to coach some forty miles, the line not being then complete. I got rid of my cough *en route*. So much for change of air.

Passed an agreeable week at Mount Campbell

1838. with the Rowleys, a lovely spot on the banks of the Shannon, returning by the Sligo mail to Dublin.

Sir John Crosbie left London for Watergate at the end of July, taking me with him for the Goodwood week. Sir Joseph Hawley, who joined at the same time, owned the *Mischief* yacht, and invited the Watergate party for a cruise.

We embarked at Portsmouth for Cowes Regatta, the General and his daughters landing each evening to sleep at Portsmouth, Cowes, Southampton, or wherever the yacht happened to be.

August. After a charming cruise we returned to Watergate. Having landed the Crosbies, Hawley and I went round the coast, touching at Dover, where I visited my friends the Rices, at Dane Court, their eldest son Edward having been with me in the *Childers*.

Continuing our cruise, we anchored in Holkham Bay on October 24. Landed on the beach and walked up to the house, making our unexpected appearance just in time for dinner.

The wind still continuing fresh from the westward, we sailed for Antwerp and Flushing, and anchored the following evening between the two, going on by rail to Brussels, where we spent three pleasant days, meeting the Montagues, Ranelagh, and others.

There being no chance of a change of wind, Hawley, who was anxious to get to the Mediterranean, decided on proceeding to Italy through France, and offered to frank me, which I was too much of a spoon to accept.

Dec. I spent the next fortnight in London, like a man about to do something desperate. One day I walked to the Stud House, fourteen miles, to dinner.

1839. Feb. 16. Got my father to apply to the Archbishop of

Canterbury for a special license, which he granted, conferring his blessing on me at the same time. 1839.

The General, with Georgie and Kate Crosbie, arrived at the Brunswick Hotel from Watergate. Feb. 21.

Kate and I were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. My father gave the breakfast. We took our departure for Hastings, sitting behind two pairs of Mr. Newman's greys. Feb. 25.

We went to the Birthday Drawing-room, afterwards to the Master of Horse's full-dress official dinner. May 25.

We were at the Queen's ball, London. Almack's was seldom missed.

Attended the wedding of Sara Crosbie and Sir Joseph Hawley at St. George's, Hanover Square. June 18.

Returned by mail to Portsmouth; went on alone to Plymouth to see my old friend and Captain, Lord John Churchill, just ready for sea in the *Druid*, my old shipmates, George Goldsmith and Jonas Coaker, both belonging to her.

We went on a visit to my cousins the Delmés at Cams. While there, established a friendship with Captain Sir Francis Collier—extraordinary good story-teller. August.

Invited to meet the Duke of Sussex at Southwick. Frank Collier among the guests.

Took Henry Coke to Gosport, where he became one of "Burney's Bulldogs" preparatory to entering the Navy. Aug. 20.

Took temporarily a house at Wells. Oct. 21.

Returned to Droxford; arranging future home; thence to London. Nov. 28.

A day of troubles. On arrival in Arlington Street, found letters from my sister Anne, announcing the unexpected confinement of my wife, whose life Nov. 30.

1839. Nov. 30. had been spared, but not that of the child. Got to the post-office, Lombard Street, as the Cambridge mail was coming out *full.* Told cabman to follow the mail, which he did for three miles before it stopped at the Pot and Flower.

Offered £5 for a place. It being the last day of the month, the mail was unusually heavy with newspapers and monthly publications. The guard allowed me to stand on the iron step till we reached Cambridge. It was bitterly cold, with snow falling. At Cambridge I got an outside place on the pair-horse mail to Lynn, and so to Wells, where I arrived exhausted. Found wife better than I expected. The small body had been taken to Wareham by my brother Tom, where I went next day and saw the child in its coffin.

In the afternoon Tom and I dug a hole in his garden, where my little Rufus was buried.

The engagement of the Queen to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg was announced on November 23.

CHAPTER XXIII

SHORE TIME

LEFT Holkham with wife for Watergate while Droxford was being made habitable. 1840. Jan. 20.

Jack Crosbie, who was laid up in bed, gave me a mount with Wyndham's hounds. Meet at Aldsworth Bridge: found at Stanstead; through Watergate and Up Park; killed at the Semaphore, West Marden; fast run, forty minutes, Jack's horse distinguishing himself. Feb. 3.

Queen's wedding-day. My father and brother George present. Had a mount on Bill Crosbie's Brown Windsor. Meet at Aldsworth Bridge. Feb. 10.

General Crosbie, wife, and self dined at Goodwood to meet the Duke of Cambridge. April 3.

Went to London. Lunched next day with father at Buckingham Palace. April 28.

Invitation for wife and self to the Queen's ball. To London by "Yeoman" coach. Dined with father, and so to the ball. May 9.

Returned to Watergate. Rode with Frank Collier to see Southwick, which had been completely burnt down. The loss to Mr. Thistlewaite fully £25,000, independent of insurance. May 25.

To Winchester, by train to London. Attended committee at our failing Old Naval Club in Bond Street. June 1.

1840. On returning, our train, stopping at the curve, Fareham, was run into by an engine at full speed. Many hurt, but no lives lost, three empty horse-boxes, going for racers from Ascot, receiving the first shock. Lord Saltoun bruised; Colonel Lambert cut about the face. Got late to Droxford.

June 22. Found my small groom, George, nearly exhausted, hanging on a high gate, caught by the leg; was only just in time to rescue him.

During these last two years enjoyed sport with the Garniers, Delmés, Sloane-Stanleys, Crosbies, and many others, never, if I could help it, missing a day's hunting.

July 28. At Cams. Goodwood week. To races on Delmé's drag. The Cup won by Duke of Orleans' Beggarman.

The best week ever known. My father gave me a cheque for £50, which I dropped riding home. Sent a man to look for it; he found the cheque on the road, four miles away, the envelope having been torn off.

Aug. 1. Walked from Watergate to Droxford and back—fifteen miles each way.

Sept. 15. Lady Farnham arrived. On coming down to dinner she called out, "Ninety-five, and all alive!"

Sept. 23. With George Payne to Rugby.

Sept. 24. Some good rabbit-shooting at Lord Denbigh's, Newnham Paddox.

Sept. 25. By rail to grand musical festival at Birmingham. Went to see Warwick Castle, which I thought second only to Windsor.

Oct. 13. At Lord Denbigh's, after shooting, tried to drive seven deer that had got out of the park. Got a fine buck in; does will follow.

Oct. 20. Lark across country to Dunchurch, I riding Sir Grey Skipwith's young Belzoni horse.

We went on a visit to the Stud House. 1840.

Express sent to father to go to Buckingham Palace. He returned in the afternoon, having been present at the birth of the Princess Royal. Nov. 20. Nov. 21.

With my father to Buckingham Palace. Ate cake and drank caudle. Nov. 22.

Visited the Seymours at Hampton Court. Dec. 2.

Brother George arrived at Stud House, giving account of a man having been found at midnight in a room adjoining the Queen's bedroom. Dec. 3.

The bones of the great Napoleon arrived in France.

With my father to the cattle show, Lord Spencer, Duke of Richmond, and farmers overhauling fat beasts. Dec. 9.

We started for Warwickshire, father, who never risked his life on a railway, paying for our posters. Found a large family party at Newbold. Dec. 21.

Six of Sir Grey Skipwith's sons and as many daughters at dinner. Christmas Day.

Skating in forenoon. Walked to Leamington—fifteen miles—where General and family were staying. Put up by Lindsay. Dec. 26.

Mount on Sir Grey's young horse, with the Atherstane. Meet at the "Three Cocks"; fast thing of thirty minutes; some pretty jumping. 1841. Jan. 1.

To Leamington for wife to consult Jephson, the famous surgeon. Jan. 11.

Got another mount; meet with the Atherstane. Mar. 13.

To Warwick Races. Mar. 17.

To steeplechase near Offchurch. Sullivan, Maddocks, and Beauchamp in the brook. Mar. 18.

Back at Droxford. No place like home. Mar. 20.

To Milletts' to dinner; sending wheelbarrow for traps. My wife's health obliged us at once to go abroad, without means to do so; but we went. April 1.

1841. May 25. At Aix-la-Chapelle met my respected Chief, Hyde Parker, and had some pleasant walks with him.

May 31. At Bonn saw some curious things in the museum; also a vault under the church: about a score of dead monks laid in rows. They were well preserved, having been kept so by no other means, our guide informed us, than "God's will," owing to their sacred calling. They had been there 300 years, and were disgusting to look at.

Without means for travelling comfortably, obliged to do much by river.

June 23. Baden-Baden. A man in the Kursaal shook hands with me, because I looked so "devilish like one of the family." It was my brother Bury, whom I had not seen for twelve years. His wife Fanny looking so pretty, and but little altered.

June 24. Dined with Bury—a good English dinner. Went to hell afterwards, and lost forty-five francs.

June 26. Early to hell, losing seventy-five francs. Took leave of Baden-Baden. Started by *another* dirty steamer for Wiesbaden, thence home.

July 29. Arrived at Dover. Detained two hours at the Custom House, because I would not pay a land-shark to clear my luggage.

July 31. Goodwood races. To my regret could not go. Missed meeting father, whose horse "Ralph" won the Drawing-room and Produce Stakes, and with a colt by "Taurus," the Racing Stakes. He most likely would have tipped me!

CHAPTER XXIV

Dido Corvette

Heard from an old friend that a Captain, junior to myself, had declined an offer of the *Dido*. I had homes in plenty, but these could not last; my wife handsome and charming—we were welcomed everywhere; but my means were small. 1841. Aug.

I went to the General, explained matters, which he had long foreseen. While he lived, my wife, without encumbrances, would never be without a home; but he could not live for ever.

I wrote to Lord Minto: "Understanding a junior had declined an appointment to the *Dido*, I should be too glad to take her or anything else."

By the end of the month I was appointed to the *Dido*, 18, 734 tons—a beautiful corvette, one of Symonds' best. Aug. 31.

Hurried to Sheerness, where I found my kind friend, Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Digby, K.C.B., and Lady Andover, in command. Sept. 3.

Hoisted the pennant—*Dido* in commission. Sheerness was hardly the place for lodging or accommodation, but the Lieutenant at the dockyard gates kindly took wife and self in. We were always welcome at the Admiral's table. Sept. 4.

The Captain-Superintendent, Sir John Hill, was a

1841. Sept. fine old seaman, but ignorant of dockyard work. He had found favour with the Duke of Wellington in assisting the landing of troops in Portugal.

My father, who commanded the Norfolk Militia, was here when the mutiny broke out in 1797, and was in charge of the ringleader who had assumed the name of Admiral Richard Parker. He was executed on June 30 with the principal ringleaders. Many had escaped, but orders issued for their apprehension wherever caught. I was told that more seamen were hanged than had been in the mutiny.

Our Admiral's house, although it loomed large, had but small accommodation; the dining-room was the largest, and the table always full. The guests kept a one-horse fly continually moving half an hour before dinner.

But to return to my *Dido*. She was in an uncovered dock, masts out, no copper on; rudder in a shed repairing, and 9 feet water in the hold.

I soon found that one of the warrant officers was devoid of intelligence. Having selected a smart man, applied for an exchange, but was informed that he was under a cloud: strongly suspected of having set fire to the dockyard, that he might get credit for his exertions in extinguishing it. Preferring a rogue to a fool, I succeeded in getting him appointed. The first thing he did was to bore a hole in *Dido's* bottom and run the water off.

Subsequently, in China, the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Thomas Cochrane, promoted him to the flag ship. No carpenter in the fleet could trace a better white line on a ship's side.

Eleven ships fitting at Chatham made it difficult to volunteer a crew; but with a zealous and good set of officers we managed to get on.

We had the grand old *Vengeur* for our hulk, but were turned over later (to make room for a larger ship) to the *Shannon*, of *Chesapeake* fame. 1841.

Our marines joined: we fast assumed a respectable appearance, and my old shipmate and friend, Bulman, later purser of *Ghilders*, assumed importance. Sept. 18.

We were mustered by Captain Sir Thomas Trowbridge, a Lord of the Admiralty. Oct. 8.

Sent Mr. Boyle, mate, to Lynn to raise men. Oct. 26.

Went on a visit to the Romneys at the Mote, Maidstone. Oct. 27.

Heard of birth of the Prince of Wales. I little knew then, what a kind good friend I was subsequently to find in H.R.H. Arthur Noad joined; we had been shipmates ever since I left the Naval College. There was a fine old pilot at Sheerness named Taylor, with whom wife and I lodged. Taylor told me he had piloted 1400 men-of-war, of which 215 were ships of the line. Nov. 10.

Admiral shifted his flag from white at the fore to blue at the main, which was saluted. Nov. 24.

We were doing our best to have ship ready by December 1. Men had joined. We were getting on rapidly in the basin. Anchors and chain cables were close at hand. Nov. 25.

Symonds' formation of the hull of the *Dido* was perfect, and with so great a beam that she required no ballast.

Sir John Hill, expecting the Board of Admiralty down, ordered me to cross topgallant yards, which were stopped up and down the lower rigging. I suggested that with an empty, whitewashed hold, chain cables, anchors, and water-tanks on shore alongside, it would be unseamanlike to cross topgallant yards; at which Superintendent got angry, and asked

1841. how I dared to disobey his orders. I replied hastily that I did not care a straw about his orders while the flag was flying. He went straight to the Admiral's office. I was sent for. Inquiry took place. Decision: That the Captain Superintendent was wrong, and that I was disrespectful. We became great friends before parting.

Nov. 23. Abbott, First Lieutenant, promoted. Glad as I was at the promotion of my friend Abbott, it was a sad loss to *Dido*. Applied for Tottenham. Had no time left to select a proper man, which gave me more work than I anticipated.

Nov. 25. Board of Admiralty arrived: Sir George Seymour, Mr. Corry, Captain Brandreth, and Mr. Giffard, Secretary. Good fellows. Met them at the Admiral's table. They inspected dockyard, and admired *Dido* much. Luncheon with Sir John Hill.

Fitting rapidly, good seamen having joined.

Dec. 1. Hauled out of basin; took in moorings.

Dec. 7. Saluted my kind Chief on leaving the harbour.

Dec. 8. Ran through the Downs following day. Wind headed and freshened into a gale; took shelter with some 300 merchant vessels under Dungeness. Light bore west-south-west. No means of communication with the shore.

Dec. 14. Weather more moderate; wind veered to north-west. The whole fleet of merchant vessels got under way. Having secured a snug in-shore berth, we could not manage to be the first to get away. Weighed, and started under topsails, jib, and spanker, although the crowd caused much difficulty in keeping clear.

In addition to large trading-ships, there were fast clipper fruit vessels, the skippers amusing themselves by taking the wind out of other vessels' sails. When outside, we were a mass of canvas about three miles

long by one in breadth. I imagined the beautiful appearance of my *Dido* was the cause of so many vessels keeping near. On the weather bow was a decrepit collier, a fruit-clipper having taken the wind out of her headsails. She was taken aback and got stern-way. We had nó room to bear up, but squared the main yard to caution those astern. When I rushed forward, our bompkin was hanging by its rigging, and all the collier's crew, with the exception of the man at the helm, who had only one leg, clambering on to our forecastle. 1841.

The brig had paid off; we, or, rather, she, had cut her own stern off, leaving a full view of her captain's cabin. On the foremost bulkhead was suspended a pewter pot, a clay pipe, and a shore-going hat. The table was still standing with pewter No. 2 on it.

A freshening breeze enabled the ships to open out. We sent a cutter with the necessary hands to repair damages. The difficulty was to catch the vessel. The one-legged helmsman had no control; up in the wind for a minute, she would pay off and run before it.

When our carpenter's crew got to work, they found the woodwork of her stern so rotten that she could not hold the nails which were driven in. We had to secure the tarpaulin over the remains of the stern. Her cargo of coal was exposed. It was sunset before we got her into Folkestone. Luckily, with wind off shore, the sea went down.

Ran into Spithead in a thick fog. Saluted as soon as it was clear enough to see the flag. Dec. 18.

Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, G.C.B., having kindly sent his tender off, took leave of wife. Sailed. Dec. 23.

Arrived in Plymouth Sound. At Elliot the Dec. 25.

1841. tailors found a big youngster, Edward Rice, with a big dog, ready to join. Find, living here, my old friend of the 98th, Eyre, and his charming wife, who
1842. took me in.

Jan. 2. *Volage* and *Serpent* sailed for China.

Jan. 12. Further inquiry about the brig that ran us down off Dungeness. However, it was satisfactorily made out that it was her own fault, and suspicious that they only wanted to get the insurance.

Jan. 20. Accompanied Eyre to the Calmadys, and stopped two days.

Jan. 23. Among shore friends was Frank Sheridan, brother of Mrs. Norton, a universal favourite. He was certainly the handsomest, as well as the most accomplished, member of that remarkable family of brothers and sisters—with more real wit, even, than his brother Charles. He had been appointed Treasurer of the Mauritius, and, as I had to call at the Cape, I requested the pleasure of his company that far. My cabin was roomy, and I could easily swing two cots.

My other friend, Granville Loch, lately promoted to rank of Captain—full of zeal, but being too junior for a command—was glad to accompany me to China. There were a few troublesome people who rather objected to Frank's leaving the country, and who came down to Plymouth to look after him.

While at Plymouth, Frank was the guest of Henry Eden, Flag-Captain to Admiral Sir Graham Moore, G.C.B., a younger brother of late General Sir John Moore. By way of assisting them, I arranged with Gran. Loch that he and Frank should put themselves one fine night into the Falmouth Mail, which, on its way from London, pulled up to drop the Plymouth bags. At daylight, by a strange coinci-

dence, they found the pretty *Dido* hove to off the mouth of Falmouth Harbour. 1842.

A fine young man, John Connell, found to have smallpox badly. Pleasant, very, in our crowded state. Jan. 27.

5 P.M.—Poor Connell died. Got up from dinner, read funeral service, and committed the body to the deep. Jan. 31.

Half the ship in quarantine. Moved the assistant-surgeon from youngsters' mess to my own, Gran. Loch not thinking much of the arrangement. Frank Sheridan, enjoying his distress at contagion, *would* shake hands with both. Feb. 5.

Poor little Jos. Rowley fell from masthead, striking spare main topsail yard as he fell overboard. Was motionless until picked up. Wonderful recovery an hour afterwards. Feb. 10.

Arrived at St. Jago. Filled up with water. Was here in 1824, and again in 1827, when with others I caught fever. No improvement in the place since first visit. Feb. 13.

Preparations making to receive Neptune. Griffins talking of resistance. Feb. 18.

Sunday. An unfortunate shark was rash enough to swallow a piece of pork with a hook and chain attached. After affording much sport he died. Feb. 20.

Crossing the "Line," Neptune shaved 160 victims. Sent letters by the *Dale Park*. Odd that Dale Park should be close to Watergate. Feb. 22.

Cases of smallpox recovering. Feb. 26.

Our run to-day 235 miles. Mar. 18.

Broke up quarantine establishment, three weeks having elasped since the recovery of the last case of smallpox. Mar. 21.

10 P.M.—Anchored in Simon's Bay.

Appollo, *Belleisle*, and *Sapphire* here with 98th Mar. 22.

1842. Regiment — Colonel Colin Campbell — and other troops for China.

Mar. 23. Drove tandem to Cape Town with Gran. Loch. The Farmers Peck alive and well.

Mar. 24. No end of kindness and attention from old friends. Breakfasted with the Lorentzs; called on the General and Judge Burton, with whom I stayed on landing from the *Tweed* in 1828.

Mar. 26. Finding a vessel sailing for Mauritius, took leave of dear old Frank Sheridan; put him on board and sailed.

Rifle practice at albatrosses, which must be cruising full 1600 miles from land. Cold, pleasant weather.

Mar. 27. A pleasant gale, scudding under close-reefed main topsail.

April 1. As many fools to-day as there were yesterday.

April 5. My *Dido* fast, but very wet, shipping seas fore and aft. Hatches battened down.

4 P.M.—Arrived within limits of East Indian station, having passed 66th degree of longitude.

April 6. Shot a large gull, which measured 7 feet from tip to tip of wings; it was not an albatross.

April 11. Our run to-day 262 miles.

April 18. Last evening my old friend Bulman fell through a small hatchway and broke a rib; had him put into a cot in my cabin (he never left it alive).

April 24. Daylight made Christmas Island, having run 5500 miles without seeing land. Towards evening several boobies settled about the rigging. One vomited a large flying-fish, which Jim Hunt cooked and devoured.

April 26. Java Head at last. More than three long months from Plymouth; and to think that ours should be considered a quick passage!

1842.

In the straits of Sunda. April 27.

Last night, while running to the northward with a light three-knot breeze, a most curious and unaccountable noise was heard, apparently from outside; it lasted two hours. Carpenter examined, but it baffled every attempt at discovery. April 29.

My worthy old friend Bulman departed this life. In him I have lost a real friend. I never knew a more honourable man in the strictest sense of the word. April 30.

Read funeral service and committed poor Bulman's remains to the deep, marines firing three volleys. May 1.

Warlike symptoms on approaching Singapore. Roads full of ships. Transports with soldiers in plenty. Anchored in the afternoon. It was with pain I broke to Gran. Loch the death of his mother, which I had read in the newspaper. May 7.

Dined with Bonham. Nice quiet dinner in cool situation on the hill. May 8.

Serpent arrived, having sailed from England three weeks before us. Prepared a tiffin for my old friend of *Magicienne* days, Bonham. May 10.

Refitted. Sky sail and masts up. Got under way. Met *Thalia* coming, she having sailed five weeks before us. May 11.

Sailing up the Chinese Sea. Poor Chinese! They require a little conceit taken out of them, and, as it must be, I have no objection to lend a hand. May 12.

The snakes in these seas are black, and porpoises white or flesh-colour; everything different from other parts of the world.

Boarded a barque from Hong Kong. Expedition to proceed north on arrival of troops, now not far from us. May 14.

1842. May 30. Arrived at Hong Kong. Visited senior officer, Sir Thomas Herbert.

May 31. Visited the Plenipotentiary, Sir Henry Pottinger, General Sir Hugh Gough, and the Resident. *Thalia* and *Harlequin* arrived.

June 1. Rose early and walked over a great part of the island with Major Cain, Head Magistrate; sharp work for first walk—about fifteen miles.

June 2. *Belleisle*, with General Lord Saltoun and 98th Regiment arrived; was glad to meet my friends with whom I had been so much at the Cape. Dined with Brigadier Burville on board *Moira*.

Among those whose acquaintance I made and served with afterwards on the staff of the Plenipotentiary was Harry Parkes. Included in the staff was a clever German missionary, by name Gütslarfe. He was obliging to every one. Sailors are prone to give nicknames, and our friend rejoiced in that of "Happy Bowels."

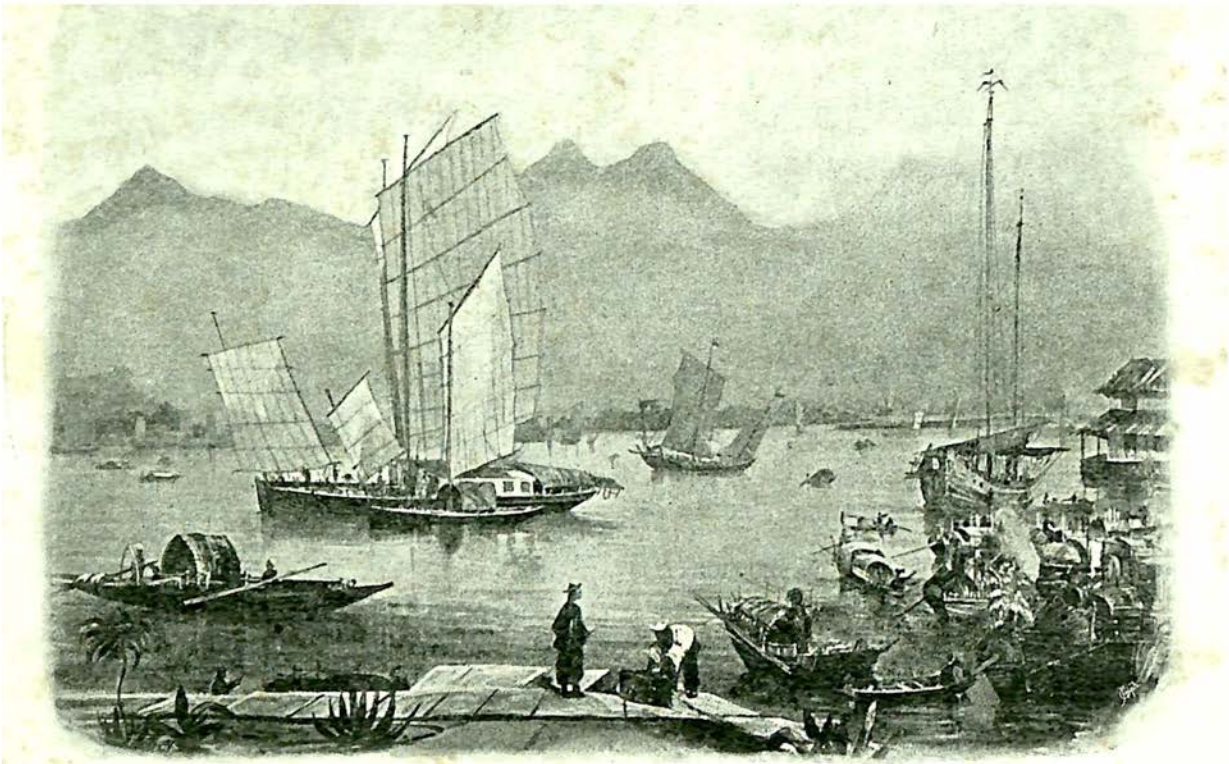
June 3. Took Rice and Armytage with me in Company's steamer *Hooghly* to Macao. Found there nephew Henry Coke, with Mr. Kerr, merchant, at whose house I dined and slept. Rode after dinner across the barrier.

June 4. Returned to Hong Kong. My old friend and shipmate, Grey Skipwith, was now on board the *Cornwallis*, and from him I received a note, advising me to lose no time in joining the flag.

I had to take charge of convoy transports, with the *Serpent* for whipper-in. There was a nice breeze through the Formosa Channel.

June 7. To keep company with my fleet I had to lower topsails on to the cap.

June 9. Copy of a proclamation issued by Mandarin Linn: "Reward for the taking alive a commanding



Hong Kong.

1842. officer and the chief commander of a great ship of war is $5000—also for the murder of a Barbarian officer; one-third of the above for arresting him."

June 12. Expecting to make the flag of the Commander-in-Chief, I came up with a convoy at anchor, under Frederick Grey in *Endymion*, who caused me to anchor and join company; so spoilt my little game of joining flag in time for Chusan.

June 14. Arrived with both convoys off Chusan. *Endymion* having no orders to proceed, anchored outside. Had the painful satisfaction of hearing heavy cannonading in which I could take no part.

6 P.M.—Saluted flag, but found I was just in time to be too late to share in the capture of Woosung.

In future movements the General paid me the compliment of preferring my six-oared gig to one of the transport boats.

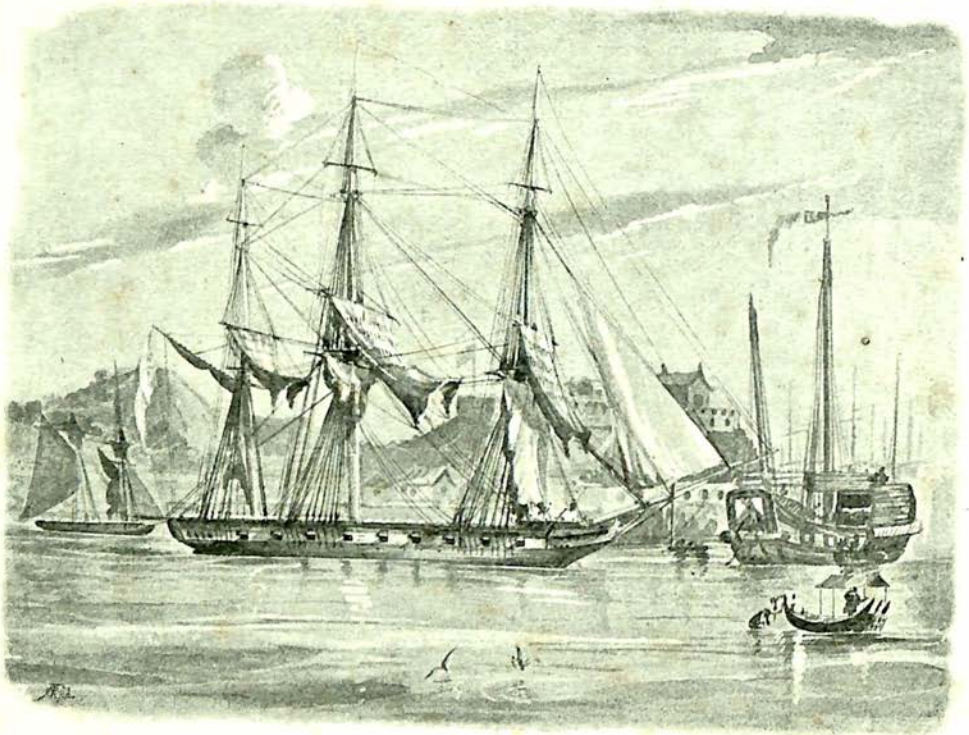
Woosung, June 17. Landed a party to assist in destruction of forts and Government buildings. Dined with Admiral Sir William Parker.

June 18. Waterloo Day. General Sir Hugh Gough landed in my gig, when I witnessed the horrors of war. Mutilated carcases of men and horses by hundreds.

Houses burning, villages deserted, etc. Struck by the prevalent feeling so strong for destruction.

Sir Hugh Gough, attended by a small staff and orderlies of his favourite regiment, the 18th Royal Irish—I mounted on his pony—directed an orderly to ascertain whether a Chinaman separated from others was dead or alive. The corporal turned the body over with his bayonet in it, answering, "Did, your Honour," which he certainly was *then*.

June 19. Flag hoisted on board *Medusa*. Ordered by Admiral to accompany him in the gig, and to land forces to attack forts at Shanghai, which were easily



Dido *at Chusan.*

1842. carried. Brass guns embarked, iron ones spiked, trunnions knocked off. Town taken possession of. All this on the Sabbath!

June 20. Further expedition up the river with steamers. No opposition for sixty miles. Country thickly populated, and natives astonished rather.

June 23. Troops at Woosung were re-embarked. Preparing for further advance up the Yang-tse-Kiang.

CHAPTER XXV

Dido—China

THE force collected at Woosung to proceed up the Yang-tse-Kiang consisted of seventy-three sail, men-of-war and transport, three of them being line-of-battle ships. The whole, anchored in single line—with room to swing, required space. It was a beautiful sight. On a signal from Flag for fleet to weigh, in a few minutes you would see a white cloud, three miles in extent, moving up the river. While the seamen went aloft to loose sails, troops manned sheets and halyards. Wind heading, the reverse took place, and a forest of masts succeeded the white cloud. 1842. July 6.

The half-dozen small steamers were constantly on the move surveying. The smaller craft were detached in various directions to collect cattle and other food for the use of the fleet.

Weighed with my division at 4 A.M. with a fair wind, the whole fleet making considerable progress. The land getting hilly, and assuming a much more interesting appearance. July 12.

Started in gig for the flagship. Slashing tide: missed *Cornwallis*, and got on board *Belleisle*. Took every opportunity of seeing my old friends of 98th, with its new Colonel, Colin Campbell.

1842. Regiments on the Indian station were allowed a double set of officers, so I had many fresh friends to make. Surveying steamers sent ahead reported being fired upon from Golden Island.

It would take a thick volume to describe all the incidents that occurred during the progress of the force up the river. It was slow, and communication was kept up by signals and boats. The fleet brought up off Chiang Kiang-Fu on the 19th, and disembarkation commenced.

Gran. Loch managed to ford the ditch, some 50 feet wide, close to the West Gate, which was afterwards blown in by bags of powder attached.

The ends of works form a hexagon shape.

Inside, where John Chinaman had felt himself so secure with his walls and ditch, I saw them the next morning in small heaps, dead, with blackened faces, and cards in their hands. I could not make out whether the game was whist or baccarat.

On going through the town, there were piles of dead Chinese soldiers at the corners of the streets. While contemplating one of these heaps, a body sprang up and performed a somersault: it was a Chinese soldier whose fuse had reached his magazine. It takes three of them to serve a musket. One carries a crutch, another loads, a third takes aim and fires.

The place was full of food, which no one knew better where to find than the thieves. When boats landed from men-of-war to pick up wounded, the Chinamen were made to deposit their loads of loot in the boats.

Nanking was next to be reached, and *Dido* was sent in advance to prevent communication with the

north side of the river. Our ships were now swarming with rats, and crews getting unhealthy. 1842.

In spite of the fall of the great city of Chiang Kiang-Fu, the chiefs were determined not to stop until they had invested Nanking.

Started with Hall in *Nemesis* on a foraging expedition. The best plan was to catch a fat Chinaman, generally the chief of a village. The people always pleaded poverty as an excuse. Having dropped on to a chief such as I have described, I gave him until 4 P.M. to supply twenty-five bullocks or have his tail cut off, which had the desired effect. July 27

Dido's boats were now away at night searching junks lying up creeks, to see they did not contain soldiers. Coming across a lot which appeared likely to be used for the conveyance of troops and stores, tried to examine one. Seeing a rope over the side, I climbed up near to the entrance-port, when the rope was let go from inside, and I fell across the gunwale of my boat.

I was placed at the bottom, suffering great pain, and taken back to the *Dido*, three miles off. When alongside, believing my back to be broken, requested to be allowed to die where I was. A cot, however, was lowered, into which I was lifted carefully, and so hoisted on board. The gunroom skylight was removed and the cot laid on the mess-table.

The surgeons, Donoghoe and Simpson, on close examination, found nothing but one small spot on a joint of the backbone, and under the influence of an opiate I was conveyed to my cabin.

Mandarins came from Nanking with flags of truce and "chops" for Admiral and Plenipotentiary. Our chiefs had, however, decided not to hold their hands until they had a footing in Nanking. July 29.

1842. July 30. Ordered to proceed, the Admiral placing the smaller vessels under my command; among them my old friend *Childers*—but, oh! so altered.

August 3. Fleet coming up. Admiral was towed into a berth off Nanking. *Cornwallis* the first ship that had reached that famous city.

August 4. Fleet closing up. Visited Plenipotentiary, also General Sir Hugh Gough; and *Belleisle*, with Colonel Colin Campbell and 98th Regiment.

August 5. Fleet still closing. *Dido* again ordered ahead to stop communication from north side. Having a heavy sick-list, took possession of two roomy junks, in one of which I embarked clothes, mess-traps, etc.

August 8. Off Nanking. Found artificers from ships cutting down huge trees to get a clearer view of the walls of the city. Looting was strictly forbidden. On board *Cornwallis* was Sir Hugh Gough, when Trowbridge, of the *Clio*, came alongside.

The General, observing boxes in the boat, asked: "Captain Trowbridge, is that loot?" Trowbridge replied he thought it was, as he had just bought it from a soldier! Bits of chaff were not taken notice of. Dined with Admiral.

August 9. Trowbridge, Loch, and Skipwith dined with me on board junk.

Aug. 11. Landed with Admiral at daylight to search the most practicable place for storming with boats. There will be some bloody noses on Saturday.

In spite of looting being forbidden, we met the boat's crew of a transport carrying heavy cases. The Admiral wore a costume suitable to the climate —a white jacket and straw hat. On Sir William asking, "What have you got there?" the reply was, "Sugar. And, if you look sharp," said the gentleman

in charge, "you may get some too; there *is* some brown left." In reply he got, "You will take those cases on board the *Cornwallis*, and say the Admiral sent you." They obeyed, the Admiral's coxswain attending. 1842.

Next day I landed early with Sir Hugh Gough, the Admiral, and Plenipotentiary, to survey walls in another direction.

No fight Pidgin yet. Great appearance of peace being concluded. Kellett, of surveying vessel *Starling*, to breakfast. Shifted junk higher up the river; James Fitzjames and Skipwith to dinner. Aug. 13.

Every appearance of peace being made. Proper day to make it on—quite a day of rest. *Tête-à-tête* dinner with Armytage. Aug. 14.

Too much rain. Visited Admiral, peacefully inclined. Aug. 15.

Up early and looted some plank from villages up the river, about two miles in extent, built entirely on rafts, which were probably built for the conveyance of soldiers. Aug. 16.

Bullock junk up from *Dido*. Bad accounts of the sick. Young Robinson dead. Forty-eight on sick-list. Poor fellows! Aug. 17.

Captain Bouchier, Grey, and self examined and passed Hickley; smart young fellow.

Dined with Admiral, who kindly invited me to remain to meet the Mandarins who were to come the following day. Sent for my cot. Aug. 19.

A large assemblage of chiefs. Contrast between Mandarins and our chiefs. Was thanked by General and Admiral for the effectual way in which, some miles ahead of the fleet, reinforcements for Nanking garrison had been prevented crossing the river from the north side. Aug. 20.

1842. Yang-tse-Kiang. While in the river was laid up for some days with a sharp attack of malarial fever.

Aug. 29. Peace proclaimed.

Aug. 31. Ratification of the treaty approved by the Emperor himself. Glad of the chance of getting out of this river; the water is low and beginning to smell.

Sept. 3. Lieutenant Horton from *Endymion* joined, having exchanged with Eden.

Sept. 6. Sent invalids for survey, to fleet in junk. In a heavy squall hospital junk parted cables, and is now well in the rushes.

Sept. 7. No return of fever. *Medusa*, steamer, coming down with invalids to go home by *Calliope*.

Sept. 8. Sick-list heavy; but few men fit for duty. Like new First Lieutenant much. *Harlequin* coming up. My poor steward very ill; ditto cook. Rice in a cot in my cabin; much better to-day though. Went on board *Cornwallis;* put up with Admiral. Rain all day. Did plenty of ship's business.

Sept. 12. Up early, and went to breakfast with my old friend and chum, Watson. *Dido* has eighty on sick-list, but improving.

Sept. 14. *Childers* arrived to relieve us. Received on board invalids for *Calliope*. Got under way, and anchored near *Endymion*.

Sept. 15. In working down with a fresh breeze on port tack, an eddy tide caught my *Dido* on the weather bow, stronger than the effect of the lee helm, and the figure-head was well in a pâdi-field before the backed sails could have effect.

What was to be done? We had ninety-seven on the sick-list. Made signal to *Endymion*, working down near the opposite shore. Of course, she was "charged with despatches." I was not sorry at the reply. When I get into a scrape I like to get out

of it without help. It reminds me of the old couplet: 1842.

When Dido found Æneas did not come,
She wept in silence, and was Dido-dum.

We had nothing else to do after sails were furled but to lay out stream and kedge anchors, seize two of the largest junks, chuck what they might have overboard, and commence lightening. With my sickly crew it was heavy work.

The weather was fine, but it was not until the following afternoon, and the last gun out, that the cables laid out began to slacken.

The same evening we were dropping quietly down with the current, looking beautiful as ever, and I much pleased with my new First Lieutenant.

Our stick in pâdi-fields did not improve my health nor the Master's nerves. We drifted quietly down in company with *Belleisle* into Woosung Roads. Tides ran strong and irregular; influenced by winds and heavy rains. Woosung, Sept. 24.

98th Regiment still sickly. We found *North Star*, 28, with her stout and good-tempered captain, Sir Everard Home. I was more pleased still to find my young friend, Henry Seymour, in command of one of Symonds' beautiful brigs, the *Wanderer*, 16.

We had not met since he left me in the *Childers*, Mediterranean. His larder better furnished, and, far from well myself, I was glad to have a quiet and early dinner with him. A storm brewing, got away early, and none too soon. Home dined with the hospitable 98th.

It was blowing and raining, with a slashing ebb-tide, when at 9 P.M. there were loud calls ahead for a rope. Home had missed his *North Star*, and would have drifted past us to, nobody knows where.

1842. But my "Didos" were equal to the occasion. *North Star's* long painter was secured to us, but the bowman could not haul the boat up to the gangway.

When Home rushed forward to assist, his extra weight caused the boat to dip and capsize. Our men were on the alert; no lives were lost, but the Captain would not allow himself to be hauled on board until he was assured that every man of his crew was safe.

We got him down to my cabin, and rigged him out in seaman's blue flannel frock and trousers, and a stiffish glass of grog before he laid himself on a sofa to rest. He begged to be called at slack-water, that he might return on board his own ship.

I gave directions accordingly.

Mr. D'Aeth, of an old Kentish family, was officer of the watch, and at midnight came down to tell Sir Everard it was slack-water, but raining hard.

It was some time before the gallant captain could be awoke, and longer still before he could understand where he was. I was awake, laughing at the conversation.

At last Sir Everard called out, "Where am I? Who are you? What's your name?"

He got an answer:

"My name is D'Aeth. It is twelve o'clock—slack-water. You are on board *Dido*, in the Captain's cabin."

Home then roared out:

"Captain Keppel, they are playing tricks. A man comes dripping, as if from the sea, with a lanthorn in his hand, saying his name is Death."

It was some minutes before I could persuade my friend that it was blowing and pouring with rain, and that he had better go to sleep again.

CHAPTER XXVI

Dido—China

Read Lieutenant Horton's commission to ship's company. Harangued and forgave all culprits. 1842. Sept. 25.

Surveyed invalids on board *North Star*. Some bad cases, poor fellows! Sept. 26.

Got under weigh; *Belleisle* first. Fine breeze. Came to; invited Sir E. Home, Henry Seymour, Freemantle, Horton, and Rice to dine. Sept. 27.

Weighed at six, and passed *Belleisle* hard and fast on the bar, at the top, nearly, of high-water. Sept. 28.

Arrived at Chapoo. Found Nias with his *Herald*. Not being well, he came on board, and did me no good. Sept. 29.

Pelican arrived, bringing orders for *Dido* to go to Chusan. Troops to evacuate citadel. Oct. 6.

Walked round the fortifications and over the town of Shanghai; natives civil. Oct. 8.

Chinamen mustering courage on the strength of peace. Hundreds of large picturesque junks coming down the river. Chinese soldiers smart in taking possession of citadel as our troops marched out. Oct. 10.

Weighed at daylight, reaching Chusan in four hours. Walk on shore with Rundle, Bowles, Watson, of *Modeste*, 18. Watson was a clever artist; he came on board to breakfast, and left afterwards to Chusan, Oct. 11.

1842. take a sketch of my *Dido*. We had been at the Naval College together. Having been in the early part of the war, he had succeeded Captain Harry Eyres in command of the *Modeste*.

Before storming one of the forts, Watson tried the experiment of putting his uniform cap on the point of his sword and thrusting it through the embrasure, at which the Chinese muskets exploded and he took possession. I have his drawing of the *Dido* now.[1]

Oct. 12. Dined with Frederick Grey. Had an attack of fever and ague.

Oct. 16. Heard last evening of the death of my brother-in-law, Lord Leicester, fifty-five years my senior. Admiral arrived, and *Columbine*, 16, another of Symonds' handsome brigs. Nias sick and growling as usual.

Oct. 18. Plenipo arrived. Visited him. Rode into the city.

Oct. 25. To breakfast with Frederick Grey. He, Skipwith, Henry Seymour, Hall, and Molesworth, dined with me.

Oct. 27. Improved weather. Sick-list reduced to twenty-five. Nice little dinner with Bouchier; like him.

Oct. 28. Dined with Admiral Sir William Parker. Our Master, Aylen, appointed to *Endymion*. He sorry to leave, and we to lose him.

Oct. 29. Heard that Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane had been at Hong Kong since June 19. Took an early trip with Plenipotentiary (Sir Henry Pottinger) and young Harry Parkes, on board *Queen* steamer, breaking the monotony of daily routine.

Oct. 31. With Grey and Hope, *Phlegethon* in company, across shoal; the shortest way to the sacred island of Potoo. Some pretty sites for joss-houses and Chinese graves. Returned to Plenipo's steamer *Queen* for dinner—large party.

[1] Page 267.

1842.

Returned to *Dido* in *Phlegethon*. Nov. 1.

Herald sailed for England. Heavy job getting captured guns on board *Forth* transport. Brass guns good as money. Nov. 2.

Early ride with Admiral and two Generals, with staff, etc., over a beautiful part of Potoo Island. Good breakfast in a joss-house. Dined with Bouchier. Nov. 3.

Dined with the Admiral, who talked of sending me Senior Officer to the Straits. Like the idea much. Several fatal cases of cholera on shore and afloat. Nov. 4.

Our sick-list under twenty. Walk in city with Grey Skipwith; had him and other old "Childers" to dine—Rice, Coaker, and Comber. Nov. 5.

On board *Phlegethon* steamer to join Admiral and party to Ning Po. *Blonde* sailed for England. Got to Ning Po in five hours—one of the largest and finest towns I have seen in China. Dined on board steamer, slept in a joss-house. The party consisted of Fred. Grey, Sir Hugh Gough, and some military officers from Chusan. The shops were exceedingly pretty. Ning Po, Nov. 8.

Much pleased with Ning Po and my trip. Saw more of China and the Chinese than in any other place. Took an early ride with the Admiral, C. Hope, F. Grey, Henry Seymour, and Skipwith. Bringing up the rear of the party, I saw many nasty-looking snakes rise suddenly from under our horses' feet and dash into the bushes on either side. Nov. 10.

Preparing to convoy transports. Grand dinner with the Admiral, Generals, and Plenipotentiary. Nov. 15.

Prior to our departure with transport, *Dido* had an early visit from Admiral, who was much pleased with the ship, as I think he ought to have been. Nov. 17.

1842. Hong Kong, Nov. 23. 9.30 A.M.—Came to in Hong Kong. Saluted flag of Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, flag flying on board *Agincourt*. Found *Endymion* and transports. Hong Kong now a British possession. Counted upwards of seventy ships in the anchorage.

Nov. 26. Dinner with Lord Saltoun—best fellow, if not the best soldier, in the expedition; good dinner.

Nov. 28. Invited Grey to dine with me, but did so with him instead on board *Endymion*; he had been inspected a good deal by Sir Thomas Cochrane without seeming to enjoy it.

Nov. 29. I dined with the Rear-Admiral and four Generals—dinner good—footmen in plush breeches. Grey and I got leave to go to Macao.

Dec. 1. Dundas taking care of Grey; I to my old quarters with Dent. Pleasant to be in a comfortable English-furnished house after six months in the Yang-tse-Kiang. Noticed a live Bird of Paradise in a cage eating large grasshoppers, breaking off their long prickly legs first.

Macao, Dec. 2. Visited the tomb of my late much-respected Chief, Lord John Churchill, who died here June 3, 1840, while in command of *Druid*, during the early part of the war with China.

Dec. 4. After breakfast at Dent's, Grey in a hurry returned to Hong Kong, arriving there by sunset.

Dec. 5. Visited Rear-Admiral; reported *Dido* ready for sea. Dined again on board *Belleisle* with old 98th friends.

Dec. 6. Sir Thomas Cochrane inspected *Dido*; manned yards, mustered. He inspected every part of her—at quarters, firing at a mark, doing good practice; he ordered us under way, making all sail, on and off the wind, etc. Came to, re-manned yards, inspection over. Dined with Sir Thomas; great spread.

Weighed at daylight, with several 98th good fellows on board; ran over to Macao. Saluted Governor with 17 guns. Good dinner at Dent's. 1842. Dec. 7.

Left my *Dido* for her to return to Hong Kong with officers of 98th. In *Proserpine* steamer with Sir Hugh Gough for Canton. Heard of riots and burning of factories; orders for *Dido* to come up; arrived off Canton late at night. Dec. 8.

Landed early; found British factories burned down; dead Lascars lying about; encampment of Chinese soldiers round remaining residences; populace in a state of excitement. Put up at Mr. Beale's; loaded firearms and prepared for defence. Dec. 9.

Continued excitement. Visited Chinese encampment; pretty and curious. Dec. 10.

Attended American Presbyterian Divine service, performed by Dr. Parker. He prayed; we listened. Service not like ours. Obliged to detain steamer by way of protection. Dec. 11.

Returned to Hong Kong. Dec. 12.

Weighed with *Endymion* in charge of convoy of transports. *Wolverine* and East India Company's steamer *Queen* in company. *Endymion* leading convoy. We remained to see the last two transports out, which took us until after sunset. Dec. 20.

When outside saw nothing of *Endymion* or fleet. Nice breeze. My transports, fast sailers, took inner and shorter passage. *Dido* under three topsails and jib. Dec. 24.

Think we are ahead of the fleet. Dec. 26.

At 4 A.M., with my part of convoys, came to in Singapore Roads. Dec. 30.

Endymion arrived with convoy, not well pleased at finding *Dido* in first. Dec. 31.

CHAPTER XXVII

Dido—Straits of Malacca

1843. Continued with *Endymion* the convoy of transports
Jan. 5. through the Straits. That strange kind of vibration through the ship which we experienced last year, not far from this, was felt again to-day, caused, we think, by some powerful fish attaching itself. Our convoy consisted of nineteen sail.

Endymion proceeded to Penang, leaving me in charge. On Grey reappearing I signalled convoy to proceed with *Endymion*.

Jan. 14. The following day we arrived at Penang, and were saluted by the Company's fort. Returned the same. Commenced duties as Senior Officer of the Straits Settlements. Glad to be where I had previously so enjoyed myself. Was invited to take up my quarters at Government House with the Resident, Mr. Samuel Garling, who invited the heads of departments to meet me at dinner.

I had on board a small brass band of six performers, who were rapidly improving. They could play string or other instruments, which meant dancing.

Jan. 15. Went on board to muster and read Church service. How pleasant for a while the peace and quiet of a room on shore to oneself! From the

windows I see my *Dido*, sitting like a duck on the water, looking beautiful. 1843.

My kind host proposed a visit to Province Wellesley. He had at his disposal two of the Company's small steamers, *Diana* and *Auckland*, with less draught of water than *Dido*, which had to anchor further off-shore.

Our object was to visit an enterprising Frenchman, who had penetrated miles into a dense jungle and opened up a sugar plantation. Jan. 16.

We landed from the *Diana* at the mouth of a small creek, up which we had to paddle some eight miles. On landing an elephant awaited us, fitted with a double howdah; there were no end of coolies. We were received by Monsieur et Madame Donnadieu. Although I had been at Calcutta, this was my first mount on an elephant. Jan. 17.

From the landing-place, with the exception of the twelve-foot-wide road, was a jungle, where the relations of the Bengal tiger might be concealed within a foot of where we were. We found our host's bungalow prettily situated on rising ground, cleared all round for a quarter of a mile of the dense jungle, and protected by a substantial iron fence. The inside of the building was a perfect bijou; you could fancy yourself within hail of Paris. Our dinner, too, was perfection, including a Malay curry. We were charmed with our hostess. I regretted my deficiency in French, although Madame Donnadieu tried to make me believe she understood what I said, and we were getting on, when a guest asked her to sing.

Following morning, on being consulted, I voted for a mount on the elephant, whose stable was the open jungle, a heavy log chained to one of his forefeet. Jan. 18.

1843. A call brought him home. The howdah was filled—sorry to say without our fair hostess, who had domestic arrangements to supervise. It was not until deep in the jungle that I could form an idea of the sagacity of our mount. He was partly guided by the mahout, but when we came to a thick part of the jungle, where branches could interfere with the howdah, the elephant would stop and break off everything that could interfere with his passengers.

We had to cross deep nullahs; if there was the trunk of a tree in the way, he would feel with the upper side of his trunk, and so ascertain what it would bear, and act accordingly. I observed, too, when we neared a tuft of long grass, he would, without stopping, draw it up with his trunk and hold on until within reach of the stump of a tree, then knock the earth off the roots, and so enjoy his meal without slacking his pace.

We were several times close to wild beasts that startled us with their discordant roars, but we could not see them, so did not discharge our guns. The mahout pronounced them rhinoceros and tigers. Parrots and monkeys chattered through the upper branches of the trees. Pea-fowl preferred running. We took our tiffin with us.

Jan. 25. After a rest we took leave of our kind hosts.

Jan. 26. Weighed from Province Wellesley, and in the evening came to between Nicobar Islands. The natives were much frightened. A chief, however, came off in the early morning and got drunk, which encouraged his people, who commenced to trade in birds' nests, tortoiseshell, cocoa- and betel-nuts.

Having seen enough, we sailed for next island,

Nancowry, which has a harbour and some pigeons, affording sport. 1843.

My cabin carpenter, Wilson, who was landed to cut some large hollow bamboo, fancied he saw a tiger — extraordinary stretch of imagination. He was a good little man, but I got no bamboo! Jan. 27.

Arrived at Penang. Landed at Captain's house just after midnight. Took Tottenham under my care, he looking invalidy. Feb. 3.

Up at daylight with Granville and Tottenham to the hill. Visited Mrs. Lewis. Delightful change of scenery and climate. Continued my taste for ornithology and conchology. Small birds, when we were quiet, were knocked over by pellets from a blow-pipe. Feb. 6.

To dinner with officers of 24th Madras Native Infantry. Received with usual kindness of the Far East. Had to make a small speech. Home early.

Another visit to the hill to Sir William Norris. At daylight Tottenham, Partridge, Maidman, and I went up. A long scramble through jungle. Good "Penang Lawyers" scarce. Feb. 8.

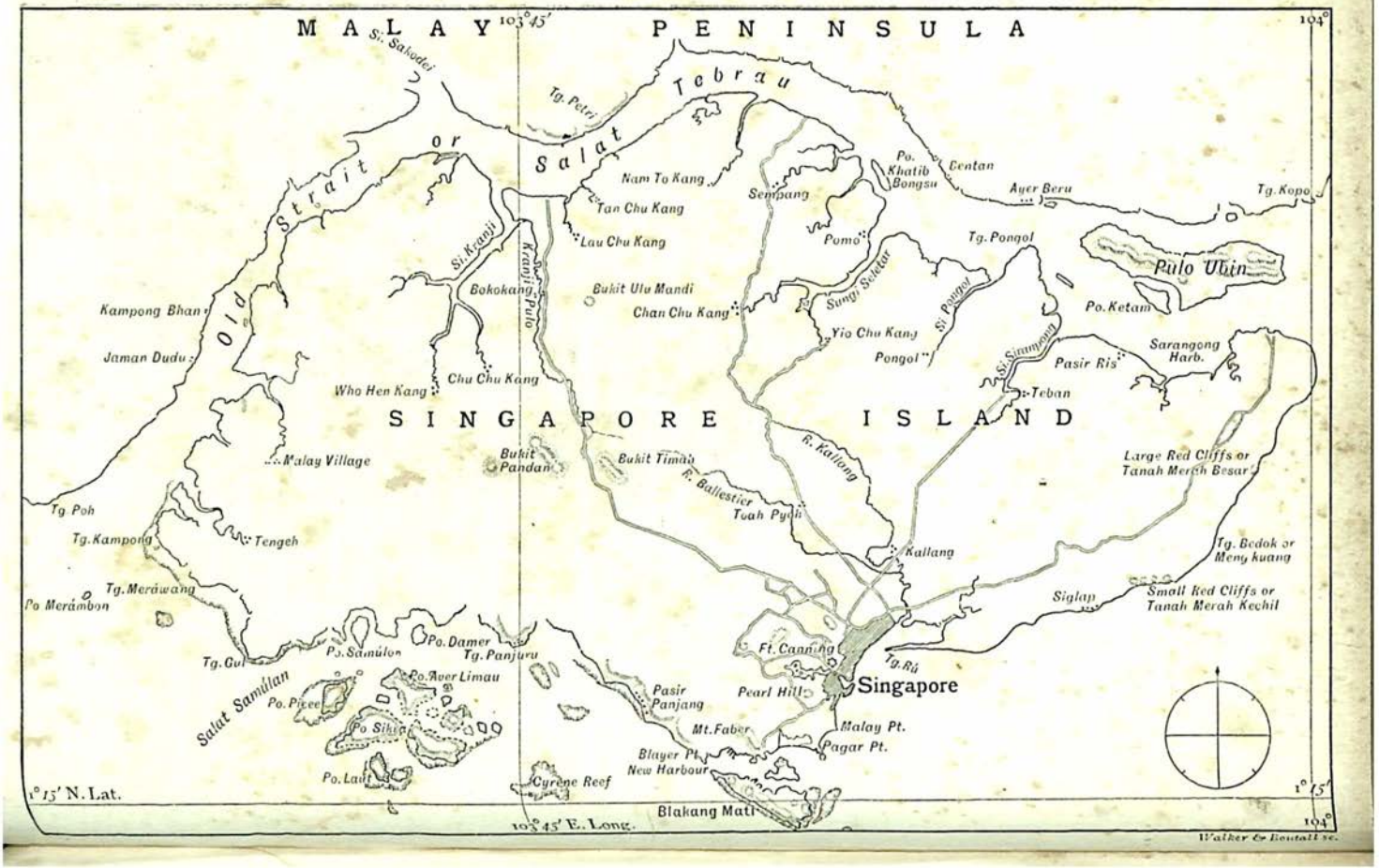
Knocked down by Lady Norris's pony at Waterfall, and nearly suspended over the perpendicular edge of the hill. Feb. 9.

Passed the night on the top of a tree to watch for tiger and deer. Fell asleep and saw nothing! No mosquitoes, though! Tried the jungle on opposite side of the river, convicts beating; drew it blank. Started for Penang. All night in pinnace. Feb. 24.

Weighed. Feb. 26.

Sunset, anchored in Singapore Roads. Singapore, Mar. 3.

Sir Stamford Raffles landed here on January 29, 1819. Near the present esplanade he hoisted the


MALAY PENINSULA
103°45'
104°
S. Sakudei
Tg. Petri
Tebrau
Strait or Salat
Old
Nam To Kang
Tan Chu Kang
Lau Chu Kang
Si Kanji
Kranji R.
Bukit Ulu Mandi
Chan Chu Kang
Bokokang
Kampong Bhan
Jaman Dudu
Who Hen Kang
Chu Chu Kang
Malay Village
Bukit Pandan
Bukit Timah
R. Ballestier
Tuah Pych
R. Kallang
Kallang
Tg. Poh
Tg. Kampong
Tengeh
Tg. Merawang
Po Merambon
Tg. Gul
Po. Samulon
Po. Damer
Tg. Panjuru
Po. Ayer Limau
Po. Pisee
Salat Samillan
Po Sibit
Po. Laut
Cyrene Reef
Pasir Panjang
Pearl Hill
Ft. Canning
Tg. Rú
Singapore
Mt. Faber
Malay Pt.
Pagar Pt.
Blayer Pt.
New Harbour
Blakang Mati
Sempang
Pomo
Po. Khatib Bongsu
Lentan
Ayer Beru
Tg. Kopo
Tg. Pongol
Pulo Ubin
Po. Ketam
Sungi Seletar
Si Pongol
Yio Chu Kang
Pongol
Si Simmang
Pasir Ris
Sarangong Harb.
Teban
SINGAPORE ISLAND
Large Red Cliffs or Tanah Merah Besar
Tg. Bedok or Meng kuang
Siglap
Small Red Cliffs or Tanah Merah Kechil
1°15' N. Lat.
1°15'
103°45' E. Long.
104°
Walker & Boutall sc.

Union Jack next day, and concluded a preliminary arrangement with the Sultan of Johore and the Tumongong of Singapore; and on February 5, 1819, a definite treaty was signed by Raffles and the two chiefs named, by which, in return for an annual payment of 5000 dollars to the former, and 3000 dollars to the latter, those princes ceded the settlement of Singapore to the English, and pledged themselves to grant "no treaty" or settlement to any other power, European or American. 1843.

On board to muster. Read prayers. *Vixen* arrived, not two months from England. Mar. 5.

I had now been some days making myself acquainted with the persons chiefly concerned in this most interesting colony. The greatest admitted drawback was the want of protection to trade from piracy. I felt there was a grand field open, if I could only feel sure that I should be allowed to remain long enough. There was a large community of interested merchants, as well as Government officials, but we were not without powerful natives in our midst, whose kindly feeling for piracy was well known. Mar. 6.

Dined with the military detachment. Hospitable, kind, and good fellows.

Saw a splendid comet with a very long tail, looking too near to be pleasant.

A most atrocious case of piracy committed within sight of the anchorage by two Malay boats on a Cochin China junk. Mar. 7.

Preparing boats for a cruise. Splendid comet again; Chinamen frightened.

Got under way. Left my steward, Ashford, to take care of sick. Joined gunroom mess. Comet again visible until nine; tail very luminous, extending 30 degrees. Mar. 8.

1843. Mar. 11. 1 P.M.—Came to off Pulo Sabu. Took possession of fifteen piratical boats, but was unable to catch any of the crew on account of the density of the jungle.

8 P.M.—boats returned.

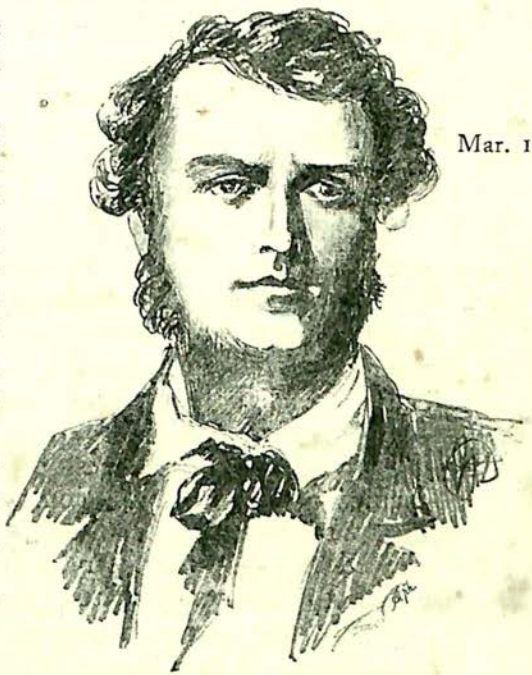
Mar. 13. Landed an armed party to assist boats' crews in finding remainder of the pirates, the two captured having bolted into the jungle at Pulo Tinghi. No find, though. Weighed in the evening and stood to the southward under easy sail.

Mar. 14. Anchored at Singapore. In the absence, and by permission, of Bonham—now Governor of the Straits Settlements—took possession of the Hill, a charming residence with flagstaff and native guard established. I noticed that the signalmen—smart fellows from Bengal—were branded on the forehead with the interesting little word "Murder," also with a Hindustanee word of same meaning. As senior naval officer, had much more to do than picnics and tiger-hunting. Had, too, the use of Bonham's stables, with a good deal of fat to take down.

Mar. 15. Exchanged visits with heads of departments; one of the most important was the Resident Councillor, Mr. Thomas Church. But no visits were considered valid until you had exchanged dinners. An attorney of note was Mr. William Napier; he had a brother, the Rector of Holkham, which brought us together. A charming old salt was Captain William Scott. The mercantile community was much as I had met all over India—most hospitable and agreeable. Shaw, Whitehead, and Co. were the Navy agents. Soon found that my most important duty was the suppression of piracy. Scarcely a day passed without the landing of wounded for hospital treatment.

Mar. 17. Dined with Napier, where I met for the first

time Mr., afterwards Rajah, Brooke. I was initiated into the mysteries, depths, and horrors of pirates in the ways of the Malay Peninsula, by these two men who had studied the question. 1843.



Rajah Brooke.

A royal tiger that had devoured several convicts had been viewed on the outskirts of the town. I joined expedition in search, as did many older and experienced men, but without success. Mar. 18.

Recorder Sir William Norris arrived from Penang. Heard of death of the famous China General, "Elepo." "S'pose he catchee too muchee shame face."

Another Chinaman killed by tiger close to the spot we had been over half an hour previously. Mar. 20.

Rumours of another China war, which rather upsets proposed joint arrangement with Rajah Brooke of an attack on pirates in their strongholds in the interior of Borneo. Mar. 23.

Sale of Bonham's effects on the Mount, which looks like a better appointment. Got two old paintings.

Preparing boats for a regatta got up by W. H. Read, an enterprising young merchant (who subse- Mar. 24.

1843. quently left his mark in Singapore). Entered ship's boats, pinnace winning 45 dollars under name of *Victoria*. Committee on board *Dido*. I was voted umpire. Band increased and improved. Regatta afforded great amusement. Tiffin on board *Diana* steamer. "Didos" invited. Dined with Napier.

Mar. 27. Up early for another unsuccessful attempt to shoot tiger; heard the brute unpleasantly near, without seeing him.

Visited Elliot at the Observatory, also Balastier, United States Consul, and wife; she has a nice collection of shells; made some exchanges.

April 2. Fresh acts of piracy and murder. Sent *Diana*, steamer, *Diamond*, gunboat, and *Dido's* pinnace to cruise.

April 3. Up early to wild-hog party at Alligator Island:
April 5. the civil and military residents giving an excellent picnic to the "Didos," commencing by a breakfast on board the steamer *Victoria*, while sportsmen proceeded to Alligator Island, noted for its wild-boar. We had convicts as beaters. Brooke and Read were of the cheery party, which lasted until the following morning. I bagged two boars.

April 6. It was now time to arrange for more serious business: that of the suppression of piracy, which had long been the curse of all legitimate trade and was secretly encouraged by wealthy natives in our midst.

After discussion with Brooke, we agreed the only way to strike at the root of the evil would be to destroy the piratical strongholds in the interior of Borneo, and not to wait until the fleets of light draught of water were formed. Some of the war prahus were propelled by as many as 200 paddles, in addition to light lateen sails. Their hulls were composed of timbers fastened together by *rôtans*,

and the whole caulked with the fibre of the cocoanut. 1843.
The pirates could, if pressed, run into shoal water, cut their boats adrift, and disappear in the, to us, impregnable jungle.

Britomart, brig, 10, Commander Owen Stanley, April 13.
arrived, with directions to sell his surveying vessel. I was too glad to have my friend of many years to stay with me at Government House, and so avail myself of his fertile brains.

Rajah Brooke, "Billy" Napier, Montgomery, and Stevenson to dine.

Anonymous clipper from Bombay, bringing owner's letters only. Beast!

Took Major Sinclair to show him the inside of April 15.
my *Dido*.

Cricket-match between Singaporeans and "Didos." April 17.
Lieutenant Stephen Colby, of 98th, to dine, he having sold out.

Band on shore of an evening, they having im- April 20.
proved and much in demand.

Apollo, with Grey Skipwith on board, also *Belle-* April 24.
isle, arrived with letters from China.

Had a cheery child's party on the hill, Mrs. April 26.
Whitehead kindly managing for me.

A kind letter from my father.

Grey Skipwith staying with me again, but only April 27.
for a short time, as *Apollo* sailed for home.

Belleisle on shore, as usual; luckily on a rising tide.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Dido—Borneo

1843. May 1. Embarked Rajah Brooke. Napier and W. H. Read on board to see him off. My *Dido* now well manned. The crew require exercise, and will get it!

Good drill at general quarters.

May 3. Hoisted pinnace out, which had been coppered at the expense of my zealous First.

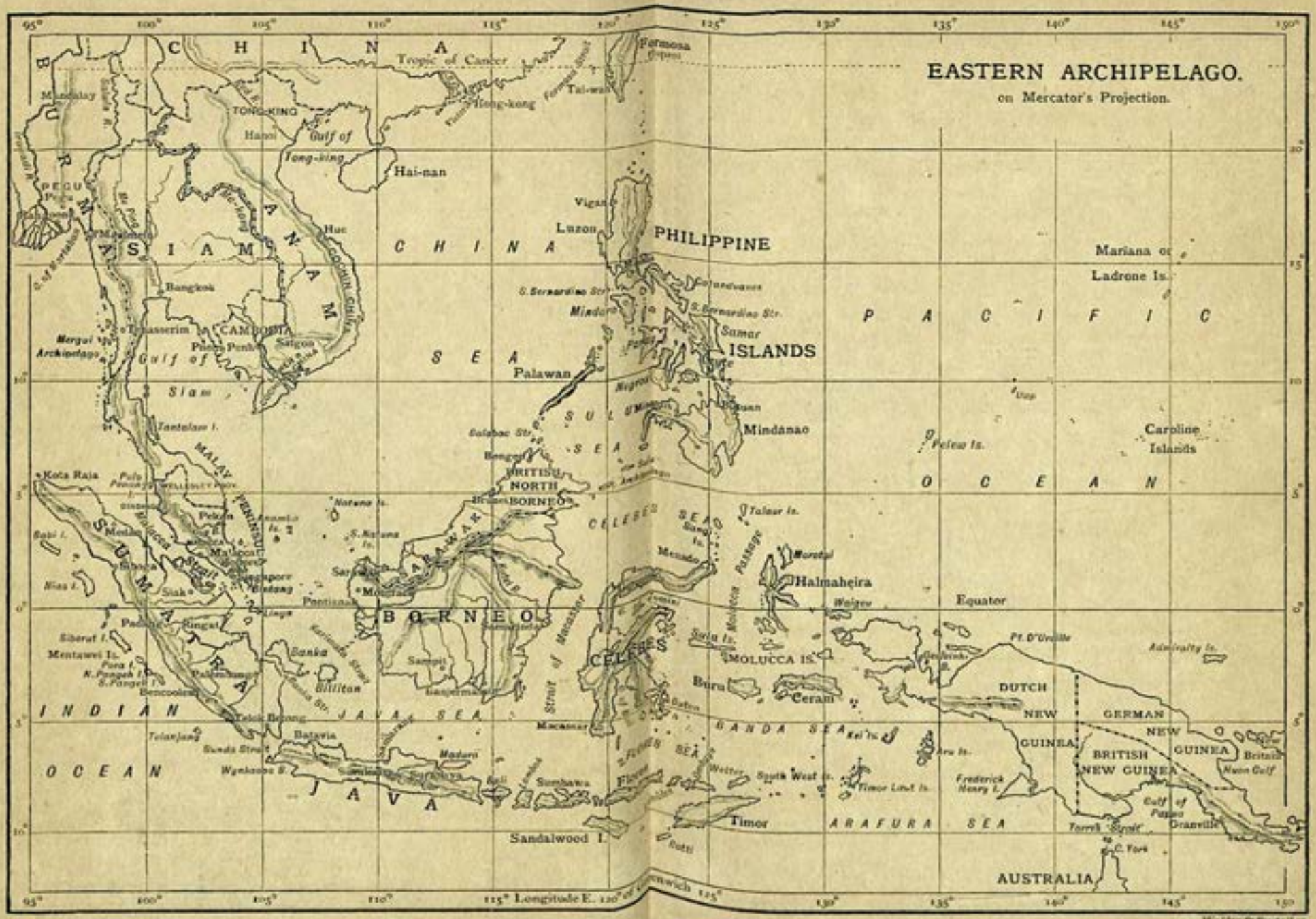
May 4. Came to under Camel Island. To think that for thousands of miles these seas should be infested by pirates! The sea as smooth as Spithead, with anchorages to be found in from 4 to 10 fathoms, the kedge affording sufficient holding.

Passed through the Tambilans, a beautiful group of about 150 small islands, thinly inhabited. They are so close together that after passing the first two or three we were to all appearance land-locked in a capacious harbour.

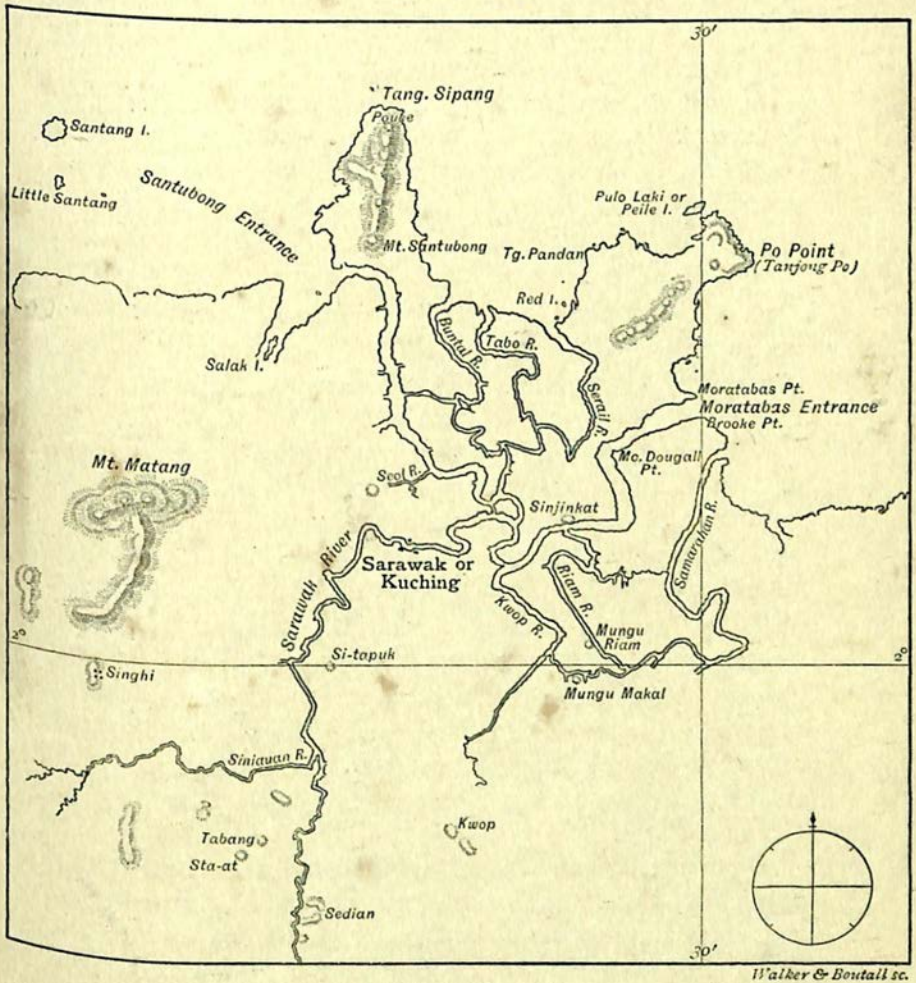
May 5. Anchored off the Dutch end of the Island of Borneo, in the hope of surprising free-traders.

May 6. The following morning we anchored off the mouth of the Sambas, and sent boats away to examine the creeks, islands, and rivers for traces of pirates, which were discovered by the remains of their cooking-fires, although no clue found as to where they had gone.

May 8. Sent the pinnace and two cutters, with Partridge,


EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO.
on Mercator's Projection.
CHINA
Tropic of Cancer
Formosa
Hong-kong
Tai-wan
TONG-KING
Hanoi
Gulf of Tong-king
Hai-nan
BURMAH
PEGU
Mandalay
Martaban
Gulf of Martaban
SIAM
ANAM
Me Kong
Me Nam
Cochin China
Huc
Bangkok
Tenasserim
CAMBODIA
Pnom Penh
Saigon
Mergui Archipelago
Gulf of Siam
Siam
Tantalam I.
MALAY PENINSULA
Kota Raja
Pulo Penang
Pekan
Malacca
Singapore
Lingga
Siak
Nias I.
Mentawei Is.
Siberut I.
Padang
Ringat
Bencoolen
SUMATRA
Banka
Billiton
Sunda Str.
Batavia
Telok Betong
Tolanjang
Sunda Strait
Wynkoops R.
INDIAN OCEAN
JAVA
JAVA SEA
Madura
Sumbawa
Bali
Lombok
Flores
Sandalwood I.
Timor
Roti
Vigan
Luzon
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
CHINA SEA
S. Bernardino Str.
Mindoro
Polillo
Samar
Palawan
Negros
Panay
Cebu
Bohol
Mindanao
Sulu Archipelago
Sulu Sea
Balabac Str.
Borneo
BRITISH NORTH BORNEO
Labuan
Brunei
Sarawak
Mukah
Pontianak
Sambas
Banjermassin
BORNEO
Natuna Is.
S. Natuna Is.
Anambas Is.
Tambelan Is.
Karimata Strait
Macassar Strait
CELEBES SEA
Sangi Is.
Mindoro
Talaur Is.
Morotai
Halmaheira
Molucca Passage
Celebes
CELEBES
Sula Is.
MOLUCCA IS.
Buru
Ceram
Banda
Amboyna
Timor Laut Is.
Aru Is.
Arafura Sea
Flores Sea
Wetter
South West Is.
Frederick Henry I.
Torres Strait
Gulf of Papua
Granville
C. York
AUSTRALIA
Equator
Pt. D'Urville
Admiralty Is.
DUTCH NEW GUINEA
GERMAN NEW GUINEA
BRITISH NEW GUINEA
Britain
Huon Gulf
Mariana or Ladrone Is.
PACIFIC OCEAN
Palaos Is.
Caroline Islands
95°
100°
105°
110°
115° Longitude E.
120° of Greenwich
125°
130°
135°
140°
145°
150°
10°
5°
0°

SARAWAK



Walker & Boutall sc.

Map of Coast.

1843. D'Aeth, and Jenkins, and a week's provisions, in charge of Lieutenant Wilmot Horton. The advice of Rajah Brooke, who not only knew the appearance of vessels used by pirates, but spoke the Malay language, was thankfully accepted.

They were directed to proceed to the Island of Murrundum, and, after visiting the South Natunas, to rejoin *Dido* at Sarawak. In the meantime *Dido* proceeded along the coast, anchoring when convenient, and finding regular soundings from 4 to 10 fathoms.

May 9. On the morning of the 9th, on rounding Tanjong Datu, we opened suddenly on a suspicious-looking prahu, which, on making us out, ran for a deep bay, formed by Cape Datu and the next point to the eastward.

Standing a little further on, we saw her consort in the offing, likewise standing in-shore, and a third entered at the bottom of the bay.

From descriptions we had received, they were Illanuns, of whose daring adventures much had been written. They inhabit a cluster of islands on the north-east coast of Borneo, and go out in large fleets, chiefly to intercept traders bound to Singapore or the Straits. Their victims are bound for months, and crowded in the bottom of the prahus, where they suffer miseries worse than could be inflicted in an African slaver.

Having driven these worthies into a corner, and knowing that the only two small boats we had left would stand no chance with them, we loaded the guns, but, having no proper chart, proceeded with caution, feeling our way with the lead. When just within musket range we let go the anchor, which was no sooner done than the pirates made a move. We thought they were coming to sue for terms, but

nothing was further from their intention. One pulled away close in-shore to the eastward, the others in the opposite direction. They were rowed by about forty paddles each. What rendered it ridiculous, owing to a strong tide, no gun could be brought to bear. By the time a warp was laid they were out of sight. 1843.

The dinghy and jolly-boat gave chase, but the pirates had the start as well as speed, and although before rounding the point a few men were seen to drop their paddles from our fire, their pace never slackened.

We could not help admiring their plucky plan of escape. To attempt to catch the boats that had pulled to windward was useless, but we lost no time in slipping our cable and making sail in chase. We had not wind enough, and lost sight of her at dusk off the mouth of a river.

We returned next morning to pick up our anchor. It was a place well adapted as a rendezvous for pirates. The bay we found studded with rocks, and to my horror I found that Her Majesty's *Dido* had anchored between two that were awash at low-water.

A mountain stream of delicious water runs into the bay between two rocks, and the coast abounds with oysters.

We anchored off Tanjong Poe, outside the bar at the entrance of the river leading to Rajah Brooke's residence and seat of Government at Sarawak.

At half-tide on the following morning we crossed the bar, carrying no less than $3\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms water, and entered the beautiful river of Morataba, up which we ran for twelve miles under sail.

Dido was the first square-rigged vessel that had ever entered these waters. We came to off the

1843. junction river which unites the principal entrance to Sarawak.

It is here that the capital ought to have been built, and would have been but for the curse of piracy and its sequel, slavery.

In the evening our boats with the Rajah joined us, having come up by western entrance.

After leaving us on the 8th, they proceeded to the Island of Murundum, a famous rendezvous, where they came on a fleet of the Illanun tribe, who did not give them an opportunity of closing, but, cutting their sampans adrift, made a precipitate flight; opening fire as they ran out on the opposite side of a small bay in which they had been refitting. This of course led to an exciting chase, a running fire kept up on both sides; but the range was too great, and the prahus, in addition to sailing well, were each propelled by from forty to fifty long paddles, and made their escape.

As they went in the direction of the Natunas, Horton took that course, and anchored under the south end in 3 fathoms water; but next morning, owing to the fall of tide, the pinnace had grounded. The Rajah and Horton proceeded in one of the cutters to reconnoitre. As they neared the south-west point, they were met by six prahus, beating tomtoms as they advanced, making demonstrations of fight. Horton judiciously turned to rejoin the other boats, and the pinnace having floated, he formed his little squadron in line abreast, and prepared to meet his antagonist.

Brooke, however, discovered that the fleet advancing were not Illanuns and fancied there must be some mistake. The Natunas people had been trading at Sarawak, and he was well acquainted with a powerful

chief who resided on one of the Natuna group; he 1843.
therefore raised a white handkerchief on his spy-glass, and from the bow of the pinnace waved, hailed, and gesticulated to warn them of their danger, but a discharge of small arms was the only reply. They then detached their smaller boats in-shore to cut off our retreat, and the rest advanced, beating tomtoms, and blazing away with all the confidence of victory. It was an anxious moment for *Dido's* small party; the only heavy gun of the pinnace was loaded with grape and canister, and kept pointed on the largest prahu. The men waited with their muskets for the order to fire. It was not until within pistol range that Horton poured into the enemy his well-prepared dose.

This brought them up; yet a few had the temerity to exchange shots for a couple of minutes. The largest prahu now called for quarter, while the other five made for the shore chased by the two cutters.

The prize proved to be a prahu mounting three brass guns, with a crew of thirty-six men, belonging to the Rajah of Rhio, which had been despatched by that chief to collect tribute about the Natuna group. They had ten men killed and eleven wounded (four of them mortally). They affected the greatest astonishment on discovering that our boats belonged to a British man-of-war, and stated that the island had lately been plundered by the Illanuns, for whom they had taken us; that the rising sun was in their eyes. Horton, thinking there might be some foundation for their story, let the surgeon, Simpson, and his assistant dress their wounds, and after admonishing them to be more careful in future, restored their boats, as well as the others which belonged to the islands. These in the meantime had

1843. been taken possession of by the cutters after they had reached the shore, and landed their killed and wounded, who were borne away so smartly by the natives that our men had no time to ascertain the number.

Three of the prahus belonged to the same fleet of Illanuns that escaped the *Dido* off Cape Datu. It afforded some amusement to find among the slightly wounded our Rajah's wealthy and respectable friend, who was not a little ashamed at being recognised.

Among the mortally wounded lay the young commander of the prahu, one of the finest forms of the human race, with a countenance to match. He was shot through the lungs, but made attempts to speak. His conquerors raised him gently into a sitting posture of comparative ease, but the end speedily came. He expired where I daresay his proudest and happiest moments had been passed.

We afterwards ascertained that the pirates believed that our boats were coming from a wreck on the south-east coast of the island, and were full of choice loot. Piracy is so inherent in a Malay that few can resist the temptation when an opportunity offers.

Sarawak, May 17. On Rajah Brooke's landing, astonished the natives by firing a salute from heavier guns than they, as yet, had ever heard.

During the morning large boats, some carrying as many as 200 people, had been coming down the river to hail Brooke's return; and one of the greatest gratifications I had was in witnessing the undisguised delight, mingled with gratitude and respect, with which each headman welcomed their newly-elected ruler back to his adopted country.

Although many of the Malay chiefs had every reason to expect that in the *Dido* they saw the means

by which their misdeeds were to be punished, they showed their confidence in Mr. Brooke by bringing their children with them—a sign peculiar to the Malay. 1843.

The scene was both novel and exciting to us (just anchored in a large fresh-water river, and surrounded by a densely-wooded jungle); the whole surface of the water was covered with canoes and boats, dressed out with various-coloured silken flags, filled with natives beating their tomtoms, and playing on wild and not unpleasant-sounding wind instruments, varied by the occasional discharge of fire-arms.

To them it must have been equally striking and extraordinary (as few of them had ever seen any larger vessel than their own war-boats, or even a European, until Brooke's arrival), to witness the *Dido* anchored almost in the centre of their town, her mastheads towering above the trees of their jungle; to hear the loud report of her 32-pounder guns, and watch the running aloft to furl sails of 150 seamen, in their white dresses, the band playing, all which helped to make an impression that will not easily be forgotten.

The next business was my visit of ceremony to Rajah Muda Hassim, which was sport, though conducted in the most imposing manner.

The band, and the marines as a guard, having landed, we (the officers) assembled at Brooke's house, where, having made ourselves as formidable as we could with swords and cocked hats, we marched in procession to the Royal residence.

His Highness sent one of his brothers to receive us, who led me by the hand into the Royal presence. The palace was a long low shed, built on piles, to

1834. which we ascended by a ladder. The audience-chamber was hung with red and yellow silk curtains, and round the back and one side of the platform occupied by the Rajah were ranged his Ministers, warriors, and men-at-arms, bearing swords, spears, shields, and other warlike weapons. Opposite to them were drawn up our Royal Marines, the contrast between the two bodyguards being amusing.

Muda Hassim was a wretched-looking little man. Still, there was a courteous and gentle manner about him that prepossessed us in his favour, and made us feel that we were before a Chief who had been accustomed to command.

We took our places in a semicircle, on seats provided for the occasion, smoked cigars and drank tea. His Highness chewed his sirih-leaf and betel-nut, seated with one leg crossed under him, and playing with his toes.

Very little is ever said during these audiences; so we sat staring at one another for half an hour, with mutual astonishment. After the usual compliments of wishing our friendship might last as long as the moon, and my having offered him the *Dido*, and everything else that did not belong to me, in exchange for his house, we took our leave.

May 19. This was the day fixed for Muda Hassim's visit to the *Dido*, about which he appeared anxious, as he had seldom been known to go beyond his own threshold.

For this ceremony all the boats, guns, tomtoms, flags, and population were put in requisition; and the procession to the ship was a gorgeous and amusing spectacle. We received him on board with a royal salute. He brought in his train a whole tribe of natural brothers. His guards and followers were

strange enough, and far too numerous for the *Dido's* deck; but whether the most important personages of the realm were kept out we did not ascertain. One fellow succeeded in obtaining a footing with a large yellow silk canopy, a corner of which having run into the eye of one of the midshipmen, the bearer missed his footing, and down came the whole concern —as I was informed, by *accident!* 1843.

The party assembled in my cabin, and the remarks were few; nor did they manifest great astonishment at anything. In fact, a Malay never allows himself to be surprised. I believe, however, His Highness did not think much of my veracity when I informed him that this was not the largest ship belonging to Her Britannic Majesty, and that she had several mounting upwards of 100 guns. He admitted that he had seen a grander sight than any of his ancestors.

There was much distress depicted on the Royal countenance during his visit, which I afterwards ascertained was owing to his having been informed that he must not spit in my cabin.

On leaving the ship, whether the cherry-brandy he had taken made him forget his directions I do not know, but he squirted a mouthful of red betel-nut juice over the white deck, and then had the temerity to hold out his hand to the First Lieutenant!

This farce over, I had now some time to refit my *Dido* in one of the prettiest spots on earth, and as unlike a dockyard as anything could be.

Brooke's residence, although equally rude in structure with the abodes of the natives, was not without its English comforts of sofas, chairs, bedsteads, and baths. It was larger than any other, but, like them, being built upon piles, we had to mount a ladder to get into it. May.

1843. It was situated on the same side of the river (the left bank), next to, but rather in the rear of, Muda Hassim's palace, with a clear space of about 150 yards between the back and the edge of the jungle.

Palisades and a ditch, surrounding the building, formed a protection to sheep, goats, occasionally bullocks, pigeons, cats, poultry, geese, monkeys, dogs and ducks, and snakes.

The house consisted of but one floor. A large room in the centre, neatly ornamented with every description of firearms, in admirable order, served as an audience and mess-room.

The various apartments round it served as bedrooms, most of them comfortably furnished with matted floors, easy-chairs, pictures, and books, with much more taste and attention to comfort than bachelors usually display.

The Europeans with Mr. Brooke consisted of Mr. Bloomfield Douglas, formerly in the Navy, a clever young surgeon, and a gentleman of the name of Williamson, who, being master of the native language, as well as active and intelligent, made an excellent Prime Minister.

Besides these were two others who came out in Brooke's yacht—one an old man-of-war's man, who kept the arms in first-rate condition, and another worthy character called Charlie, who looked after the accounts and had charge of everything. These were attended by servants of different nations.

The cooking establishment was perfect, and the utmost harmony prevailed. The great feeding-time was at sunset, when Brooke took his seat at the head of the table, and all the establishment, as in days of yore, seated themselves according to their respective grades.

Dido *at Saravak.*

1843. This hospitable board was open to all the officers of the *Dido*, and many a jovial evening we spent there.

Before we left Singapore Mr. Whitehead had kindly offered his yacht, the *Emily*, a schooner of 50 tons, with a native crew, to bring our letters to Borneo, on the arrival of the mail from England. After our short experience, I thought it advisable to send a boat to cruise in the neighbourhood of Cape Datu; *Dido's* largest boat being under repair, Brooke lent one he had built at Sarawak, called the *Jolly Bachelor*. Having fitted her with a brass 6-pounder and a volunteer crew of a mate, two mids, six marines and twelve seamen, and fortnight's provisions, the Second Lieutenant, Hunt, was well pleased at getting the command. His orders were to cruise, keep a good look-out for the *Emily* yacht, and escort her into Sarawak, but he was on no account to land; Douglas volunteered his services in case an interpreter should be required.

It appears that the day after they sailed they chased three sail in the distance, without nearing them; they appeared a second and third time after dusk with same result. It now being late, the crew fatigued and hungry, Hunt pulled in-shore, lighted a fire, cooked their provisions, and then hauled her out to her grapnel near some rocks for the night. They laid down to rest with their arms by their sides, ready loaded. The marines' muskets were stopped up and down the mainmast. The boat had a small forecastle as well as an extended decked stern over the rudder-head, which held the commander. Having appointed look-out men, I suppose owing to the fatigues of the day, they one and all fell asleep.

About 3 A.M., the moon rising, Hunt, happening

to awake, observed a savage brandishing a kris and performing his war-dance on the bit of deck forward in an ecstasy of delight, thinking, in all probability, of the ease in which he had got possession of a fine trading-boat, and calculating the value of white slaves he would have to dispose of; little dreaming of the hornets' nest into which he had fallen. Jim Hunt's round fat face meeting the light of the rising moon, without a turban surmounting it, was the first notice the pirate had of his mistake. 1843.

He immediately plunged overboard, and before Hunt had sufficiently recovered his astonishment to know whether he was dreaming or not, or to arouse the crew, a discharge from three or four cannon within a few yards, and the cutting through the rigging of various missiles with which the guns were loaded, convinced him of his disobedience of orders. It was as well the men were still lying down, as not one was hurt, but on jumping up they found themselves closely pressed by two large war prahus—one on each bow. To return the fire, cut the cable, man the oars, and back astern to gain room, was the work of a minute. But now came the tug-of-war. It was a case of life or death.

Our men fought as British sailors ought; quarter was not expected on either side, and the quick and deadly aim of the Royal Marines prevented the pirates from re-loading.

The Illanun prahus are built with strong bulwarks or barricades, grapeshot-proof, across the fore part of their boats, through which ports are cut; these bulwarks had to be cut away by round shot from the *Jolly Bachelor's* brass 6-pounder before the musketry could bear effectually. This done, our grape and canister told with fearful execution. In the mean-

1843. time, the pirates had been pressing forward to board while *Jolly Bachelor* backed astern. As soon as this service was performed, the few men so employed dropped their oars and resumed their muskets. The work was sharp and short, but the slaughter great.

While one pirate prahu was sinking, and an effort made to secure her, the other effected an escape by getting round the point of rocks where a third and larger prahu, hitherto unseen, came to her assistance and took her in tow.

Although subsequently chased by the *Jolly Bachelor*, they escaped. While setting fire to the captured prahu, which had some 3 feet of blood and water in her, a slave swam off who had escaped during the fight, and informed our men that the three prahus were the same the *Dido* had seen off Cape Datu; they had, including slaves, from fifty to sixty men each on board.

May 21. The day fixed for my receiving an important letter from Rajah Muda Hassim. Officers and self assembled with much ceremony at Brooke's hall of audience, where I found assembled all the chiefs and a crowd of natives, many of whom had already been informed that the said letter was a requisition for me to assist in putting down the hordes of pirates who had so long infested the coast. I believe many of those present, especially the Borneans, to have been casually concerned, if not deeply implicated, in some of their transactions. After I had taken my seat with Brooke, at the head of the table, the Rajah's sword-bearers entered, clearing the way for the huge yellow canopy, under the shade of which, on a large brass tray, and carefully sewn up in a yellow silk bag, was the letter, from which it was removed and placed in my hands by the Pangeran Budrudeen (the

Rajah's brother). I opened the bag with my knife, and handing it to an interpreter, he read it aloud in the Malayan tongue. It was variously received by the audience, many of whose countenances were far from prepossessing. 1843.

Following is a copy of the letter, to which was attached the Rajah's seal :—

This friendly Epistle, having its source in a pure mind, comes from Rajah Muda Hassim, next in succession to the Royal Throne of the Kingdom of Borneo, and who holds his Court at the trading city of Sarawak, to our friend Henry Keppel, head Captain of the war-frigate of Her Britannic Majesty, renowned throughout all countries, who is valiant and discreet, and endowed with a mild and gentle nature.

This is to inform our friend that there are certain great pirates of the people of Sarebas and Sakarran in our neighbourhood seizing goods and murdering people on the high seas. They have more than three hundred war prahus, and extend their ravages even to Bangermussim. They are not subject to the Government of Bruni (Borneo). They take much plunder from vessels trading between Singapore and the good people of our country. It would be a great service if our friend would adopt measures to put an end to these piratical outrages. We can present nothing better to our friend than a kris, such as it is.

20th day of Rabiul Akhir, 1257.

To which I sent the following reply :—

Captain Keppel begs to acknowledge the receipt of the Rajah Muda Hassim's letter, representing that the Dyaks of Sarebas and Sakarran are the pirates who invest the coast of Borneo and do material damage to the trade of Singapore. Captain Keppel will take speedy measures to suppress these and all other pirates, and feels confident that Her Britannic Majesty will be glad to learn that the Rajah Muda Hassim is ready to co-operate in so laudable an undertaking.

1843. Not being prepared for the Oriental fashion of exchanging presents, I had nothing to offer, but I found afterwards that Mr. Brooke had (unknown to me) sent a clock in my name.

The Royal kris was handsome—handle of carved ivory, with a good deal of gold about it. My son has it.

This letter of the Rajah's gave me a good excuse of putting in motion the small preparations I, with Brooke's assistance and advice, had been quietly making. We determined on attacking the pirates in their strongholds, commencing with the Sarebas. Brooke (the Tuan Besar), going to join personally in a war against such opponents who had never been conquered, although repeatedly attacked by the united forces of the surrounding Rajahs, was strongly opposed by the Datus. But Brooke having informed them that he should go, the reply was, "If you die, we die; what is the use of our remaining?"

Brooke and I attended in my six-oared gig, which had been covered in like a native boat with *kadjang*, the mast and oars landed. The crew, which was increased by two, propelled her by paddles facing forward; each paddle was stopped by a lanyard to the brass rowlock. Each man was provided with a carbine. I had with the pennant in the bow the master of the band with his bugle, who could sound my whereabouts. Horton ascended the Sarebas River with ten boats, the lighter ones fitted much the same as my gig.

May 24. The capital and stronghold of the pirates was some seventy miles up, where they had gone to receive us; and with our large following of natives with stores and provisions, there was no hurry. Wherever we landed we appeared to be welcome. We brought up for the night off a creek which led to a Chinese

settlement. The chief of the Kongsee came off to 1843.
do homage to "Datu Brooke." A different tribe of Dyaks inhabit the Sarebas Mountain, gorgeous in feathers and scarlet. We did not expect a road, but a number of these natives kindly shouldered our small bags and provisions. I, for one, was not prepared for the dance led us by our wild-cat-like guides, through thick jungle, and alternately over rocky hills and the thick marshes we had to cross. If we attempted to stop, many a fall and flounder in the mud was the consequence. The ascent of the hill, although steep, was strikingly beautiful. Our resting-places few; but when we did reach one, the cool, fresh breeze, and the increasing extent and variety of scene, embracing as it did river, mountain, wood, and sea, amply repaid the exertion of the climb. On either hand we were sure of a cool rivulet tumbling over the rocks. While going up, our care and attention was requisite to secure our safety; for it is not only one continued climb up ladders, but *such* ladders!—made of the single trunk of a tree in its rough and rounded state, with notches, not cut with the reasonable distance of the ratlines of our rigging, but requiring the knee to be brought level with the chin before the feet are sufficiently parted to reach from one step to another; and that when the muscles of the thigh begin to ache, and the wind is pumped out of the body. We mounted in this manner some 500 feet. We were received in one of the circular halls of these Dyaks, hung round with hundreds of human heads, most of them dried with the skin and hair on. To give them, if possible, a more ghastly appearance, small shells (the cowry) are inserted where the eyes once were. Tufts of dry grass protruded from the ears.

1843. But my eyes soon got accustomed to the sight, and by the time our meal was ready we did not mind dining in the scullery. Of course the natives crowded round us; with these people it was as with the more civilised—curiosity was strongest in the gentler sex.

May 25. Having returned to our boats, moved up another branch of the river, and, with the chance of some deer-shooting, landed under a group of shady trees. The distance we had to walk to our game our guides considered nothing: some five miles through jungle.

Just before sunset we came to a jungle which opened on a swamp of long rank grass. Leeches abounded, getting up one's legs and down one's socks. They caused no pain when they caught on, but on taking off our shoes we frequently found them saturated with blood.

The guide having made signs for me to advance, after some trouble, watching the direction of his finger, I observed the heads of two deer just above the grass about 60 yards distant. From the manner the doe was moving about her long ears, it had, to my view, all the appearance of a rabbit.

Shooting for the pot, I selected her. As I fired, two of my boat's crew dashed into the grass, and within a moment were up to their chins in mud and water. We had some difficulty in dragging them out.

Our Malay guide reached the deer from the opposite side, taking care to utter the prayer and cut the throat with the head in the direction of the Prophet's tomb. The doe was struck just below the ear, and my native companions appeared astonished at the distance and deadly effect with which my smooth-bore Westley-Richards had conveyed the ball.

CHAPTER XXIX

Dido—Borneo

We now began to prepare for work of another sort. 1843.
After our small flotilla had started, the *Dido* took a June 6.
berth about two miles inside the entrance of the Sarebas River, off Pulo Burong, by way of securing our retreat.

We had daily accounts of the formidable resistance the pirates intended to make. By the 8th our preparations were complete. The neighbouring Seriffs sent assurances of their good intentions to the Rajah.

Seriff Jaffer, who lived with an industrious but warlike race up the Linga, a branch of the Batang Lupar River, had never been known to commit an act of piracy, but had been frequently at war with the Sarebas and Sekarrans, offered to join our expedition.

Seriff Sahib, lived up the Sadong River, adjoining the Sarebas territory. Macota, a smooth-tongued villain, known among us as "The Serpent," sent Brooke and myself an invitation to partake of a feast while on our way up the Sarebas.

This invite was accompanied by a present of two handsome spears and a porcupine. He also offered to give up a woman and her children whom he had,

1843. with the assistance of the Sekarrans, captured from the Sow Dyaks on the Sarawak River.

Further to the eastward, and up the Batang Lupar, into which the Sekarran runs, lived another powerful Seriff, by name Mulla, elder brother of Sahib.

All these, through fear, sent submissive messages; but their turn was yet to come. We proceeded towards the Sarebas capital.

June 8. I have neither space nor time to give all the names nor describe the force, and am afraid there are few now alive whose names it would be a pleasure for me to record. Lieutenant Wilmot, who commanded the *Dido* force, was in the pinnace. With him were W. H. Partridge, mate; W. Simpson, assistant-surgeon; Hallowes, midshipman.

In first cutter: D'Aeth, midshipman; Bloomfield Douglas, as interpreter; Mr. Collinson, boatswain. Second cutter: Mr. Elliott, master, and Jenkins, midshipman.

In the *Jolly Bachelor:* Lieutenant Tottenham, and Comber, midshipman; also Mr. Brooke's medical attendant, Dr. Treacher, as well as an amateur, Mr. Ruppell. Total force from *Dido* was eighty, officers and men.

The all-important "Datu Brooke" was with me in the gig. He was also attended by a sampan and crew he had brought from Singapore. Brooke's coxswain, Seboo, we shall long remember. He was civil only to his master, and, I believe, brave while in his company. Seboo was stupid-looking, but a powerfully-built sort of savage. When going into action he went on his knees, holding a loaded musket before him.

In the second gig was Lieutenant E. Gunnell,

whose troublesome duty it was to keep order. 1843.
Stores were in a tope: the whole formed a novel scene.

It was curious to contemplate the different feelings that actuated Malays and Dyaks: many from attachment to Brooke, some for plunder, but I think the majority to gratify revenge.

We did not get far the first day, as the tope was slow, and carried that most essential part of all expeditions—the commissariat.

We had got another thirty miles. I pulled from June 9.
one end to the other of Horton's Mosquito Fleet with as much pride as Sir William Parker must have felt when heading seventy-five British ships up the Yang-tse-Kiang in the heart of the Chinese Empire.

I had left Brooke with the youngsters on board the *Jolly Bachelor*. Late in the afternoon, when well in advance, I observed, hidden under the bushes, a long canoe—no doubt a look-out; and I daresay my gig, with its Kajang coverings, was taken for one of themselves.

I fired at the fore-part of her. There was a rush into the jungle. On examination we found the bullet had gone through both sides of an iron kettle, and I expect astonished the cook.

During the day several deserted boats with arms in them were taken from the banks and destroyed.

Before we brought up for the night we had to face the bore, a wall of water, the approach of which might be seen near a mile off. It is formed by the contraction of the river, and rises with the flood-tide some 8 feet.

Anchors were let go, and by keeping a strain on the cables we partially moved with it. The bore

1843. soon loses strength, giving anchors time to bite. After it had passed we took up our berths in two lines up a reach of the river. My gig was secured under the shade of a large tree, near the inner line of boats.

June 10. Late in the evening, when the song and joke had ceased and lights out, the paddles of a canoe were heard and hailed by each of our boats in succession, to which they replied, "We belong to your party." And it was not until we heard the yell of triumph given by six or eight voices that we found how we had been imposed upon. The beating of gongs and firing of guns went on all night. We weighed at daylight. Our rapid advance with a strong tide must have been seen from the various hills which now rose to our view. Brooke had rejoined me in the gig.

June 11. We were somewhat ahead of the boats, tide sweeping us up; had we been inclined to retreat, we should have found it difficult. A sharp turn brought us into a straight and widened river, at the end of which was a cleared hill surmounted by a battery of brass guns. Halfway between the battery and ourselves, in 9 feet of water, was a freshly-made barrier, formed of long poles driven in—4 feet apart—one in front of the other. The ends above water were made to cross, so as to form a crutch, on which trees were laid horizontally, firmly secured by *rôtans*. It took our boats, assisted by the native followers, some minutes to cut a couple of openings, Greenhill battery meanwhile playing on them. D'Aeth, in the cutter, was the first to get through.

Just before what I have attempted to describe, we observed a small gap in the barrier under some overhanging branches. Having a strong tide with

us, Brooke and I thought we could dash through. 1843.
We hung for a few seconds, when we were covered with leaves and small boughs. The piratical gunner on the Greenhill battery, although the line was good, had given too much elevation, and I believe the tide brought us up earlier than they expected, as the pirates came swarming down, but too late for their spears to reach before we had got out clear into the open space, with D'Aeth, in the cutter, on same side with ourselves. He was at once off to the Greenhill.

However smart these piratical gentry might be with their ordnance afloat, D'Aeth and his blue-jackets and cutlasses were in possession of their battery before they had time to reload. We had only three men wounded while cutting through the barrier.

Our native auxiliaries were soon with us: the dreaded Sarebas stronghold of two centuries no longer existed, and the baskets made to hold "Datu Brooke's" head and mine were not wanted, this time.

The pirates ran away as our men landed, and a few minutes after the native allies had got to work the whole town was ablaze. After rest and refreshment, Brooke proposed following up the fugitives, and started with Horton in the pinnace, accompanied by some native followers. I remained in the *Jolly Bachelor* to see the amputation of poor Batterson's arm (one of my best men, captain of the forecastle).

It was now late, drizzly rain falling, when the booming of the pinnace's heavy gun showed that Horton had come in contact with the pirates. This was responded to by one of those simultaneous war-yells, apparently from every part of the country. I jumped into my gig, taking my pet bugler, John Eager, who was placed in the bow. Our arms were in readiness; we proceeded to join the combatants.

1843. Tide had just turned against us, and as we advanced up the river, trees hung over many parts, nearly meeting across. At the same time, the occasional firing that was kept up assured me that the enemy were on the alert, and with all the advantages of local knowledge, as well as darkness, on their side. From the winding of the stream, too, the yells appeared to come from every direction—sometimes ahead, sometimes astern.

We had pulled, feeling our way for nearly two hours, when a sudden quick discharge of musketry on my left intimated that we were approaching the scene of action. At the same time we passed several large war-boats hauled up on the bank. I felt convinced that our party was surrounded, and that we should have to fight our way to each other. Strongly impressed with this idea, I approached with caution. In the distance I could dimly discern a crowd that I knew I must pass to get to our people. I prepared the crew to do their best—pull for their lives, and told John Eager to strike up "Rory O'More." When abreast, emptied both barrels into the thick of them.

Conceive my horror, fair reader, when I heard Horton's voice, "Don't fire, sir; we are here." My first exclamation was, "How could you allow anything to approach without hailing?"

No one was killed. One bullet, after striking the bow of the pinnace, hit the breastplate of a Royal Marine and knocked him into the water. The other went through both cheeks of one of our native followers without breaking a tooth.

Horton's explanation was that they were keeping out of sight of a superior force of pirates, who were near enough to throw spears among them, and they

believed themselves surrounded. I believe "Rory O'More" had dispersed the enemy. 1843.

Daylight brought a flag of truce. Brooke sent an unarmed Malay to meet them; after a little palaver they came to our boats. The message was, they were ready to abide by any terms we might dictate. I promised that hostilities should cease for two hours, but that we could treat only with the chiefs, whose persons should be protected, and invited them to a conference at 1 P.M. June 12.

At the appointed hour the chiefs made their appearance, dressed in their best, but looking haggard and dejected. Brooke, as "Tuan Besar," officiated as spokesman. He fully explained that our invasion of their country was not for the purposes of pillage or gain to ourselves, but as a punishment for their piracy. He reminded them that they had been fully warned two years before that the British nation would no longer allow the native trade between Singapore and the adjacent islands to be cut off and plundered as it had been.

They were humble and submissive, and admitted their lives were forfeited; said if we "ordered" them to die they were prepared. Finally, they promised to refrain for ever from piracy, and offered hostages for their good behaviour.

On our return to the still smoking ruins of the town of Paddi, we found that Seriff Jaffer, our ally, with his 800 warriors had not been idle. It was a melancholy sight: thirteen bodies lying in a row. How many wounded escaped we didn't know. Collecting our forces, we dropped leisurely down the river, but not without a parting yell of triumph from our Dyak force—a yell that should have made the hearts of those quail whose wives and children lay June 13.

1843. concealed in the heart of the jungle, near where we had held the conference.

June 14. We rejoined the commissariat tope and prepared for an attack on Pakoo. With four days' provisions we went up another branch of the river. An hour before sunset we arrived at the foot of two newly built stockades, but the people knew of the example at Paddi, and were in a state of panic. They stood but one discharge and fled. Pakoo and the adjacent country were destroyed. I saw here the operation of cooking and preserving heads, and a very unpleasing one it was.

June 15. At daylight the smaller boats proceeded up and met a flag of truce. An offer was made by the chiefs to come to terms. But as they denied having any connection with their neighbours, the Rembas pirates, we returned to Boling, and made preparations for giving *them* also a lesson they would not forget.

June 16. The tides not suiting to take us the whole way, and not having sufficient moon to make a night attack, we brought up about sunset, a quarter-tide below Rembas Forts. No end of monkeys about, but no time to play with them.

June 17. Proceeding at daylight, but met the most formidable barriers we had yet encountered, and which detained us some time in cutting through. However, when this was accomplished the resistance was small.

Looting of bullocks, goats, and poultry very great; likewise the destruction of forts, houses, war-boats, grain, fruit-trees, etc. The Rembas was by far the richest and finest country we had seen. The lesson the chiefs received will not be forgotten. In the afternoon, collecting our boats and prizes, and dismissing allies, we prepared to return. Moving

down with the ebb tide, we reached the tope at mid- 1843.
night. Grub very low.

Shifted into the tope to stretch my legs, hurrying June 18.
the boats back to the ships. The tope a dull brute
though, with poor sick Dr. Simpson and two badly
wounded men. Anchored at the mouth of the river.

Light winds and calm. Did not progress. Other June 19.
boats ahead. Feel tired, not having had clothes off,
except to bathe, for a fortnight.

What we make with the wind we lose with the June 20.
tide. Still off the mouth of the Sarebas.

At daylight rigged jury-mast. Light breeze. June 22.
Ship still twenty miles off. Simpson worse. Took
to my gig, getting on board in the evening. Glad of
it, too. Sent pinnace with provisions, and to fetch sick
and wounded. Received orders to return to China.

Left the ship with Brooke on first of the flood- June 23.
tide. Came up with our valiant auxiliaries, who
were waiting to accompany us to the capital. Bade
Muda Hassim farewell. Much saluting on all sides.
Parting dinner with Brooke.

Left friend Brooke's hospitable board at the early June 24.
hour of 3 A.M., and started first of the flood for the
ship. Got on board at nine, and weighed for
Singapore.

At sea. No spare time to look for pirates. Good June 25.
cruising-ground, though! Left our marks on some
of them, poor devils! Did some good for trade, and
proportionate harm to pirates.

Improving breeze. All good wine done. Time June 27.
to get into Singapore again.

My stay in Sarawak was of short duration, because, before I had time to carry out the arrangements made to put down this horrid piracy, the *Dido* was, owing to changes in the distribution of the fleet,

1843. recalled to China. Not expecting to revisit Borneo during the period the ship had to run before completing her usual time of commission, it is gratifying to read the following in my friend Brooke's journal, alluding to that time:

"I came myself in the *Dido*, and I may say that her appearance was the consummation of my enterprise. The natives saw directly that there was a

A River Scene.

force to protect and to punish, and most of the chiefs, conscious of their evil ways, trembled. Muda Hassim was gratified, and felt that this power would exalt his authority, both in Borneo and along the coast, and he was not slow in magnifying the force of the *Dido*. The state in which Captain Keppel and his officers visited the Rajah all heightened the effect; the marines and the band excited the admiration as well as the fears of the natives. I felt the

Rajah's hand tremble at the first interview, and not all the well-known command of countenance could conceal his emotion." 1843.

Gentle reader, excuse my vanity if I continue a little further with my friend's journal, although it gets rather personal:

"I believe the first emotion was anything but pleasurable; but Captain Keppel's conciliatory and kind manner soon removed any feeling of fear, and all along was of the greatest use to me in our subsequent doings."

CHAPTER XXX

Dido—China

1843. June 28. Afternoon, came to in Singapore Roads. Put up with friend Whitehead. Glad again to catch Henry Seymour in *Harlequin*.

Sorry to hear of the death of my dear old Royal master, the Duke of Sussex.

Examination of midshipmen. One rare stupid, but passed them all! Landed poor Dr. Simpson at sick-quarters looking too ill.

June 30. Weighed for China. Synge of 98th with me. Have to work up against monsoon. A lovely squall carried us eleven knots, on a wind. At sunset shifted topsails ready for the next.. No wish for a typhoon though.

July 12. 1 A.M.—Anchored in Hong Kong. Breakfast with Commander-in-Chief. Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane present.

The Plenipotentiary, Sir Henry Pottinger, was busy extracting indemnity from Mandarins, who understood as much or as little as they liked. Although war was over, it was necessary to retain possession of certain points until the indemnity was paid. This caused many transports to lie idle at Whampoa. Nor was there enough of the rupee coin to pay the crews. Idleness, root of evil.

Dido being a post command, it fell to my disagreeable lot to keep order. I did not think much of the Consuls and Vice-Consuls, nor they of me. The Plenipo and Admiral, not having much to do, were jealous. 1843. Hong Kong.

If I have any fair readers, I would advise them to skip the following. I hope shortly to take them to new ground.

Cunynghame to breakfast. Lent me his pony that I might dine with 98th at Chuck Chow. Whimper, senior, attentive and kind, as they all were, proposed my health as senior honorary member. July 13.

Signal for *Dido*, "Prepare for sea." Sailed for Macao with Edwards and Wade. One of the pirates who had murdered Dr. Kinlay caught. July 17.

Pleasant dinner with Lord Saltoun. Met Colonel Colin Campbell, of 98th; also Wade, same regiment, who became a wonderful Chinese scholar. July 19.

Agincourt (nicknamed '*Gincourt*) doing "small craft," cruising about the harbour. During the afternoon she got on shore, and *Dido* was signalled to go to her assistance. July 22.

Got orders to take station at Whampoa, first communicating with Plenipo. Consul stupid. Asked him to dinner. He came, although too ill to wait on me before. July 24.

Dido causing sensation among handsome and fast opium clippers. Amoy, name of an old Chinese woman keeping a tanker-boat here, has $40,000, made by smuggling opium. Whampoa, July 27.

$188,000 taken on board on Government account. Aug. 1.

Another instalment of half-million dollars. Settled cases of mutiny on board merchant ships. Aug. 3.

Heard last evening death of our valued friend and shipmate, Dr. Simpson, at Singapore. Aug. 6.

1843. Our Chinese beef-contractor, being anxious that I should visit his curiosity-shop, on my stating that I had no money, exclaimed, "Hai yah! Wot can do? S'pose got no money, how can make handsome face? How get command fine ship, all same *Dido*."

For company I had a French corvette, *L'Alcmène*, 26, Captaine Le Comte Fourinier. We were good friends; generally breakfasted together. One morning his approach was announced rather later than usual, but in full uniform. I had to listen to a complaint.

During his morning's pull he happened to pass through Blenheim Reach, and to his astonishment (*and* mine) he found six British men-of-war—three of them ships of the line. He stated that by treaty we were limited to a certain number, and seemed to think he had been hardly used by my not having let him know this fact before.

I took him by the arm and conducted him down to breakfast; then informed him that what he had seen were merely our "tea-chests." But, he exclaimed, that happening to be there at eight o'clock, he had seen them cross topgallant yards, hoist colours, while the bands played "God save the Queen."

I told him that three of them might *once* have been ships of the line. They were now our tea-chests, and came from Calcutta during northerly monsoon with cotton, and perhaps a bit of opium, and went back by the southerly monsoon with tea, and perhaps a few curios.

We had great fun, and he enjoyed the gay parties in Blenheim Reach as much as we did.

Sept. 1. Young Partridge came to dine, many of the name down in Norfolk this day. I wish I could get my good bird promoted.

Among the cheery parties, few better than that given by Captain Baker on board the *Earl of Balcarres*. Did not get home before the usual "daylight." 1843. Sept. 4.

Mr. Consul Hamilton arrived from Canton to take up his quarters. *Chez moi!* No spare room. He found *Dido* too hot. Billeted him on board the *Lowjee Family*. Sept. 7.

Regatta of country ships' boats. Bad finish. Tiller broke in a mate's hands; he fell backwards overboard, and was drowned before any one could get near. Hundreds of spectators. In the midst of life we are in death. Sept. 16.

F. Horton, who had been invalided, took his parting dinner with me. Sorry indeed to lose him. With use of launch and pinnace was enabled to make visits to Canton, Macao, and Hong Kong, to say nothing of the cheery Blenheim Reach. Sept. 24.

I was anxious for a change, having been doing magistrate at Whampoa over two months.

Made visit in launch to Plenipo and friends at Hong Kong; next day to Macao. While riding one of Gray's best horses near the boundary lines, was charged by a buffalo cow, causing a cut nearly a foot in length, and drawing blood on near flank. Sept. 26.

On returning, anchored to save tide off the Chinese fort. Was run down by a light merchant brig; she carried away our foremast, giving me a violent blow on left heel. Sept. 30.

Admiral arrived in *Spitfire*. With him to Canton. Old round of curio-shops. Heel very painful. Blue at the fore hoisted on board *Dido*. Oct. 3.

Visited the place where our troops landed and Oct. 5.

1843. captured Canton before *Dido* arrived on the station. Large dinner at Livingstone's.

Oct. 7. *Dido* resigned flag to *Spiteful*.

Tied by leg, or, more properly, by the heel.

Oct. 11. Gray and Hogg to dinner; also new Master, Allen.

Oct. 21. Tiffined with Doctor Marjoribanks. He informed me that a Mandarin in Canton was seriously ill, and he had been sent for. He told me if I would care to dress in plain clothes, and come as his assistant, I should see many things forbidden to "Foreign Devils."

Curiously enough, a hundred years ago, my grand-uncle, Admiral Lord Keppel, then a Mid, wrote in his Log-Book :—

"Fryday, 14*th October*, 1743. — Commodore Anson, Captain Saumarez, and myself, put off from the *Centurion* in ye barge for Canton."

Before his visit in the *Centurion*, no foreigner was known to have entered the Celestial City, and for a century its gates were closed to foreigners.

Oct. 24. Was about to dine with McKeans, when a fire broke out in Canton. Went to the top of Livingstone's house, and found the sight too grand to leave; had dinner sent up there. Rice birds in perfection. Sent for *Dido*.

Passed night in the American *hong*,[1] which soon became too hot. Our marines protected property, which became easier after a Lascar had been shot.

Oct. 26. All business was stopped for a few days. Dent's *hong* took a flower-boat to live in. I gave them a corporal's guard of seven marines.

Oct. 28. Ordered to Hong Kong. With Jardine and Miss Hogg to Whampoa in a dollar boat.

[1] Business House.

Hong Kong continuing sickly; two or three funerals daily. The breaking-up of fresh building ground, I believe, the cause. The Plenipo's nephew, Major Pottinger, supposed to be dying. 1843. Nov. 11. Nov. 15.

Signalled at dinner-time to go to Macao. Nov. 16.

Anchored early. Saluted French Commodore Roy in *L'Erigone*, 46. Friends Lindsay and Co. took me in. Nov. 17.

Returned to Hong Kong. Quite cold; fires pleasant. Am to accompany Admiral to Manila. Dec. 1.

Weighed from Macao and joined both Admirals off the Ladrones. Beat them sailing, to my satisfaction. At noon Rear-Admiral got permission to part company. Dec. 4.

Blowing fresh. Both sails and ropes much worn. Dockyard stores short. Dec. 6.

Weather finer. Admiral signalled for me to dine at 3 P.M. Same time sent me to examine strange sail, sixteen miles to leeward. She proved to be the *Duchess of Gordon*, from Macao, bound to Manila. Rejoined Admiral during the night. Dec. 8.

Signal to dine with Admiral at 4 P.M. No stranger in sight! After dinner directed to proceed to Manila. Dec. 9.

Daylight, anchored off Manila. Put up with Richardson. Dec. 11.

Called on Governor, with letter from Commander-in-Chief, and officials, and returned at night to be ready to receive Admiral. Much taken with the wonderful vegetation stretching from shore as far as the eye can reach.

Admiral, accompanied by Lord Saltoun, Cunynghame, and Hope Grant, landed at noon, under a salute of 21 guns. What an opportunity for me to see the capital of the Philippines! They were

1843. received by the Teniente del Rey and el Mayor de la Plaza, and escorted by cavalry, guards of soldiers to any extent, also a military band, showing the cordial feeling which existed between us.

The city is divided into two parts by a river, and fortified on all sides. "Orang" is the term used by all peoples of the great Eastern Archipelago, prefixed to the different races. The residents of the Spanish Settlements called themselves after the high-sounding name of Orang Castillia. Malays use the term "Orang Puteh" (white man) for the English only.

Nothing could exceed the courtesy and kindness with which the Spanish authorities, as well as the English and other merchants, treated us.

Dec. 14. Visited the Government tobacco factory, and saw 3000 or more native women manufacturing cheroots. We then went to the *pina* manufactory, a beautifully fine but expensive fabric, made from pine-apple fibre, silky and delicately dyed. We saw the *pina* dress ordered by the great Parsee, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, to be sent home to the Queen. It cost $3000, and it took thirty or forty women to weave and prepare the fibre.

Dec. 16. Attended the theatre; all native performers. With the small Spanish I picked up on the south coast of Spain, I really enjoyed the play.

Dec. 17. Started, with the Admiral, Saltoun, and suite, after dinner on an interesting expedition to a place called Guadeloupe, in a well-fitted canoe.

Passing through fertile pâdi-land, we were received by the Adjutant-General in great state on our arriving at Pasig. The priests, hearing of our approach from Don Crispon, who accompanied us, also welcomed us by sending in children nicely dressed, bearing wreaths of flowers and carrying small flags, who danced and

sang in procession till we reached the Casa del Cura, where more salutes were fired. We were entertained here by the jolly friars of San Augustine. 1843.

Passing through beautiful scenery, ascending rapids, and saw wonderful cascades at Baya Baya. Returned to Cavite Fort. Dec. 19.

Embarked, attended by a band of music, with Admiral and General, to see the hot springs at Los Baños. This was a stream of hot water, which was falling into the lake at the rate of several hundred gallons a minute, highly charged with sulphur. The surrounding country is volcanic ; near this lake is the crater of an extinct volcano, but the water which filled it was putrid and full of crocodiles. Dec. 20.

Here the *cura* (village priest) entertained our party, his band playing us in. Indeed, it was a kind of triumphal march all the time, the people wishing to honour those who had taken part in the conquering of China.

We reached Pasig at sunset. Mr. Consul Diggles gave a grand dinner, and afterwards a ball, at which a native tailor introduced himself. He was helped to an awkward fall downstairs, and roared out he was dead! Poor Diggles got into trouble about it, a junta of doctors declaring the tailor was in danger of losing his life. However, a sum of money soothed this down, like most things amongst natives. Dec. 23.

We ate our Christmas dinner at the *hacienda* of the Augustinian friars, a rich community, who were most lavish in their entertainment. Dec. 25.

Dinner at the United States Consulate ; went afterwards to Balancan by moonlight, staying at the convent of Quingoa, with Padre Faustus ; we slept in small dormitories. Dec. 28.

Returned to the city of Manila, getting an Dec. 30.

1843. excellent cup of chocolate before starting from a priest who had been a soldier in the Carlist wars.

Dec. 31. Made purchases, by permission of Sir William Parker, of Manila rope, cordage, sails, booms, and small spars for *Dido*. *Cornwallis* also refitted. Paid farewell visits to Captain-General and other friends.

CHAPTER XXXI

Dido—Calcutta

1844. Jan. 1. Manila.

2 P.M.—Weighed in company with *Cornwallis*.

5.30.—Came to off Cavite Fort. Received on board Lord Saltoun, Hope Grant, and Captain Cunynghame, A.D.C. Parted company with *Cornwallis*.

Left Rear-Admiral's bag of coffee behind, which he won't think much of. Have plenty of turkeys, though.

Jan. 7.

Hong Kong; arrived 7 A.M. Glad to find Charlie Graham in command of *Castor*, 36, in from England.

Received following vexatious memo:—

H.M.S. *Agincourt*, Hong Kong,
January 8, 1844.

Memo.—It is my direction that you cause the *Vixen*, steamer, to be supplied with main topmast studding sail booms, 1.

Ditto T. gallant do., 1.

And you will return to the naval storekeeper undermentioned, viz.:

Barling spars, 2.
Middling, do., 3.
Main topgallant studding sail booms, 1.
Swinging booms, 1.
Main topmast studding sail booms, 1.

(Signed) Thos. Cochrane,
Rear-Admiral.

Captain the Hon. Henry Keppel,
H.M.S. *Dido*.

1844. Jan, 23. Attended the counting, weighing, and packing of sycee silver to be sent by *Dido*.

Jan. 25. $400,000 worth of sycee silver shipped this morning for Calcutta.

Jan. 28. Farewell dinner given me by Compton, all the merchants accompanying me with lanterns afterwards to my boat. Three hearty cheers, and we parted. Have received much kindness and hospitality.

Jan. 29. Report of a junk sunk with stones caused me to secure the best Chinese pilot. On his coming on board, he requested he might have a sailor's hat, that he might hide his well-coiled tail, as "too muchee mandarin about."

We weighed and made sail. I placed the pilot in the starboard hammock netting, he squatting at my feet. We had a fresh fair wind; tide with us.

At about 3 P.M. *Dido's* bow suddenly rose (with $2,000,000 of sycee silver in her!). My two-foot Dollond came down like a hammer on the pilot's head. He fell overboard, his life saved by the hat I had given him. I saw him swimming for the shore, like the toad that he was.

My *Dido's* pace not checked. She rose to the obstacle—a sunken junk full of stones—and descended the other side like a hunter.

At sunset we came to at Hong Kong Roads. Not a drop of water could be found in the well, and my boys were too anxious to get away to breathe a word.

General Sir Hugh Gough was one of a parting dinner given by Admiral to Lord Saltoun.

Jan. 31. Embarked Lord Saltoun at noon, Hope Grant and Cunynghame with him. Out of sight of flag before daylight.

Current favouring us. Saltoun and Grant performing on the guitar and violoncello of an evening. 1844. Feb. 5.

Like my new Lieutenant, Turnour; he has nerve for carrying sail.

Anchored at Singapore. Found orders to proceed to Penang. Returned a salute of 17 guns fired for Lord Saltoun. Singapore, Feb. 10.

There is a pleasure in a fast-sailing ship. Until arrival of *Dido* opium clippers had it all their own way. Feb. 12.

Anchored off Penang at 7 A.M. Glad to find Commander-in-Chief, living on the hill. Saltoun and staff came up after tiffin. Penang, Feb. 15.

Diana arrived with accounts of *Harlequin*, and *Wanderer's* boat action with pirates. Feb. 16.

Wanderer arrived; too late to see my wounded friend Brooke or Henry Seymour. Feb. 18.

Dinner with Admiral Sir William Parker. Good ball and supper given by kind residents. Feb. 19.

Examined and passed Bobby Jenkins. If he has an opportunity he will distinguish himself. After tiffin with Admiral, re-embarked passengers. Left my China boy, Chopsticks, at school in Penang, and sailed. Feb. 20.

Saltoun with gout. Nothing puts him out of temper though. Thermometer 84°. Grant training the small band into fairly good play. Feb. 22.

During a calm D'Aeth and Turnour dived under ship's bottom to see if any part of false keel had been disturbed; nothing perceptible. March 5.

The very small puppy Smût killed six large rats under gunroom skylight. Made the Sandheads light-vessel at 11 P.M. Calcutta, March 7.

Got a gentleman pilot on board at 2 A.M.—a Mr. Perie; he marked our lead-lines to inches. March 8.

Got up to-day as far as Hooghly Reach, forty March 9.

1844. miles from Calcutta. Cunynghame and Gemmell went up at midnight in cutter.

Mar. 11. Started with tide at 2 A.M. in gig with Saltoun, arriving at Calcutta at six (thirty miles). Put up at Spence's; dinner with the Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough.

Mar. 12. Established a buggy and made calls. Dinner and dance at Government House.

Mar. 13. Breakfast with my old friend Engledene, who had been with me in the *Tweed*. Landed the sycee silver. Lord Saltoun giving a parting dinner to the "Didos."

Mar. 14. Woodhead and Co. will be astonished. Sent by mail £500.

Grand ball given by Governor-General. Splendid sight.

Mar. 15. Up at daylight to accompany Lord Saltoun to steamer. Larpent took me with him to the Tent Club. Sent horses and traps in the morning.

Mar. 16. Up at daylight. Enjoy the noble sport of hog-hunting. Tiffined and slept in the middle of the day, and went at it again in the evening. It is indeed a noble sport.

Mar. 17. Sunday.—Went out again, but not without some qualms of conscience as to the day, which, however, vanished as I blooded my first spear in a young boar, after a chase of a couple of miles; grand and exciting sport.

Returned with Larpent to Calcutta. Found mail letters on my table. Quiet dinner with Hope Grant prior to his departure up-country.

Mar. 19. Drove Horton down Garden Reach. Called on Judges. Dinner with 10th Regiment. Ball at Mrs. Cameron's. Fifteeenth birthday of her handsome girl, Pattie.

Mar. 20. Weather increasing in heat. Dined with Sir

Lawrence, cousin to Sir Robert Peel—a princely fellow; large party; excellent dinner. 1844.

Up at daylight to inspect the arsenal and *Phlegethon*. Visited Deputy-Governor, Mr. Bird. Mar. 21.

Overland mail arrived during the night, bringing news of Horton's promotion. A more deserving step has never been bestowed. Mar. 22.

Went over the Mint. *Tête-à-tête* dinner with a Mr. Grant, a scientific, good old boy with powerful telescope.

Up at daylight to have a further inspection of the dockyard and steamers. Went with Larpent in a boat; as good a dinner as ever I tasted at Mr. Maddock's club afterwards. Mar. 23.

Admiral arriving at 4 P.M. *Dido* manned yards and returned the fort's salute. He established at Government House, Horton and I dined at Sir Henry Seton's. Mar. 26.

Admiral at Barrackpore. Dined at the Bengal Club; capital dinner. Barber and Welford pleasant companions. Mar. 27.

At daylight with Tom Pitts to join hog-hunting-party; new ground. Sport not much; breakfast excellent. Dined with Mr. Brachan. Theatre in evening. Mar. 28.

Rowed old Richards about in my gig. Tiffined with Lord Ellenborough. Dinner with Mr. Robison. Finished the evening, Horton and I, with Larpent. Mar. 29.

Blue at the fore hoisted on board my *Dido*.

Visiting with Wilford. Dinner with Colonel Forbes. Mar. 30.

Took Partridge on shore with me to breakfast, and passed a quiet day at Sir Lawrence Peel's. Mar. 31.

To tiffin with Wilson at the Cannon Foundry. Beautiful order. Went to a grand dinner given by the Artillery at Dum-Dum to the Admiral. April 3.

1844. April 4. Sun broiling hot. Went on board in the middle of the day. Tiffin with Gillander and Gladstone. With young Larpent to the Tent Club. Got a fall on the hard road, horse rolling over; such a brute!

April 5. Up at daylight, hog-hunting; good sport. Well mounted this time by Tom Pitts. Slept, tiffined, and read in heat of the day. At 4 P.M. hunted again, and finished the evening with a jolly good dinner.

April 6. Two capital hunts after hog. Got a second spear with Mr. Brachan. Rode home in the evening, twenty-two miles, Tom Pitts having forgotten to send buggy. Large dinner at Government House.

April 8. Visited General Gilbert, a really good sporting family. Dinner at the Hay-Camerons'.

April 9. Sailing orders made out and pilot ordered. Tiffined with Lancelot Dent of China. To dinner with Platt's pretty daughters. Don't think much of his picture of "The Signing of the Treaty at Nanking."

April 10. The Platt ladies visited my *Dido*, and stayed so late I had little time to dress for dinner. Hurried off in my buggy to Mr. Lawrence Peel's at Garden Reach. Sir William Parker also dining.

The road inside the compound was flat and winding, lit on either side by cocoanut-oil lamps, mounted on poles just level with my eyes, which prevented my seeing obstacles in the way. The syce was seated on the step as usual. All at once I found myself on my head, with the buggy on top of me. Horse and shafts had disappeared. Being not far from the house, I joined the Admiral as he left his carriage. I was supposed to be part of his staff.

After dinner, when Sir William inquired how I had come out, I told him, and was kindly given a lift back.

April 13. Progress not much in tow of small steamer against

fresh breeze, to say nothing of the dirt received from ditto. Ten lakhs on board though. 1844.

Sunday.—In pilot's hands. When abreast of Diamond Harbour, Admiral came up in a steamer. Went on board to dine, and then took leave. April 14.

Pulo Penang in sight at daybreak. A squall took us the last eighteen miles in an hour and a half. May 3.

Niceish breeze. Passed the Sands and several sail. No time to go into Malacca. Plucky Smut unwilling to face a booby bird in single combat. May 6.

The poor dog got his tail under the truck of a gun-carriage, and made "plenty noise."

Weighed early for Singapore Roads. Anchored. Found French corvette *Sabine* and an American frigate *St. Louis*. May 9.

Returned visits. *Tête-à-tête* dinner with George Hastings. May 10.

Party on board to dinner—some of them by the head!—Brooke, French Captain, Napier, Elliot, etc. May 14.

Sailed at daylight. Beat *Harlequin*, she taking Brooke to Sarawak. May 15.

Again running up the China Sea.

Made the Bombay reef at sunset: nasty-looking place on a dark night. May 22.

2.30 A.M.—Struck hard on a rock twice, all sail set. No one can tell, but those who try it, the painful, sickening sensation it causes. It was supposed to be a straggler from the Lincoln shoal. No apparent damage. May 23.

Symptoms of north-east monsoon having just given in. Came up with the *Victoria* barque, that had started ten days before us from Singapore.

Anchored at 7 A.M. in Hong Kong, happy to find flag absent. Dined with Caine. Hong Kong, May 26.

Preparing my *Dido* for facing the south-west May 27.

1844. monsoon. Dinner with Charlie Graham. Punch, and porter cup; venison from Blenheim rotten. Jolly party though.

May 28. American corvette *St. Louis* arrived, we having beaten her four days. Dined with Caine to meet Sir Henry Pottinger.

May 31. Visited old Michael Quin, laid up.

June 1. *Serpent* off in a hurry, afraid of detention. Dined with the General (Sir Hugh Gough) to meet French Commodore and officers. *Put up at Crawford* Kerr's.

June 15. A gallop with Synge. Dined with Caine, Sir Henry Pottinger and Rear-Admiral meeting them. Slow, with humbug.

June 17. Grand survey of *Dido's* bottom by warrant officers expecting promotion. Report: "Much injured along the keel."

June 19. Weighed at daylight. Did not lose sight of the blue at the mizzen until noon. Ran into the mud opposite Macao at 9 P.M. Went on shore to Drummond's.

June 21. Made sail for Singapore.

July 10. Again in the free and open sea. A slashing breeze, such as my *Dido* delights in. Unable to do much, owing to rotten ropes and sails—unseamanlike and mistaken ideas of economy.

July 16. Brooke's coast in sight, Tanjong Datu. *Dido* looking straight for Singapore.

July 17. Ran through the beautiful and picturesque Tambelan Islands, too numerous to count. Sent a boat on shore, and exchanged with the natives biscuit for green cocoanut.

July 18. Arrived late at Singapore.

July 19. *Cambrian*, 36, in the roads with broad pennant of Henry D. Chads. Dined with Belcher, at Captain's

House, he having been shot through both thighs in a scrimmage with pirates. 1844.

On board to see Chads off. A good fellow. July 20.

Dined with Napier. News from Brooke. *Dido* wanted. July 22.

Transacted business as Senior Naval Officer in the Straits. Jolly dinner-party with W. H. Read. George Hastings, of *Harlequin*, a capital fellow.

Hogg, of Fort William, and friends to dine. Amateur theatricals in the evening—"The Merchant of Venice." Read performed. Supped with Portia! July 23.

We dined with Belcher. Noisy party on some good white port. Started *Phlegethon* for Borneo. July 24.

Weighed at daylight. July 25.

Off Brooke's province in Borneo. Sent pinnace in by western entrance. July 28.

At sunset found steamer off the entrance of the river. Got on board; *Dido* to follow up to Kuching, where I found Brooke at three o'clock in the middle watch. Hearty welcome. July 29.

Kuching is to be called Sarawak; much improved. Some additional companions; the population considerably increased. Brooke in a new and better house; a much improved and prettier site. July 30.

Dido moving up. Native war-boats collecting to assist in the intended attack on Seriff Sahib. While at a midnight council with Rajah Muda Hassim, a report was brought me that *Dido* was high and dry. While warping up the Sarawak River the previous evening she came to an anchor at sunset, in a narrow passage short of the town. I had cautioned the Master that the flood came up with a rush, and recommended additional hawsers from the port quarter to be secured to the larger trees on shore. I had been up before, but the Master was older than I July 31.

1844. was, and as I had not given a positive order, I suppose he did not see the necessity. He was a good fellow, and fully saw where he was wrong. When I got there *Dido* was on her beam ends—royal yards across. Nothing could be done till the rise of the tide. I took this opportunity for ascertaining the truth of the warrant officers' report to the Commander-in-Chief on 17th June last. *Dido's* keel was uninjured, although some bits of copper had been torn off her bottom.

I took charge and went on the forecastle, where foothold was difficult. Outside on the starboard bow lay the gun that had been hoisted outside, but as it still clung to the ship, the standing part of the tackle was left in the rigging, with the fall on the forecastle. It was on the edge of this fall that I had got my footing. The tide had risen over the port hammock netting; and just as I was giving the order to cut away, the forecastle gun slipped overboard, taking the tackle with it, on the fall of which I was standing. It caused me to perform an unwilling somersault in the air.

Aug. 1. *Dido* arrived at her old berth off Kuching, and saluted Rajah Muda Hassim.

Aug. 2. Visited neat and pretty bungalows lately built by Williamson and Steward, the latter a Norfolk man.

END OF VOL. I.

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